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My Table-Cloths:
A few Reminiscences

By the Same Author

WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

THIRTEEN YEARS OF A BUSY WOMAN'S LIFE

AMERICA AS I SAW IT

MEXICO AS I SAW IT (Now in a Shilling Edition) (Translated into German)

THROUGH FINLAND IN CARTS (Now in a Shilling Edition) (Translated into Swedish)

A GIRL'S RIDE IN ICELAND (Now in a Shilling Edition)

HYDE PARK: ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE

PORFIRIO DIAZ: THE MAKER OF MODERN MEXICO (Translated into German and Spanish)

A WINTER JAUNT TO NORWAY

GEORGE HARLEY, F.R.S.: or THE LIFE OF A LONDON PHYSICIAN (*Out of Print*)

WILTON, Q.C.: or LIFE IN A HIGHLAND SHOOTING BOX (*Out of Print*)

DANISH VERSUS ENGLISH BUTTER-MAKING

THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY (*Out of Print*)

SUNNY SICILY

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

BUSY DAYS: A BIRTHDAY BOOK

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Water Color by E. M. B. Warren

The Author's Dining Room, showing the Old Cabinet used by Dante Gabriel Rossetti for his paints

MY TABLE-CLOTHS

:: :: A few Reminiscences :: ::

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, F.R.G.S. Author of "Women the World Over," "America as I saw it," etc.

WITH FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

INCLUDING A FRONTISPIECE IN COLOUR AND FACSIMILE LETTERS

NEW YORK:
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
1916

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Dedication

A MOTHER'S OFFERING

These pages were in the publisher's hands when a terrible trouble came to me. My younger son, Leslie Kinloch Tweedie, with the R.F.A., was killed in action in France on January 17th, 1916, just six days after his return to duty from six days' leave—his first and only leave from the firing line—during six months at the Front with the famous 15th Division.

He came to me on his birthday, and he left me on his birthday (January 11th).

England's sons have died that the great Empire may live. God bless them.

He loved these table-cloths, and many times he sat beside me as a child, a boy and a man while I stitched over the names of the friends who form the patterns upon the damask. To him I dedicate this book.

E. ALEC-TWEEDIE.

Easter, 1916.

Printed in Great Britain

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List of Friends who have Signed their Names on my Table Slips, all, with Ten or Twelve Exceptions, at the Table, 30, York Terrace, Harley Street, London. (Arranged in Alphabetical Order.)

ART:

Sir William Agnew.
Robert Allan (drew Boat).
Percy Anderson (drew *Comedy and Tragedy*).
Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A. (drew Head).
George Boughton, R.A.
Madame Canziana.
George Clausen, R.A. (drew Picture).
Walter Crane, Commendatore (drew Crane).
Frank Dicksee, R.A. (drew Head).
Edward Fahey (drew Norfolk Wherry).
Joseph Farquharson, R.A., D.L., J.P. (drew Sheep's Head).
Sir Luke Fildes, R.A. (drew Palette).
Harry Furniss (drew Portrait of Himself).
Hugh de T. Glazebrook (drew Forbes-Robertson as *Hamlet*).
Arthur Hacker, R.A. (drew my Head).
Herbert Hampton (sketched Newton Crane).
W. K. Haselden (drew his own Portrait).
Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.
Ralph Knott.
John Lavery, R.S.A., R.H.A., R.A. (drew his own Portrait).
J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A., A.R.W.S. (drew St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh).
Bertram MacKennal, M.V.O., R.A. (drew Picture).
John MacWhirter, R.A.
Mortimer Menpes, R.I., F.R.G.S.
David Murray, R.A., A.R.S.A., A.R.W.S. (Illustration).
Sir W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. (drew Head).
William Orpen, A.R.A. (drew his own Portrait).
Alfred Parsons, R.A., R.W.S. (drew Daffodil).
Bernard Partridge (drew *Punch*).
Sir Claude Phillips.
Lumsden Propert.
E. T. Reed (drew Prehistoric Men).
Sir William Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.
Mrs. Jopling Rowe.
Linley Sambourne (drew Coin Picture).
Carl Schlösser.
Herbert Schmalz.
Solomon J. Solomon, R.A. (drew his own Portrait).
Marcus Stone, R.A. (drew Cat).
Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, O.M., R.A. (drew Bourchier as *Henry VIII.*).

Chevallier Tayler, R.B.C. (drew his own Portrait).
Sir John Tenniel (at age of 82, drew *Britannia*).
Leslie Ward ("Spy").
Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A. (drew Duck).
T. Blake Wirgman (drew Gladstone).

DIPLOMACY, POLITICS AND ADMINISTRATION:

The Right Hon. The Marquess of Aberdeen, K.T., G.C.M.G.
The Marchioness of Aberdeen.
The Right Hon. Lord Allerton of Chapel Allerton, F.R.S.
The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, LL.D., F.R.S., M.P., Prime Minister, 1902–1905.
Sir Henry Bergne, K.C.M.G., K.C.B.
Sir Francis Bertie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., etc. (now the Lord Bertie of Thame), British Ambassador to Paris since 1905.
Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, M.P.
The Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., Ambassador to Washington, 1907–1912.
Sir Lionel Carden, K.C.M.G., Minister to Mexico, 1915.
The Right Hon. R. K. Causton, M.P. (now Lord Southwark).
Major H. E. S. Cordeaux, C.B., C.M.G., Governor of St. Helena.
Sir Clifford J. Cory, Bart., M.P.
Señor Covarrubias, Mexican Minister to Court of St. James since 1907.
The Right Hon. Lord Devonport, Chairman of the Port of London Authority.
H. E. General Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico.
Madame Diaz.
The Right Hon. Sir Joseph Dimsdale, K.C.V.O. (then Lord Mayor of London).
Señor Guillermo de Landa y Escandon, Mexican Envoy to the Coronation of King Edward VII.
L. Worthington Evans, Esq., M.P.
The Right Hon. Robert Farquharson, M.D., LL.D., M.P.
Mrs. Henry Fawcett.
The Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., LL.D., F.R.S., Postmaster-General, 1891; Governor of South Australia and later of New Zealand.
The Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance in Canada.
The Right Hon. Lord Fitzmaurice, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1905–8.
The Right Hon. Sir A. B. Forwood, Bart., M.P., Secretary to the Admiralty.
The Right Hon. Lord Furness, Chairman of the Furness Shipping Co.
The Right Hon. Ellis Griffiths, Esq., M.P.
John Griffiths, U.S.A. Consul-General in London for many years.
M. Grouitch, Servian Minister to the Court of St. James.
Colonel John Hay, U.S.A. Ambassador to Court of St. James.
Sir F. Dixon-Hartland, Bart., M.P.
Sir J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., extended Penny Postage.
Sir Augustus Hemming, G.C.M.G., Governor of Jamaica.
Sir Alexander Henderson, Bart., M.P. (now Lord Faringdon).
Sir Everard im Thurn, K.C.M.G., C.B., Governor of Fiji, 1904–10.
The Marquis Katsunoske Inouyé, Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James.
Sir Hubert Jerningham, Lieutenant-Governor of Mauritius.
The Right Hon. Sir David Brynmor Jones, K.C., LL.B., M.P., Leader of the Welsh Party.
W. Joynson-Hicks, Esq., M.P.
Baron Takaaki Kato, Japanese Ambassador to Court of St. James, 1908–13 (wrote signature in Japanese).

Sir John Kinloch of Kinloch, Bart., M.P.
Hugh Law, Esq., M.P.
The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, K.C., Postmaster-General of Canada.
Lord Li Ching Fong, G.C.V.O., Chinese Minister to Court of St. James.
Sir Henry Lucy ("Toby, M.P.").
Count Lützow.
The Right Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall, G.C.I.E., K.C.B., D.C.L., Lieutenant-Governor of North-West Provinces of India, and Author.
The Right Hon. Sir W. G. Ellison-Macartney, K.C.M.G., Deputy Master of the Mint (since Governor of Tasmania).
The Right Hon. Sir James Mackay (now Lord Inchcape), G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.
The Right Hon. the Earl of Meath, K.P., Diplomatist and Philanthropist.
M. Chedomille Mijatovitch, Servian Minister to the Court of St. James.
G. E. Morrison, Esq., Political Adviser to the President of the Chinese Republic, 1912.
M. Regis de Oliviere, Brazilian Minister to Court of St. James.
Sir Weetman D. Pearson, Bart. (now Lord Cowdray).
The Right Hon. Sir George Reid, G.C.M.G., M.P., High Commissioner for Australia to 1915.
J. N. Reuter (Finland).
The Right Hon. Lord Ritchie of Dundee, Home Secretary, 1900–1902; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1902–3.
The Hon. Professor James Robertson, Canadian Board of Agriculture.
M. C. Romero, then Mexican Minister to Court of St. James.
The Marquis di San Giuliano, then Italian Ambassador to Court of St. James, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Italy, 1915.
Colonel Sir Charles Euan-Smith, K.C.B., C.S.I., D.C.L.
The Right Hon. Lord Strachie.
The Right Hon. Lord Strathcona, G.C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., then High Commissioner for Canada.
Sir F. W. Stronge, K.C.M.G., British Minister to Chile, 1913.
Sir John Struthers, K.C.B., M.P., Secretary to Scotch Education Department.
Sir Thomas Sutherland, G.C.M.G., K.C.M.G., LL.D., Chairman to P. & O. Co., to 1914.
Austin Taylor, Esq., then M.P. for the Toxteth Division of Liverpool.
Sir Reginald Tower, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., British Minister to the Argentine.
Colonel Sir Edward Ward, K.C.V.O., K.C.B., Permanent Under-Secretary of State, War Office, 1901–14.
Sir Archibald Williamson, M.P.
Robert Yerburgh, Esq., M.P., Chairman of the Navy League.
Sir George Younger, Bart., J.P., D.L., M.P.

LAW:

James Aspinall, Esq., K.C.
The Hon. Mr. Justice Astbury.
His Honour Judge Bacon.
The Hon. Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes (later the Right Hon. Lord Gorell).
Stanley Buckmaster, Esq., K.C., M.P. (afterwards Lord Chancellor 1915).
His Honour Judge Bumpus.
The Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P., Attorney-General, 1915.
Felix Cassel, Esq., K.C., M.P.
The Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., Solicitor-General, 1886–92.

Lewis Coward, Esq., K.C.
Robert Newton Crane, Barrister, U.S.A.
Henry F. Dickens, Esq., K.C., Son of Charles Dickens.
The Right Hon. Lord Justice Swinfen Eady.
The Right Hon. Sir Samuel Evans, President of Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Courts (drew his own Portrait).
The Hon. Mr. Justice Grantham.
Richard Harris, Esq., K.C.
The Hon. Mr. Justice Horridge.
Sir Robert Hunter, J.P., Solicitor to the Post Office.
John E. Linklater, Esq., Registrar in Bankruptcy.
Sir Charles Mathews, K.C.B., Director of Public Prosecutions.
The Right Hon. Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton (now Lord Moulton of Bank).
A. Chichele Plowden, Esq., Metropolitan Magistrate.
Russell Roberts, Esq., K.C.
E. S. Roscoe, Esq., Registrar of Court of Admiralty.
The Right Hon. The Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, LL.D., Lord of Appeal.
Dudley Stewart-Smith, Esq., K.C., M.P., Vice-Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster.
His Honour Sir Thomas W. Snagge.
Charles J. Stewart, Esq., The Public Trustee.
Sir Lawson Walton, K.C., M.P., Attorney-General, 1905.

LITERATURE:

Madame Albanesi, Novelist.
Sir Edwin Arnold ("The Light of Asia").
Gertrude Atherton, Novelist.
L. F. Austin (*The Illustrated London News*),
Sir J. M. Barrie, Bart., Novelist and Playwright.
Arthur À Beckett, Editor of *Punch*.
C. Moberley Bell, Manager of *The Times*.
Sir Walter Besant, Novelist, etc.
Mathilde Blind, Poet.
Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), Novelist.
Sir F. C. Burnand, Editor of *Punch*.
Hall Caine, Novelist.
Egerton Castle, Novelist; an Authority on Fencing.
Charles Chambers, Editor of *Chambers's Journal*.
Hugh Chisholm, Editor of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*.
Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Novelist.
Edward Clodd, Author.
E. Cornish, Writer on Natural History.
W. L. Courtney, LL.D., Editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, Author and Dramatist.
Horace Cox, Editor of *The Field* and *The Queen*.
Mrs. Andrew Crosse.
John Beattie Crozier, LL.B., M.D., Philosopher and Historian.
Colonel Newnham-Davis, Author and Journalist.
Margaret Deland, Novelist.
Hans von Delbrück, Historian.
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Emily Faithful, Writer on Emigration.
Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Mrs. Felkin), Novelist.
Horace Howard Furness, Shakespearean Commentator.
Richard Le Gallienne, Poet.
Hamlin Garland, Novelist.
J. L. Garvin, Editor of *The Observer*.
R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, M.P., Author and Journalist.
Madame Sarah Grand, Novelist.

Baroness Gripenberg (Finland).
F. Anstey Guthrie, Novelist and Dramatist.
The Rev. Canon Hannay (George Birmingham), Novelist.
Beatrice Harraden, Novelist.
Frederic Harrison, Positivist Leader and Author.
Joseph Hatton, Novelist.
Anthony Hope Hawkins, Novelist.
W. Heinemann, Publisher and Author.
Maurice Hewlett, Novelist.
Major Martin Hume, Historian.
Charles Jerninghame ("Marmaduke").
John Lane, Publisher.
Sir Sidney Lee, D.Litt., LL.D., Shakespearean Commentator, etc.
W. J. Locke, Novelist and Playwright.
Mrs. Lynn Lynton, Novelist.
J. M. Maclean, President of Institute of Journalists.
Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison), Novelist.
Charles Major, Novelist and Dramatist.
Captain Robert Marshall, Dramatist (drew Illustration).
Somerset Maugham, Novelist and Playwright.
Mrs. Heron-Maxwell, Novelist and Journalist.
Mrs. Alice Meynell, Poet.
Frankfort Moore, Novelist and Dramatist.
Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet.
John Murray, C.V.O., J.P., LL.D., Publisher.
Madame Naidu, Indian Poetess.
Madame Novikoff (O. K.).
Mrs. Zelia Nuttall.
T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Journalist.
E. Phillips Oppenheim, Novelist.
Louis N. Parker, Pageantry-Playwright.
Elizabeth Robina Pennell, Novelist.
Sir A. W. Pinero, Dramatist (drew his own Portrait).
Mrs. Stepney Rawson, Novelist.
Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, LL.D., Newspaper Editor and Writer.
Thomas Bailey Saunders, Essayist.
E. Thompson-Seton, Naturalist and Author (Picture of Himself).
Dr. Samuel Smiles, Philosopher.
Flora Annie Steel, Novelist.
Bram Stoker, Barrister and Author, Colleague of Irving.
Sir Douglas Straight, Editor of *Pall Mall Gazette*.
General Sir Richard Temple, Author, Numismatist and Folklorist.
Mrs. K. C. Thurston, Novelist.
Lady Troubridge, Novelist.
Mrs. Owen Visger, Authoress and Journalist.
John Walter, Esq., Chairman of *The Times*.
Malcolm Watson, Dramatic Critic.
H. G. Wells, Novelist.
Mons. Wesselitzky, Russian Journalist.
Richard Whiteing, Novelist.
Israel Zangwill, Novelist.

RELIGION :

Professor Blackie.
Moncure D. Conway.
Dr. Ginsberg (wrote Chaldean motto meaning "Truth abides, falsehood perishes").
The Rev. H. R. Haweis.
The Rev. Canon Shuttleworth.
The Rev. Charles Voysey.
The Right Rev. H. Russell Wakefield, D.D., Bishop of Birmingham.

SCIENCE AND MEDICINE:

Professor and Mrs. Ayrton, Electricity.
Frank Beddard, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.C.S., F.Z.S., Pro-sector to Zoological Society, London.
Sir Alexander Binnie, Engineer.
Sir Rubert Boyce, F.R.S., Tropical Diseases.
Surgeon-General Sir David Bruce, C.B., A.M.S., F.R.S., Malta Fever and Sleeping Sickness.
Sir Henry Butlin, President of Royal College of Surgeons.
Brudenell Carter, Scientific Author.
Sir Anderson Critchett, Bart., C.V.O., F.R.C.S., Oculist (drew his own Eye).
Sir William Crookes, O.M., F.R.S. (drew a "Crookes Tube").
Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, M.B., C.M., Oculist and Radiographer.
H. Percy Dean, Esq., F.R.C.S.
Professor F. G. Donnan, F.R.S.
Alfred Earl, Esq.
Sir John Erichsen, F.R.S., President Royal College of Surgeons.
Sir Alfred Garrod.
Sir Archibald Geikie, K.C.B., F.R.S., O.M., President of Royal Society.
George Harley, Esq., M.D., F.R.S. (my Father).
Sir Christopher Heath.
Sir Victor Horsley, M.B., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.
Sir Ray Lankester, K.C.B., F.R.S., late Director of the Natural History Museum.
Sir William MacCormac, President Royal College of Surgeons.
Signor Marconi (drew Telegraph Pole).
Sir Hiram Maxim (drew his own Gun).
S. Weir Mitchell, Esq., M.D.Amer., Originated "Salisbury" treatment.
Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Director of Natural History Museum.
Sir Douglas Powell, Bart., K.C.V.O., President Royal College of Physicians, 1905–1911.
Sir William Priestley.
Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S. (drew Retorts for Argon and Helion).
Sir Russell Reynolds.
Major Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B., F.R.S., Malaria and Tropical Diseases.
Dr. Mary Scharlieb, Commandant of Endell Street Military Hospital, 1915.
Sir Felix Semon, K.C.V.O., M.D., F.R.C.P.
Professor Simpson, Plague.
Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum.
Sir Joseph Swan, F.R.S. (drew his Electric Bulb).
Professor Weldon, Zoology, Oxford University.
Sir John Williams, Bart., G.C.V.O.
Theodore Williams, Esq., M.D.

THE SERVICES:

General Sir Bindon Blood, K.C.B.
Admiral Sir James Bruce, K.C.M.G.
General Sir George Bullock, K.C.B., then commanding in Egypt.
Admiral Sir Charles Fane.
General Sir Thomas Fraser, K.C.B.
Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, K.C.B., C.M.G.
General Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B., V.C., Keeper of the Regalia in the Tower.

Admiral de Courcy Hamilton, M.V.O., Chief Officer of London Fire Brigade, 1903–9.
General Sir Claude Macdonald.
General Sir Henry Mackinnon, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.
General Sir William Moore.
Captain Beechcroft Towse, V.C. (signed after he was blind).
General Webber, Morse signals.
General Lewis White, C.B.
Admiral Sir S. Eardley-Wilmot.

STAGE AND MUSIC:

Sir George Alexander, J.P., LL.D.
Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft.
David Bispham.
Miss Lilian Braithwaite.
Sybil Carlisle.
Wellesley Cox.
Miss Fay Davis.
A. W. Dubourg, Playwright.
Miss Winifred Emery.
Mrs. Amy Woodforde-Finden, Song-writer.
Madame Evangeline Florence.
Sir W. S. Gilbert ("Bab Ballad" Illustration).
George W. Godfrey, Playwright.
George Grossmith, Senior.
Weedon Grossmith (Illustration).
Miss Lily Hanbury.
Sir Henry Irving.
H. B. Irving.
Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.
Miss Grainger Kerr.
Madame Liza Lehmann, Composer.
Miss Nancy McIntosh.
Adolph Mann.
Cyril Maude.
Miss Margerie Maude, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude.
Eugène Oudin.
Miss May Palfrey (Mrs. Weedon Grossmith).
G. A. Redford, then Examiner of Plays.
Froken Sophie Reimers.
Sir J. Forbes-Robertson.
Miss Elizabeth Robins (C. E. Raimond), Actress and Authoress.
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
Madame Antoinette Sterling.
Miss Marion Terry.
Sir Herbert and Lady Tree.
Viola Beerbohm Tree.
Miss Geneviève Ward.
Herbert Waring.
Ben Webster.
Miss May Whitty.

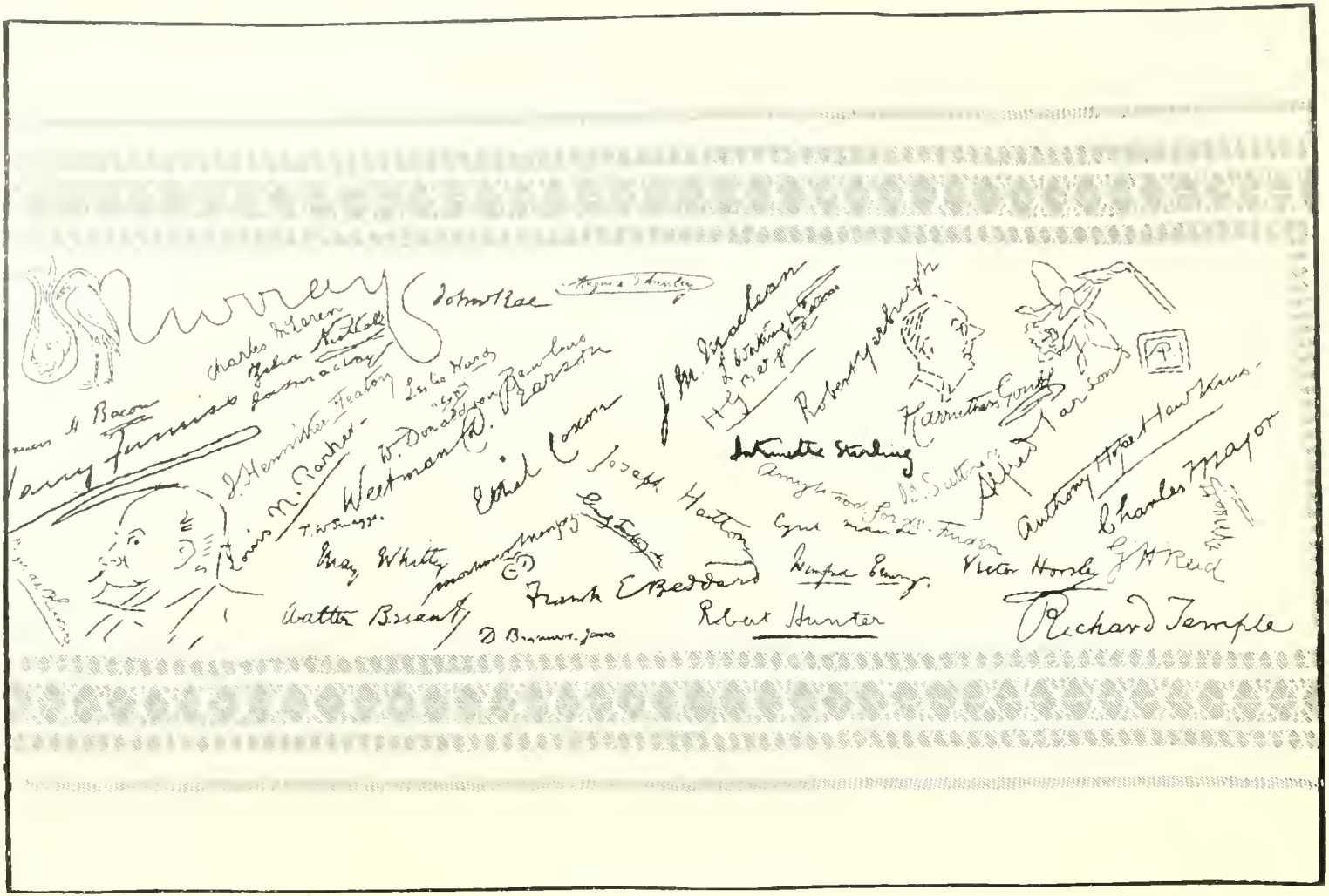
TRAVELLERS:

Paul du Chaillu, Explorer. He discovered the Gorilla.
Sir Martin Conway, F.S.A., Explorer and Author.
Sir F. J. Jackson, K.C.M.G., C.B., Governor of Uganda.
Miss Mary Kingsley, the African Explorer.
Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Little, Chinese Exploration.
Sir Douglas Mawson, Antarctic Exploration.

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN, G.C.V.O., North Polar Expedition.
DR. JOHN RAE, Arctic Explorer.
CAPTAIN ROBERT SCOTT, C.V.O., Reached South Pole.
SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, C.V.O., Discovered Magnetic South Pole.

VARIOUS :

PRINCE AUGUSTE D'ARENBERG, President of the Suez Canal Co.
SIR ROBERT AUSTEN, Deputy Master of the Mint.
SIR ARTHUR BIRCH, K.C.M.G., Bank of England.
PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE DE BOURBON (Duchess de Sevilla).
ANDREW CARNEGIE, ESQ.
DR. CHEN, Minister of Finance in China.
THE VISCOUNT DUPPLIN.
HUGH DRUMMOND, ESQ., Chairman of the G.W.R. Co.
THE LORD INVERCLYDE, Chairman of the Cunard Co.
THE LORD KINNAIRD, President of Y.M.C.A.
COUNT CHARLES DE LESSEPS, Son of Ferdinand Lesseps of Suez Canal fame.
H.H. THE MAHARAJAH GAEKWAR OF BARODA.
SIR JOHN MONCKTON.
J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ.
SIR JOHN DENISON PENDER, K.C.M.G., Eastern Cable Co.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD PIRRIE, LL.D., Chairman of Harland and Wolff's Shipbuilding Co.
SIR PATRICK PLAYFAIR, C.I.E.
H.E. DR. VON ROTTENBURG, twenty years Minister with Bismarck.
ROUGE DRAGON, One of the Pursuivants, Heralds' College.
SIR CHARLES SCOTTER, Chairman of South Western Railway.
THE LORD SWAYTHLING.
THE VISCOUNT TEMPLETOWN.
THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA.
SIR PHILIP WATTS, K.C.B., F.R.S., Naval Constructor to Admiralty.



CLOTH I.

[To face p. 1.

MY TABLE-CLOTHS

A FEW REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

TO EXPLAIN THE TABLE-CLOTHS

"MAY I introduce Mr. de Vere de Vere to you?" says the hostess.

"Mr. de Vere de Vere——Mrs. Alec-Tweedie."

We both bow.

Almost before I can lift my eyes he exclaims:

"Are you the lady who has the cloths?"

Cut to the heart at finding my name associated with nothing but table-linen, I mildly murmur, "Yes."

"Oh, I have heard so much of those famous cloths," he continues, with tiresome enthusiasm; "what a splendid idea. What EVER made you think of it?"

And so he babbles on, entirely oblivious of the fact that I have written sixteen volumes by the sweat of my brow, to say nothing of new editions and translations, and have done a few minor things in the world besides stitching table-cloths.

No—it's no good, Mrs. Alec-Tweedie; you must be content to be handed down to posterity as the woman who evolved, worked, and owned the table-slips.

"Well, what are these cloths?" someone may ask. "Are they not the same as other people's table-cloths?"

No. They were once, but now they are not; so with your permission we will unfold the roll of friendship.

For a quarter of a century the friends who have dined at the house have been inscribing their signatures and executing

drawings upon these particular table-cloths, and I have been making the pencillings permanent by working them over with red cotton. There are now hundreds of names sown broadcast upon them, including those of some of the best-known men and women in London during the last ten years of the nineteenth century, and the first fifteen of the twentieth.

Some of us love our possessions, others cease to value anything the moment it is in their grasp. I love my cloths.

They didn't originate, they just evolved.

Particular advantages fell to my lot as a child. I was brought up in an interesting and cultured home, my father being the late Dr. George Harley, F.R.S., of Harley Street, London, and was more or less rocked in my cradle by such people as Sir John Erichsen, President of the Royal College of Surgeons; Sir William Crookes, the great chemist; old Sir Rowland Hill, the originator of the Penny Post, which has now become universal in all English-speaking lands; Mrs. Keeley, the famous actress; and Sir Edwin Landseer, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Sir William Jenner, Sir James Paget, Sir William Gull, Dr. Samuel Smiles, Madame Antoinette Sterling, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Paul du Chaillu, Dr. John Rae, the discoverer of the Franklin remains; and many more.

To one's parents one is always a baby, and so upon my early marriage in 1887 I was considered unfit to go far from their protecting wing. Therefore to the top of the street we walked, and took a house in York Terrace, Regent's Park. Perhaps it was because we were not half a mile from the old home, at the other end of Harley Street, perhaps because the friends of that old home were particularly kind to the young bride, I know not which, but many of these friends came to call, and as we were in a position to entertain somewhat freely and both delighted in doing so, we began at once to give many dinners, luncheons, and other functions, and boldly instituted a day "at home," the latter having now been clung to for twenty-nine years.

With a little more of age and sedateness one might hardly have dared to ask elderly folk to sign the table-cloth; but

still retaining some of the precocity of youth, I conceived the idea of coaxing the many delightful men and women of note who dined with us to pencil their signatures upon the table-slips.

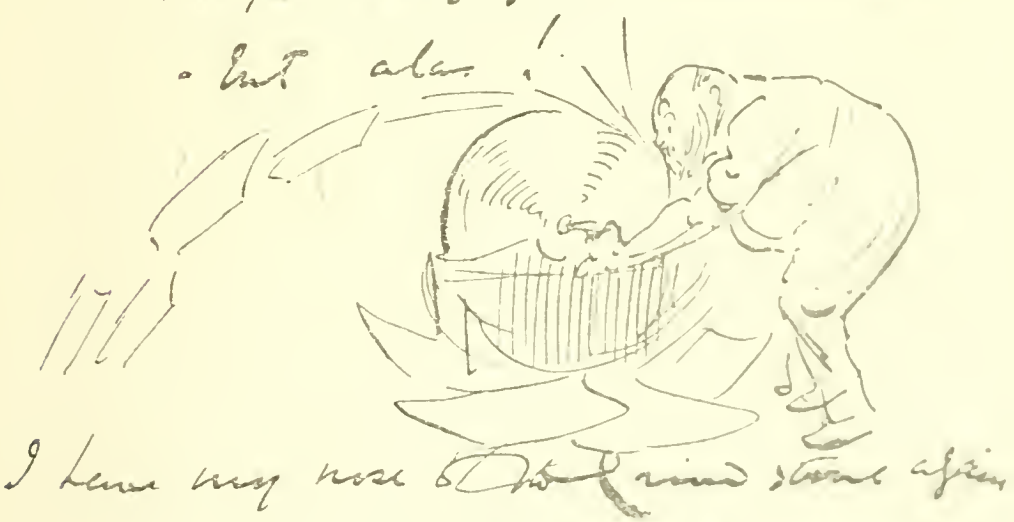
7th May 1910

THE MOUNT,
HIGH WICKHAM,
HASTINGS.

Dear Mrs Alec Tweedie

Just received yours.

Nothing I could enjoy better than to enjoy your hospitality for a few days but alas!



I have my nose to the grindstone again

A LETTER FROM HARRY FURNISS.

How funny they looked at first. One poor little autograph reposed in Arctic melancholy three feet or more from

its neighbour, and while those long yards of linen remained sparse and bare we began to question the wisdom of the scheme. After each occasion, I sat down the next morning and worked those precious names. It seemed such an easy job to contemplate; but on realizing that some people wrote small, others large; that some made distinct letters, others hieroglyphics, the poor needlewoman soon learned the difficulty of preserving the distinctive character of the various signatures. And now over four hundred names of illustrious men and women constituting in London the *Society of Brains*—curiously enough, the same number as constitute the *Society of Wealth* in New York—figure upon the dinner-table slips.

Slips they are, not really table-cloths. Slips several yards in length form the sides, and two short slips or mats form the ends, thus leaving the oak table bare in the middle for the display of silver; and just before the dessert the slips and the crumbs are rolled up and taken away together to make place for fruit-plates and finger-bowls. Sometimes the removal is a lengthy process, for folk clutch at the fleeting linen and eagerly pause to decipher names or sketches as it glides past them.

As a rule the delightful friend seems always in a hurry, while the dull one sticks like a limpet; but if one cannot keep the former long enough in the flesh for satisfaction, one can at least retain his shadow in the form of an autograph.

As the scheme progressed and met with a certain amount of approval it seemed a good idea to inquire of our guests on a second or third visit if they could draw, and when they replied in the affirmative to ask them to put something significant of their work, or their tastes, above or below their name. Ah, there came the difficulty. It had become possible to master the intricacies of the letters of the alphabet, but quite another affair to make a nose turn gracefully at the nostril, or an eye evince any expression with a piece of red cotton. In drawing it is easy by varying the pressure on the pencil to denote some sort of feeling in the subject, but red cotton, all of the same thickness, refused to be gently twisted round a finely-drawn lip or to give the turn of an

eyelash. Some of those heads were well nigh impossible to work ; some were equally easy. For instance, Sir Francis Carruthers-Gould—a black-and-white artist—draws in a few sharp lines, and his head of Joseph Chamberlain was technically mere child's play, so far as the needlework was concerned, compared with its neighbour, a girl's head by Sir William Q. Orchardson, a painter more than a draughtsman. Some time after Orchardson had drawn the original head I showed him the work, quite expecting rebuke. But far from it. The dear old Academician was most congratulatory.

" It is nothing for a man like myself," he said, " to draw a girl's head ; I am always drawing girl's heads. But I am quite sure nobody could carry out those lines with a needle and thread unless she herself had some idea of drawing."

Years rolled on, and every autograph, with few exceptions, was signed by our guests in the York Terrace dining-room *after a meal.* Sometimes several people would be present at a particular dinner who had not sat at the table before, and then quite a harvest of names was gathered in. But often the same dear old friends came again and again, and there were no new signatures to be put on the cloth. Looking back over a quarter of a century, it is sad to see how many who signed in those early days have passed away. But, thank God, those that remain are still visitors at the house ; for—I am proud to say it—I have hardly ever lost a friend, and friendship has in most cases only strengthened with years. Friendship is one of God's greatest gifts ; the interchange of ideas a brilliant incentive.

Yes, many are dead.

But it must be noted that by far the greater number of names were put on the cloth in the first eight years, because during our married life we were well off and entertained a good deal. Then for many years the cloths lay idle. Upon my husband's death the house had to be let, the silver sent to the bank ; carriages and horses were sold, and for a long period entertaining was absolutely out of the question. I took up my pen and became a professional scribbler.

But by degrees brighter days dawned, and once more old friends rallied in the old home as the new century grew, and

were invited to occasional little dinners of a simpler and more humble nature, although still given in the same house and round the same table ; for I am one of those queer people who have only had two homes and literally hundreds of addresses.

As the cloths filled they gradually became more precious, and alas, modern soap and mangles and wringers did their wicked work. A stitch in the drawn-thread work by which the cloths are bordered went here, a little hole came there, until it seemed that my precious labour of love and record of friendship was imperilled by the washerwoman. Then it was I bethought myself of the lace-cleaner. She came. She was much interested, promised to look after the treasured slips most carefully, to handle them as tenderly as she would the most delicate lace.

For several years she did so. Then one day the good lady called.

" Madam," she said, " you are having those cloths cleaned too often. If you take my advice you will use them dirty."

It was good counsel, but difficult of adoption, for misfortune dogged that linen. Upon an ordinary table-cloth no one thought of spilling his coffee or his port wine, or even fruit-juice ; but when those precious slips appeared somebody seemed to take delight in making a mess of some kind. Still, to save the treasures, the advice was taken, and the cloths were made to do longer service unvisited by the lace-cleaner's soapsuds. Hence they have latterly worn better and shown fewer signs of old age than in the first decade of their existence.

Now comes a new difficulty. Already there are so many well-known names upon the cloths as scarcely to allow room for another. Some go up the right way, others go down the wrong way, and others, again, go round the corner. Between them they have covered the ground so closely that it is difficult to find a square inch of linen on which to place a picture. And yet I hope to make new friends, many, many of them, and they will all have to be squeezed in somehow and somewhere. But the squeezing is as difficult as a problem in algebra.

Here, for instance, is a rapid sample of the curiously

jumbled *pot-pourri*, for the autographs are without system, each name has been signed opposite the seat of the signator.

Lord Li Ching Fong, the Chinese Minister of the Manchu dynasty, whose picturesque dress was so well known in London for many seasons, is immediately surrounded by such heterogeneous names as the following :

Frederic Harrison, the great Positivist writer, who, well up in his eighties, is writing trenchant articles on the war of 1914–16, deriding German culture and virulently emphasizing the way in which history is repeating itself.

Señor Don Guillermo de Landa y Escandon, who represented Mexico at the Coronation of both King Edward VII. and King George V., to whom I am indebted for help in my books on Mexico.

The signature of General Porfirio Diaz himself is near by.

Paul du Chaillu, of gorilla fame, was called a liar for his discovery, although the authenticity of his revelation is now a matter of common knowledge.

Mary Kingsley, the explorer and writer, whose tragic death in South Africa will be remembered.

Marcus Stone, R.A., whose cat turns its back on Marconi ; the artist chose a cat instead of two lovers on a seat in a sylvan glade, as was his wont.

Sir Douglas Straight, the late brilliant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr, the famous big game hunter, who lost his life in the *Empress of Ireland*.

The Marquis di San Giuliano, the former Italian Ambassador to London and Minister of Foreign Affairs in Rome at the commencement of the war, of whom more anon.

The late Lord Inverclyde, Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company.

W. H. Kendal, the actor, many of whose foremost brother and sister artists have signed the cloth.

Sir Aston Webb, R.A., who built the new façade of Buckingham Palace.

M. Grouitch, for many years Servian Minister in London, afterwards Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Servia.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, the American novelist, and celebrated as the institutor of Salisbury diet

A curious medley, truly ; but they are not assorted according to precedent. The sketches are almost as madly arranged as the autographs, and for the same reason ; but both are interesting as the handiwork of well-known men and women of the day, thus forming, as it were, a tiny notebook of contemporary history. People who shrink from personal publicity have often a skeleton in their cupboard, for it is more difficult to remain a celebrity than to become one. The same applies to a book ; it is more easy to be kindly received by press and public, alas, than to retain their appreciation.

And what of the menus ?

Any deficiency of food was made up for by the generosity of artistic friends with their delightful designs round the menu-holders.

The first was drawn by Karl Schlösser, a charming little man with a large heart and great artistic gifts. His pictures of famous musicians, such as Mozart, Beethoven and others, are well-known. His sketch of two girls as " Follies " speaks for itself.

Then there follows a wonderful out-at-elbow old sandwich-man with a pipe in his mouth, the production of Arthur Hacker, R.A., in 1895.

Next, a wonderful impressionist sketch of a boat by Robert Allan, the well-known colourist (see page 155) ; and of a totally different stamp is the picture of *The Queen of Hearts who made some Tarts*, by Jacomb-Hood in 1896 (see page 65).

After that comes a perfectly delightful parody of the nursery rhyme, *Sing a Song of Sixpence*, the pie, which is carried on the head of a young girl-lawyer, having pictures of the late Lord Salisbury and the late Joseph Chamberlain coming out of the steam, while flying around are pictures of Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Lord Goschen, Lord Halsbury, in portly wig, who fifteen years later, at the age of ninety-one, was able to make speeches in public ; Henry Chaplin, and at the foot two familiar figures to place whose names is an easy conundrum. This was drawn by Harry Furniss in 1904, and is representative of his artistic work and minute detail (see page 117).

PIERRETTE MENU BY CARL SCHLOSSER

AN OLD SANDWICH-MAN MENU.

By Arthur Hacker, R.A. *(See text p. 8.)*

[*To face p. 9*

There is, too, a holder bearing little pictures of men on ski by Lancelot Speed. He had illustrated some articles of mine for the *Encyclopædia of Sport* in 1897, drawn from my rough sketches and notes, and his menu-holder is representative of the Norwegian *Skilöber*.

Then, again, there is one by John Hassall in his broadest style. It was just after my book *Hyde Park, Its History and Romance*, had appeared ten years later, and for which he had done an illustration, that he drew the comic sketch of a crank delivering a homily on diet to an audience of two in Hyde Park (see page 149).

And so the menu-holders are a proud possession. Delightful offerings from delightful friends, and truly prized by their recipient, and friends can fix their eyes upon them while their lips find conversation from the names upon the cloths, if the commissariat does not reach the standard of a London restaurant or a millionaire's *chef*.

Among the little drawings on the cloth itself is a telegraph post from which hangs a broken wire.

Can you guess who drew it? The artist was sitting beside me when I begged for something more than a name. He quietly replied:

"Well, I can draw a little, if I have time."

"You shall have all the time you want," I suggested. "We can keep the dessert waiting."

"No, no, I'll try to be quick. Would a telegraph pole do?"

"Certainly, though it will hardly be emblematic of your work."

"Yes, it will," rejoined the modest person, "for I can break the wire."

People who do big things are almost universally modest. They are like sensitive plates in a camera. They are influenced by surroundings, they bask in the sun and shiver in the blast. They feel acutely and think intensely. They suffer; but they ultimately disentangle the webs of thought and give out of their best. No great book was ever written, no great picture was ever painted, without intense joy and intense suffering to the artist. Many of the men and women whose names are upon the cloths

have been positively agitated at ciphering their signatures, so modest have they felt and so anxious to do their very best even in so small a thing.

Accordingly Guglielmo Marconi drew his little telegraph pole with a broken wire upon the cloth. The first wireless message was sent in 1899 from England to France, and two years later from Cornwall to Newfoundland. To-day is only the to-morrow of yesterday.

Signor Marconi, unlike many of the earlier signatories, did not know me in my cradle, though I might have known him in his swaddling days, for he was born only in 1874, and that in Bologna. His name is one of the most prominent in the world to-day; known to the Fiji Islander, the North-American Indian, and even in the South Polar regions, where friends in an ice-bound land are still keeping up communication with civilization. Wonderful, indeed, it is to be in touch with the world by wireless on the broad ocean. During journeyings from New York to the West Indies, across the line, popping in and out of Brazilian ports to Buenos Aires on the river of mud—otherwise known as the River of Silver—one is never without touch of some kind with the land or another ship; and now Marconi's ambition is to have direct communication between Buenos Aires and Great Britain—over a distance of seven thousand miles. The use of wireless in the international war would make not a paragraph nor a chapter, but a whole volume, for even aeroplanes communicate by wireless. And the perfecter of all this wonderful chain of connection is Marconi, born of an Italian father, an Irish mother, and married to an Irish girl.

It was curious to note how Marconi's wedding in 1905 appealed to the man in the street; for at that time wireless was hardly recognized. On driving up to St. George's, Hanover Square, we found that the crowd already began at the other end of the Square itself, filled George Street, and extended well beyond the church into the side streets. These uninvited onlookers, including all sorts and conditions of people, stood three and four deep to see the young bridegroom who was just coming into prominence, and eagerly they waited for a glance of him.

His work being scientific, it seemed curious to find this multitude of people attracted to such a show; but there was something romantic and strange about wireless—then such a new invention—and people love what they cannot understand. The funny part was that Marconi—at that time about thirty, and looking about sixteen with his clean-shaven face and very juvenile figure—slipped into the church unobserved through the crowd. They never recognized that youthful person as the bridegroom at all, nor did he on his part seem to realize that the crowd was there to see him.

Naturally when the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, who is both clever and beautiful, arrived on the scene with her brother, Lord Inchiquin, they knew that she was the bride because of the coachman's white bouquet and her dress, and cheers went forth as she entered the church.

It was a smart and fashionable wedding, and the couple passed out amidst the tremendous enthusiasm of those who had been waiting so long to see the hero of mysterious telegraphy. Marconi was overpowered. I have never seen any man more overcome than he was on that day. Always quiet and retiring, he seemed utterly taken aback by the enthusiasm of this unexpected crowd, and it was amusing to see the great scientist absolutely disconcerted at the man in the street's warm welcome.

"Lor', isn't he young!"

"Surely that cannot 'ave been 'im," and so on—apparently as if they thought the bride had walked off with somebody else by mistake.

The Marconi wedding, with the forest of waving hats which sped the married couple on their way, gives reminder of a good—and true—hat story.

A naval captain had a millionaire friend, in whose rooms he chanced to be when that gentleman was choosing a panama hat. A good many had been sent up by a West-end firm, all of which the rich gentleman tried on, finally choosing one. Turning to the Captain he said cheerily: "Try it on."

Reluctantly the officer did so. Always hating himself in a panama hat, he felt, as he expected, a bounder.

"I have never seen you look so well in my life," said the millionaire. "Suits you better than me. By Jove, I shall give it to you."

"Oh, no, please don't," entreated the officer, perhaps a little ungraciously.

However, the man of money was absolutely obdurate.

Next day the hat duly arrived, and the recipient of the gift, putting it on in his chambers, perceived that he looked more vulgar than ever in it; whereupon this well-known personage decided to go back to the vendors and ask them to change it. Accordingly, he marched into the shop and said to the young man:

"A friend of mine has given me a panama, but I do not like it. They never suit me, and I shall be obliged if you will change it for a green felt hat."

"A green felt?" exclaimed the young man, surprised.

"Yes, a green felt. I think they are about thirty shillings."

The shopman looked up the invoice book and returned.

"Yes, sir, it is booked all right, and you can have as many green felts as you like, for the panama cost twelve guineas."

The poor captain nearly fell on the floor. To have a thing he did not want, to have ungraciously said, "Thank you," for a thing he did not like, and then to find that it cost the kind donor twelve guineas.

"Well, you had better choose a few hats," said the shopman smilingly.

The captain, though hatted enough already, chose a cap, a green felt, a top-hat and a bowler. Then the young man suggested a hat box. He did not want a hat box—but took one.

"That will do," he said; but the young man, on making out the bill, found there was still a balance of £3 2s.

"Well, I really cannot have any more hats," protested the naval man, laughingly.

"Never mind, sir, you can use up your stock in the next five years, and just come in and choose a hat when you want one."

Accordingly, with his plethora of hats, the gallant officer had still some guineas' worth *in prospectu*.

But to return to Signor Marconi. Handwriting is typical and yet often misleading. Marconi's is not the least like what one would expect from a retiring man. It is big and round and bold and determined. The signature is a fine example of caligraphy. Henrik Ibsen's was, on the contrary, neat and small and tidy; absolutely proper and correct, like everything about his writing-room and his work; although not particularly like himself.

Some of the most atrocious scripts were those of Ernest Hart, editor of *The Lancet*, which was absolutely unintelligible, and Robert Cunninghame Graham, the delightful essayist, whose writing looks exactly as if a daddy-long-legs had walked over the paper and left traces of its various members in different directions. Martin Hume, the historian and at one time soldier, wrote exactly like a city clerk. Frederic Harrison is very neat and precise; he never alters a single word in his MS., nor uses a type-script copy.

Marconi said, when we were talking of newspapers:

"Nothing ever gave me greater pleasure than a certain hundred pounds I earned for writing an article. Oh, dear, I was proud of that hundred pounds. An American magazine wrote to me for something, and offered twenty guineas. I refused, and never gave the thing a second thought. They wrote again and offered me fifty pounds, and again I refused; I am not a literary man, only a very busy one. To my surprise, those American people cabled a hundred pounds, or a shilling a word. It seemed so delightful that I accepted and wrote the article, and that hundred pounds earned by my very own pen was an immense joy. I really don't think anything ever gave me greater pleasure."

"Travelling," he went on, "why, I am always travelling. Two or three times a year I am in the United States and Canada, with the west of Ireland or South America thrown in. I seem to be always on the go. But it is rest in a way, just as dancing is a recreation. I can sleep and think, and no one disturbs me in a railway car."

Thousands of lives have been saved through Marconi's invention, or rather the perfecting of an old-suggested invention. Tens of thousands of sea-passages have been

rendered safe, and tens of millions of pounds of cargo have been saved from the watery deep. No man in the history of the world has done more for the good of mankind than this youthful, clean-shaven, energetic Italian-born Marconi. Italian-born truly; yet he speaks the Italian language like a foreigner, and not particularly well at that.

Photo by

MR MARCONI AS AN ITALIAN OFFICER

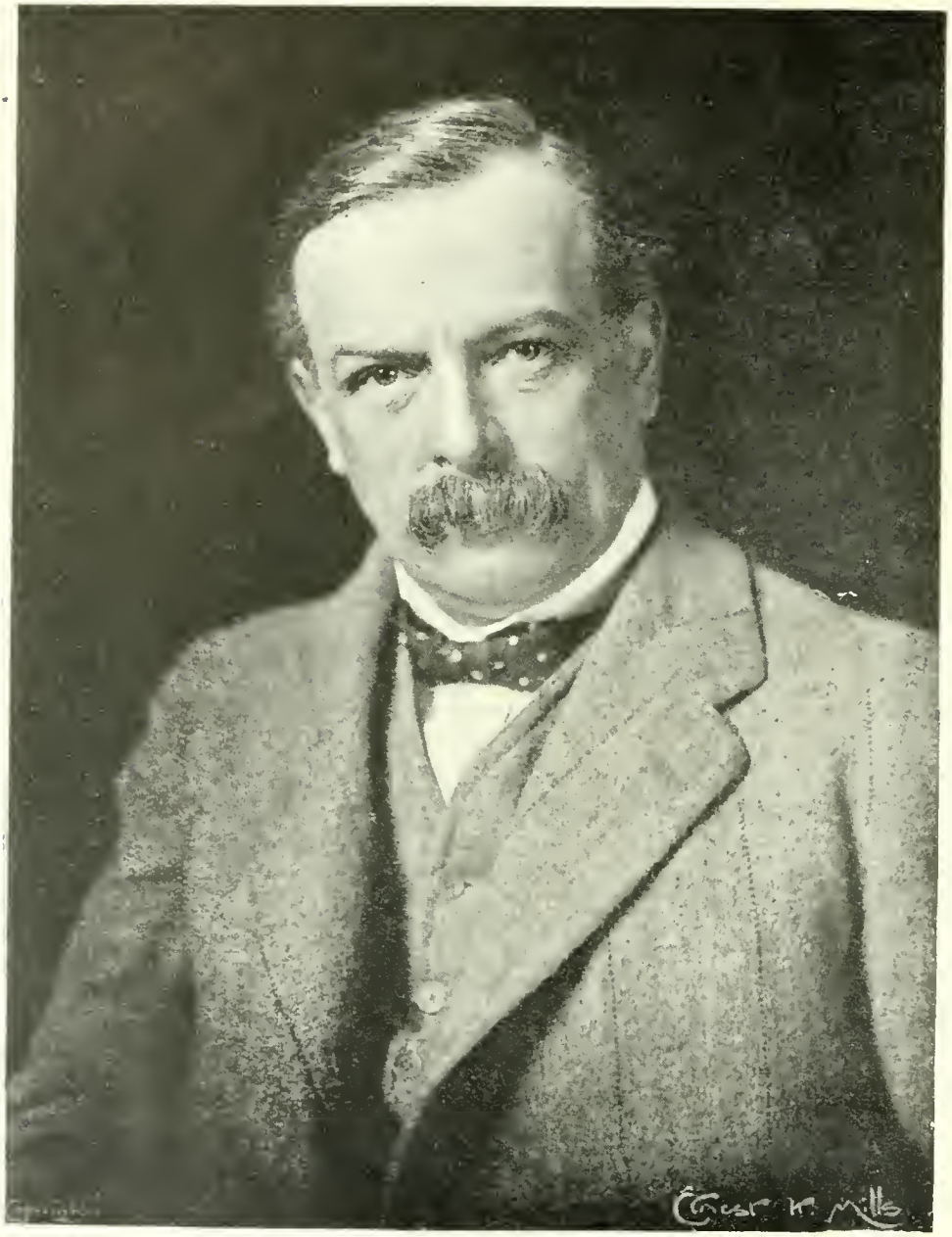
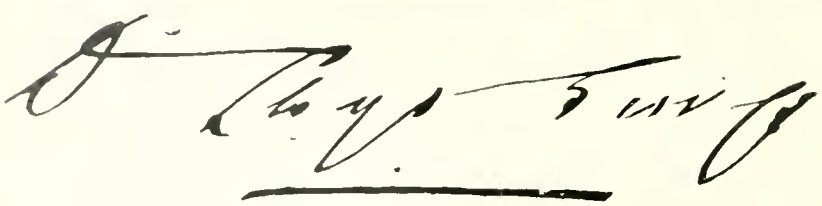


Photo by [*E. H. Mills.*



[*To face p.* 15.

CHAPTER II

MARCONI AND LLOYD GEORGE

IT takes a big man to play the game of life in a big way. Internal bickerings clog the wheels of external necessities.

The Committee was already sitting *in camera* for the Marconi inquiry (1913). We had to wait outside. At last a door opened, and in we went. We were five women and about fifty men. Sitting at the top of the horseshoe table was Sir Albert Spicer, the Chairman. Immediately on his right was Lord Robert Cecil—tall, gaunt, cadaverous, with the largest and yet most shapely hands. He sat with elbows on table and hat on head. No one else wore a hat ; no one knows why he wore it, unless as an American girl near me suggested, or, rather, asked, " Does he wear that hat because he is a lord ? " Or was it that a millionaire friend had given him a panama which he had exchanged for a dozen others, and he was trying to wear them out ?

Somewhat fidgety in manner, this hat afforded him something to play with. Lord Robert, however, showed in a marked degree his sound sense and brilliant mind, his good breeding and innate lawyer-like abilities. Never was heredity better illustrated than in the distinguished family to which—as second son of Lord Salisbury, late Prime Minister and scientist—he belongs. He and his brother, Lord Hugh, represent the best traditions of Toryism—if such a thing still exists, for in these days Radicals have become Socialists and Tories Radicals.

Round the horseshoe table sat various Members of Parliament. At a small table facing the President Mr. Marconi was asked to take a seat. He did so, a large

yellow-covered paper in his hand. Just before entering the room he had said to me :

" I have ten thousand words in this pamphlet ; how long will it take me to read, do you suppose ? "

And I had replied, laughing :

" From two to three thousand words an hour would be a good average ; but if you are questioned upon them, you will not get in three thousand words."

" I had hoped to get it all through in two hours," he said. But he did not. He spoke very distinctly and was in every way a calm and collected witness.

Poor man—his right eye watered continuously. It was not his own eye. This had been lost a few months before through a serious motor accident ; but the new glass eye evidently irritated, and every moment or two his handkerchief was mopping up a tear. Still he read on undaunted. In the paper he gave a succinct account of the whole of the Marconi system from first to last. He distinctly explained his position with our Government, and made everything clear. The few questions asked did not put him out in the least, and this quiet, simple gentleman—for those are the words most applicable to this genius—was treated by everyone in the room with the greatest possible respect.

And now, to sum up briefly in his own words what Marconi himself had done :

" I carried out my first wireless telegraphy experiments in Italy in 1895, and made inventions and constructed apparatus by means of which communication was found to be possible over a distance of about two miles. In 1896 I applied for my first patent in England, which was the first patent ever granted for electric-wave telegraphy. In 1896–7 after my first patent was applied for, tests were also witnessed by representatives of the Admiralty and War Office. The first experiments were made between buildings of the General Post Office in London, and afterwards distances of one and three-quarter miles were obtained at Salisbury at the end of September, 1896."

* * * * * *

"After further numerous tests and demonstrations in England and Italy over distances varying up to about forty miles, communication was established for the first time over the English Channel, between England and France, in March, 1899. The results were described in a paper which I read before the Institution of Electrical Engineers on March 18th, 1899, and the discussion which followed.

"In 1900 I constructed and patented a new arrangement which enables tuning to be accomplished with markedly more efficiency than was obtainable hitherto, and whereby the previously existing disadvantages of interference and tapping were greatly mitigated.

"By this invention I demonstrated that it was possible to transmit or receive two or three messages simultaneously on the same aerial without mutual interference."

* * * * * *

"Although I had communicated between this country and Newfoundland in the daytime as early as 1901, I did not claim to have mastered the difficulties of long distance communication in daylight, for I had already learned sufficient of the varying conditions to satisfy me that an occasional successful communication was but an elementary stage."

* * * * * *

"On December 16th, 1902, official messages, including several messages to his late Majesty, King Edward, were transmitted at night across the Atlantic from Glace Bay to Poldhu. The first messages sent from Glace Bay were transmitted in the presence of *The Times* correspondent, Dr. Parkin, and naval officers delegated by the Italian Government to watch the tests. Further tests were shortly afterwards carried out with another station situated at Cape Cod. Under favourable conditions it was found possible to transmit messages at night-time to Poldhu, 2,669 miles away, with an expenditure of only about five kw. Amongst messages thus transmitted was one from President Roosevelt to the late King Edward.

These messages were published in the London *Times* of that period. The electric waves from Cape Cod had to travel about 225 miles overland in addition to the remaining distance over sea.

"In the spring of 1903 the transmission of news messages from America to the London *Times* was attempted, in order to further demonstrate that messages could be sent from America by means of wireless telegraphy, and during a few days these messages were correctly received and published by that newspaper. By reference to the files of *The Times* I find that about 267 words of news transmitted across the Atlantic by wireless were published during the latter part of March and the early part of April of that year."

* * * * * *

Thus thought was transmitted through air without a wire.

Thoughts themselves are strange things; they come like will-o'-the-wisps and often depart as quickly. Just as when one has ceased to worry one has as quickly ceased to enjoy life.

No two men played a greater part in the history of the International War of 1914–16 than Marconi, with his world-wide wireless, distributing news from aeroplanes to batteries, from battleships to forts, from Headquarters to the Front, and Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who juggled so skilfully with the finances of Great Britain and incidentally with those of Europe and later with armaments generally.

Exactly four months before the declaration of war on August 4th, 1914, I was dining one night at the House of Commons with Sir David and Lady Brynmor Jones. The party numbered twelve, but the seat on my left was vacant. Sir David leaned across and said:

"I shall not tell you who is going to sit there, but he is a very charming man; and I hope he won't be late."

A few moments after, in cheerily tripped Mr. Lloyd George.

"Ah, Mrs. Alec-Tweedie," he said, seating himself

beside me, "delighted to see you. We have not met for a long time."

"Did you know I was coming?" I asked, surprised at his remembering the name after about three years.

"Not in the least."

This faculty of remembrance appears to be one of his particular gifts.

"Since I last saw you," I said, "you have been growing round and fat and chubby."

"Oh, come, come, not chubby?" he laughed.

"Yes, chubby. It is the only expression that suits your present form of countenance; and considering all your villainy you have no right to look so cheerful; though I am glad to see it is turning your hair grey, as well as your tie and your suit."

He was in the best of spirits, and we had no end of banter. Then Lady Pirrie, at the far end of the table, raised her glass to drink his health. He responded. Turning to me he said:

"Well, are you not going to drink my health?"

"No," I replied.

"What, not drink the health of the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"No," I repeated, "that is exactly it. I am not going to drink the health of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, because I consider him a menace to the country." At this he laughed immoderately.

"So you refuse to drink my health?" he asked.

"Not at all. In six weeks I hope you will be out of office (it was April, 1914), and then I shall have great pleasure in drinking the health of Lloyd George the man, which I absolutely refuse to do now as Lloyd George the menace."

Little did I dream when I made that remark that the Ulster episode was to follow in two or three days, and that the Liberal party would very nearly go out of office; so nearly, that I prepared a naughty little telegram to congratulate Mr. Lloyd George on the fact that I was now willing to drink his health.

Through Mr. Asquith's magnificent diplomacy the

situation was saved. The Prime Minister became also Minister of War; and the plots and intrigues in Ireland were slurred over. If the real history of Ulster ever comes to be written it will be one of the most amazing stories ever penned of self-denial, pluck and courage. Every class of man gave up his time and his money to be drilled. Every class of man risked his life in getting arms into the country. Patriotism is a wonderful thing. The Ulster men are patriots and their behaviour at the outbreak of war was splendid.

It so chanced at this little dinner at the House of Commons that at a table near by sat one of the most eminent men on the Unionist side. Writing on the back of my menu, "Do come over and have a chat with me afterwards," I sent it across to him by a waiter. His reply, carefully folded up, said, "Very sorry, absolutely impossible because of the presence of one man at your table."

Lloyd George happened to see the little note come back again, but luckily I gauged its contents quickly enough at a glance to tear it to shreds and pass it off as a joke.

This showed the Opposition's deep hatred of his policy at that time, although with many of them he had always been on terms of personal friendship.

Before the six weeks were up that I had laughingly predicted would turn him out of office, he had brought in the wondrous Socialistic Budget which stirred the country to its foundations, to be followed a few weeks later by the War, which made Socialism possible and Lloyd George its hero. He is certainly a delightful companion, always interested in the person to whom he is talking, or thrilled by the audience he is addressing. Taxes were in the air at the moment of that dinner, for the new Budget was being framed, and when I chaffed him about what he was going to tax next, he laughingly asked, would I not suggest something to bring money to the Government.

I responded quickly, "Extravagant prices for ladies' hats, or dogs that require nursing." He was much amused.

Some months later Mr. McKenna suggested taxing the import of (our Allies') Parisian hats for London heads. Rather like asking a riddle and forgetting the answer.

Tax little dogs, forsooth. We are bad enough in England, hence my suggestion to Mr. Lloyd George; but really the following, which afterwards appeared in a German newspaper, takes the cake—or rather the cream. War had then been raging for ten months, and that such an order should be considered necessary in thrifty, organized, systematized Germany was indeed extraordinary.

NO CREAM FOR DOGS.

The municipal authorities at Stettin had published an indignant notice about the waste of milk and cream. The notice said:

"While people of intelligence and with a sense of duty are practising self-denial, it has unfortunately been observed in public cafés in Stettin that certain female visitors have ordered special portions of whipped cream in order to set them before their dogs. It is to be hoped that such contemptible and scandalous behaviour is a rare exception, and need not be made the matter of official action. It must, however, have such a repellent and bewildering effect upon all those who see it that in the interests of the public it must be exposed."

It was barely a year after our little dinner at the House of Commons that the Chancellor, on May 4th, 1915, introduced his second War Budget.

A few weeks later the greatest war loan (or any loan) was successfully launched for six hundred million pounds, and Lloyd George had been made head of a department for munitions with a new seat in the Cabinet. He was the darling of the people and the man of the hour. How quickly a political pendulum swings.

Few people realize that he is quite a small man, square and thick-set in stature. He gives the impression of breadth. His face is broad, his shoulders and chest are broad, and as his eyes are generally smiling they broaden into a series of little crow's-feet, which always assume a particularly cheery upward turn. His grey hair is perceptibly whitening, though he is only fifty-three years of age (born 1863). He always seems out of place dressed

up in a gorgeous uniform, or even a frock coat, and much more at home in a serge suit and a simple tie.

There is no doubt he has little super-knowledge. He appears to take everything so lightly, to skim on the surface of things, and yet the greatest of all gifts is his —the capacity of absorbing facts from others. He is never above asking a question, and like the little busy bee sucks honey from every passing flower. He is neither profoundly read nor highly educated, his books have been the world, his education mankind; but that wonderful gift of assimilation, that capacity for inquiry, give him a sort of knowledge of endless diversified subjects. There is one thing he really does understand from A to Z, to wit, a large working-class audience, with all its fads, feelings and prejudices. His magnetic presence, his cheery, pleasant, chatty style of oratory, his direct delivery in the simplest language catches and holds his audience and appeals to the multitude where a more scholarly style of oratory would fail. He has not troubled himself with dry books through life; but he has studied every page of the human calendar. And so it was that a year after Lloyd George had lectured the classes on their sins he was be-hammering the masses for their iniquities. The pro-Boer, pro-German became a British Patriot with flowing Celtic speech, and a fiery little upholder of King and Country, and with the power to make that country listen.

Why? Magnetism. Fearlessness. A touch of Welsh poetry. Full belief in self. A pleasing manner and telling speech.

Words sway the world—not swords—not gold—just words. Simple words inspire nations; tender words tempt love; serious words focus great brains.

Yes, truly words sway the world.

There is a certain similarity between Lloyd George and Roosevelt. They are both dynamic, they both shake hands in much the same way, they are both impetuous, full of fire and enthusiasm, they are both ambitious, and at the same time have a certain fearlessness in advancing their opinions and, if necessary, climbing down later.

Luck followed the Welshman for years, and the climax of luck arrived with the Great War, which enabled him to put his Socialistic ideas into practice. The Government commandeered railways, munition factories, everything, in fact, necessary for war, so Mr. Lloyd George was able to slip in his Socialistic schemes, backed by his Government and supported by the country.

Culminating in a tragic comedy, Lloyd George, who had denounced "the idle rich, the shameless Dukes," who had set class against class for years, had to leave London, where the upper class was pouring out its sons, money and time, where the "idle rich" had voluntarily worked hard and sacrificed everything for eleven long months of war, where the peerage was mourning the loss of eldest and only sons at the Front, he—Mr. Lloyd George—had to go to Cardiff at the bidding of 200,000 idle miners, and on his knees metaphorically beg these *gentlemen* to return to their legitimate work. Beg and implore, yes, implore, these hard-working, self-sacrificing men of toil to play the game, instead of allying themselves with the Germans' cause by neglecting their duty to their own countrymen on the high seas and in the trenches in Flanders.

And yet withal Lloyd George is a great little man, in whom both luck and pluck are allied.

Turning from a Cabinet Minister, let us take a peep at a man who has caricatured more Cabinet Ministers than anybody, and helped thereby to turn the political vote.

The Women Journalists gave an important dinner in February, 1906, when Mrs. T. P. O'Connor took the chair. She received with her usual grace, her pretty white hair giving a soft refinement to her already pretty face; and certainly a better President could not be found, for not only did she look charming but she made an excellent speech.

It so chanced that I sat next to Sir F. Carruthers Gould, and was delighted to have the opportunity of having a yarn with so old a friend, who is too busy for many social functions. He made a brilliant speech in a humorous vein, congratulating women on the position they had

attained in journalism, "in which walk of life they were still very young. But I protest against the term 'Women Journalists,'" he said. "There are good journalists and there are bad ones; but if your sex insist on calling themselves 'Women Journalists,' in sheer self-defence we shall have to call ourselves 'Men Journalists'!"

He continued:

"I would like to point out one little failing, and it is a failing which I am afraid is growing. We have too much dress matter in the columns of our papers. If we go on like this, we shall all be chiffons and frills, and politics and art will be relegated to small 'pars' at the bottom of the pages. Chiffons and frills frighten me. Not long ago a dress article was brought downstairs to me at the *Westminster Gazette* office with its accompanying block, and a request that I would put a title to both. How on earth was I, who did not know a pelerine from a cape, a leg of mutton from a shirt sleeve, to do this? I looked at the block, and seeing the lady wore a veil, I was seized with a brilliant idea of writing 'Wedding Dress' underneath both block and article, and thereupon sent them back to the printing-room.

"Shortly afterwards there was a knock at the door. A perturbed compositor entered:

"'Excuse me, Mr. Gould, but I see "Wedding Dress" in your handwriting at the bottom of that block. Are you sure it is a wedding dress, sir?'

"'Not at all,' I replied. 'But I had to put something.'

"'Excuse me, sir,' said the printer, 'but I don't think it is a wedding dress at all.'

"'But the lady wears a veil,' I remarked, as we two mere men stood gazing solemnly at the block.

"'Oh, if it had been a wedding dress,' suggested the compositor, 'the veil would have been in front; as it is, it is behind, so I don't think it is a wedding dress, sir.'

"'Well, what do you think it is?' I asked in despair.

"'I think it is a tea-gown, sir,' he said with assurance. So a tea-gown we called it."

Mr. Gould thought too much space was being allotted to feminine attire in 1906—what did he think of equal space being allotted to men's clothes seven or eight years later? And a little later still half the women of Britain were in uniform as nurses, tram conductors, chauffeurs, ticket-collectors, hall porters, lift men or postmen.

The first time Gould saw my table-cloth he was delighted.

"Will you be nice and draw something on it?"

"Yes, indeed, proud to be associated with some of the most distinguished men and women of the day. What would you like? Joe Chamberlain's head? I daresay that is more connected with my name than anything else."

"Does he mind being caricatured?" I asked, while he drew with lightning rapidity.

"Hates it. Simply hates it. All sorts of people have approached me to desist, but I won't. I never do anything in an unkind way, and homely fun he must put up with. It is the penalty of greatness."

It is said that Harry Furniss invented Gladstone's collar for *Punch* and Gould invented Chamberlain's orchid for the *Westminster*, a floral scheme which the statesman's son carries on as though orchids were hereditary, like a nose or chin. And yet when Chamberlain died in 1914, his house was turned into a hospital and his world-renowned orchids were sold for a few pounds.

Gould did five or six drawings for the *Westminster Gazette* every week.

"Awful." I exclaimed. "Does not your brain whirl?"

"No. It is merely a matter of practice. I have taught myself to see a picture in the morning's paper; some days I see twenty; other days I draw a blank, but that is seldom. I love the work, although I am not a skilled draughtsman, and can merely represent a thought."

In his library in Tavistock Square, Carruthers Gould had a frieze which he painted himself, representing the Canterbury Pilgrims. The horses and figures were drawn in most decorative fashion, and the general effect was charming.

"Did you climb on a ladder to do that?" I inquisitively asked.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I drew the figures on my board, cut them out, and pasted them on the wall."

A small table in the middle of the room with a board on it was the only paraphernalia of the artist. Carruthers Gould is a rapid worker, as may be gathered by the number of caricatures he turns out in a week, many of which he does at the office an hour or so before they are wanted. He never, however, wrote those half columns of *Office Boy Gossip* which he illustrated; they were done by an old compositor.

A perfectly delightful set of drawings of animals was standing on the bookcase. These were to illustrate a book which he was writing, and were sketched at the Zoo.

"For if there is one thing I love," he said, "it is spending an afternoon at the Zoo drawing animals from life."

I was just back from Germany at that time (April, 1906), and he amazed me by his intimate knowledge of German politics. Gould is a good speaker, tells a good story, does not care for society, is thoroughly domesticated, always kindly in his drawings, and one of the greatest assets of the Liberal party.

His sketch of Chamberlain on the cloth is smiling at a daffodil by Alfred Parsons; below which are the signatures of Charles Major, the American novelist, the Earl of Meath, Sir Victor Horsley, Sir Richard Temple, Winifred Emery, Sir Robert Hunter, of the Post Office, Sir Walter Besant, and Sir David Brynmor Jones, leader of the Welsh party for so many years in the House of Commons; while above are Cyril Maude, Amy Woodeforde-Finden (the song-writer), Madame Antoinette Sterling, Joseph Hatton, Mortimer Mempes, The Prince d'Arenberg, W. Donaldson Rawlins, K.C., Sir Henry Bergne, Worthington Evans, M.P., Judge Bacon, Judge Snagge, Baroness von Suttner of Peace fame, and near by is the signature of another famous caricaturist, Leslie Ward (*Spy*), who sharpened a pencil before writing his name upon the cloth,

Thursday morning

THE MOUNT,
HIGH WICKHAM,
HASTINGS.

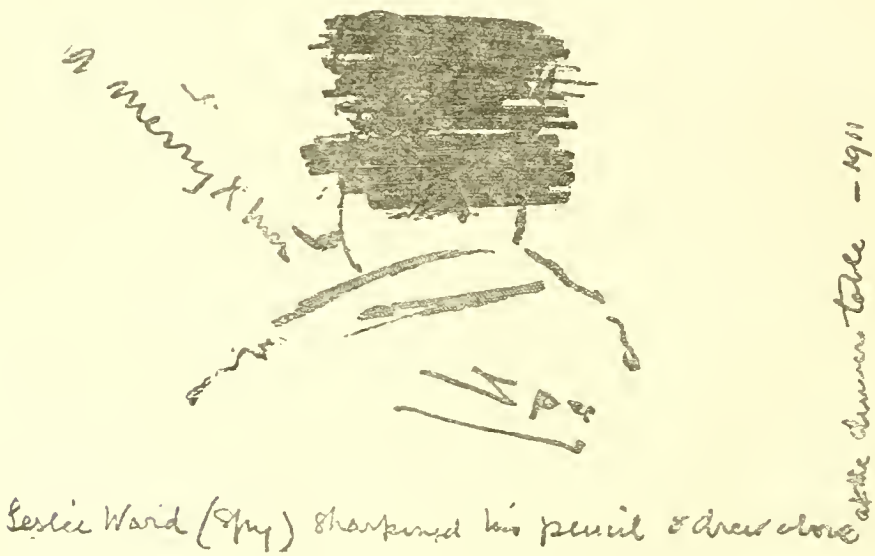
Dear Dr. T. Tweedie

Thanks for your
card which I only
received this morning
- I am
cripple!
have a visit
from you

I cannot pick up.

A LETTER FROM HARRY FURNISS.

and in one second had turned the leaden mess into the little picture. Harry Furniss also wrote his name and drew an excellent caricature of himself. His letters are always delightful, as will be seen from the previous page.



CHAPTER III

THE AUTHOR OF THE "BAB BALLADS"

WHEN Sir W. S. Gilbert issued the sixth edition of his *Bab Ballads* in 1904, the original precursor of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operas, he appended this grave confession:

> "I've come to the conclusion that my mine of jocularity
> In present Anno Domini is worked completely out!
> Though the notion you may scout,
> I can prove beyond a doubt
> That my mine of jocularity is utterly worked out."

This was poetic licence. As a matter of plain fact, his jocularity was not worked out. It never could be, except in the grave, which claimed him so unexpectedly in the summer of 1911, at the age of seventy-five. His wit was not confined to his writings, where the reader might suspect it to be the product of laborious hours. It was as constant in his conversation as in his verse. Mirth bubbled from him irresponsibly. There never was a truer humorist than Gilbert.

When a knighthood was conferred upon him in 1907 he took the matter cheerily. We met at Harrow on Speech Day, when his title was barely a week old. Shaking him warmly by the hand I said:

"What on earth are we to call you? 'W. S.' has been heard from end to end of the world for so long that it seems impossible to think of you by any other name. In fact, I hardly know what the 'W.' stands for."

"Neither do I," he replied. "I believe I once heard my parents say that they christened me 'William.'"

"Does anybody call you that?" I asked.

"Not a soul, not even my wife."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Call me 'Bill.'"

"All right, I shall," I rejoined, "and as we are now standing in 'Bill Yard' (Roll Call), nothing could be more appropriate. So herewith let me christen you 'Sir Bill.'"

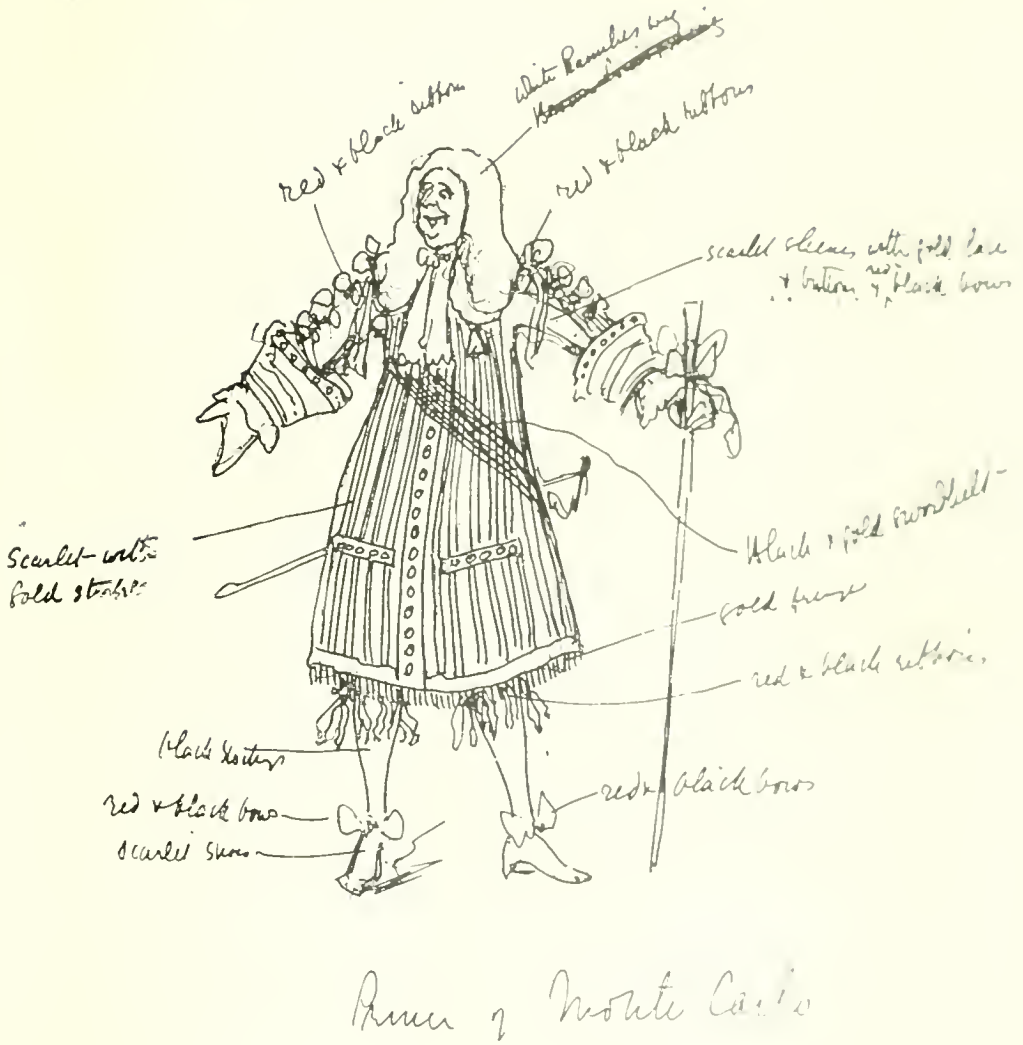
"I will do the billing if you will do the cooing," he said

And although I did not call him "Bill," he, at any rate, chaffingly signed himself so when he wrote to me from then onwards.

All that good taste and money could do to make a beautiful house, standing nearly five hundred feet above the sea, yet more beautiful, was done at the Gilberts' home, Grim's Dyke, Harrow Weald; and as one drove up and saw the dear old English home with its dull red tiles and diamond-paned windows, almost buried in creepers, it seemed hard to accept its old-world appearance as the product of 1877, so effective had been the skill of Norman Shaw, the architect. Many and many happy week-ends the writer of these pages spent with the kindly hosts of Harrow Weald.

The first thing to arrest attention on entering the hall was a model, some fourteen feet long, of the old three-decker battleship *Victoria*. It was a complete replica, with a hundred guns, of the ship sent to the Black Sea in the Crimea. At the time of its production *H.M.S. Pinafore* was exactly copied for theatrical representation from this original. Armour also decorated the hall.

The most frequented room in the house was probably the library, containing only some five thousand volumes, but those most wisely selected. All kinds of encyclopædias and books of reference, and a vast array of theatrical lives, were to be found there; while along the narrow white shelves running round the whole room were framed pictures of many well-known statesmen and actors. It was a cosy room, and at a large table in the bow window "mine host" did his writing. His was not an untidy table, like those of so many literary people. If papers covered it, they were orderly; there were no heterogeneously stuffed drawers, for Gilbert was undoubtedly a man of method and order. The other window, a French one,



Prince of Monte Carlo

Sir William S. Gilbert's first idea for the Prince of Monte Carlo. The original sketch
W. S. Gilbert made for Percy Anderson's dress designs.

The lake constructed by Sir W. S. Gilbert in the grounds of his country house, and where later he was drowned.

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opened out on a beautiful garden, with beds arranged in Italian fashion, and a continual flutter of hundreds of white pigeons, which stopped to drink and coo at an Italian basin of water. Beyond, hidden in the trees, was a photographic studio with every contrivance necessary for rapid developing and finishing; a little to the left stood the monkey house, where eleven small monkeys disported themselves during the summer, returning to the Zoo during the colder months of winter, and here were bred the first young Lemurs in Britain. Two beautiful croquet lawns, one above the other, terrace fashion, were the peculiar care of the host, himself an enthusiast at the game. Tall Japanese peacocks and cranes—bought in Tottenham Court Road, not in Japan—raised their heads above the coping-stones, at the end of which appeared a bowling alley, separated by masses of white passion flowers and climbing roses. Those old-world steps, with their green-mossed crannies, might just have suited Lady Di Vernon. The roses of Grim's Dyke were a wonderful sight, indeed roses and chickens were Lady Gilbert's hobby: she incubated and fed the latter herself, tended the former and knew the name of every specimen. It was really a beautiful property, covering about a couple of hundred acres, standing high enough to look down on Windsor, and London but twelve miles away, down on everything in fact, for it was by far the highest spot in the neighbourhood. The grounds were once part of Bentley Priory, hence the beautiful trees.

The dining-room, the least picturesque apartment in the house, was on a smaller scale than most of the rooms, although we sat down twenty at table quite comfortably; but it contained some good pictures, of which the house was full, some nice bits of Delft, and handsome copper and brass bowls. Behind it was the billiard-room, which, although not pretty, was perhaps one of the most interesting places in the house, as being verily a history of Gilbert's life. He wrote about seventy original plays. In frames round the walls were photographs of the actors in each of his operas: one held the creators of the *Mikado* parts, another represented *Princess Ida*, and a third

Pinafore, while behind was *The Gondoliers,* and round about hung the original little pen-and-ink sketches done by Gilbert himself to illustrate his *Bab Ballads,* a copy of which he gave me after writing on the fly-leaf early in our acquaintance :

" Dear Mrs. Tweedie,—I have a piece of stirring news for you—and it is this—I am always sincerely yours,

" W. S. Gilbert."

At the end of the room was the enormous gong specially cast for the *Yeomen of the Guard,* with the block and axe which figured in that representation, and before them stood a piano-harmonium.

" Play her some bits of the operas, Will," said his wife, so he sat down and rattled off a tune from the *Yeomen of the Guard.*

" I did not know you were a musician as well as an actor and playwright," I said.

" I only took it up last year," he explained, " but I get along somehow." And on he played. He pulled out a stop here, he pushed one in there, he rattled on from one tune to another, much to my surprise ; and then imagine my disgust on discovering the whole thing to be a fraud. Although his fingers were theatrically wandering over the keys, he was not really playing at all, but only pulling in and out the stops and blowing the bellows with his feet. The thing was a vast musical box. What a sell. Yet so finely had he acted the part that I freely forgave him for cheating me. It must have been in the early nineties, and it was the very first musical self-player I had ever seen.

A keen vein of humour ran through everything Gilbert did and said. Many people called him conceited, and no doubt he was ; but most of the conceit was uttered in a spirit of fun. He would tell you unblushingly that he was the most beautiful person in the world, that his forty-eight inch waist was exactly correct for a man of sixty, that his weight was that of the Apollo (not in marble), that his life had been faultless like a clean and beautiful

crystal; and he never ceased to impress upon you the talent and genius of W. S. Gilbert, and the incompetence of everyone else; but it was all done with a grave face and hidden laughter. Once chatting pleasantly in the billiard-room, he explained that some of his operatic verses were rattled off and never corrected, but others were pondered over for hours, aye, almost weeks. When he had completed the work he handed it over to Sir Arthur Sullivan, who then wrote the music.

"But I don't quite see how you can write a chorus," I said.

"Perfectly," he rejoined, "and in my original notes I always write all the choruses."

"You must be a very difficult person to work with," I ventured to remark; and he was angry, positively angry. I had touched the wrong note.

"No," he said furiously, "I am not. And what is more, I never had a theatrical row with Sullivan. I realize that collaboration must be one continual give and take, and the only way to work with a man is to believe that his share is of more importance than your own, and, therefore, give in as gracefully as you can to all his suggestions. I have altered whole lines to please Sullivan many a time, and I must say he has cheerfully changed entire passages to please me.

"Sullivan chose tenors, basses, baritones and contraltos for their vocal qualities, and would pass them on to me to decide. If we both agreed, D'Oyly Carte had instructions to make the engagement. Merely acting parts I choose myself. My royalties for the Savoy librettos for ten years were three thousand pounds a year. Sullivan received his own royalties on his own music. The output was about a million and a half copies. But I shall never work any more; I am sixty, my days are numbered, and the few years or months that are left to me I hope to enjoy with the aid of my friends."

If his days truly were numbered, the number was a big one, for it was fifteen years before his tragic death took place, by drowning in his own beautiful flower-decked pond—hale and hearty still. As a matter of fact, he did

work again, for he subsequently produced more than one new play.

When I was chaffing Gilbert about his good fortune on one occasion he told me that as a youth he had intended to go to Woolwich, and had worked for the examination, but through an alteration in the age limit he was never able to go up. He then went to the Bar, and finally at twenty-six was in a Government office at a hundred and twenty pounds a year, on which he lived. In as many more years he had amassed a fortune, and at sixty had practically retired from active life—a gentleman at ease.

Gilbert was a most excellent host, and his wife, who happily survives him, a delightful hostess. She is a woman of unruffled temper and extraordinary tact, for with all his good points he must certainly have been a difficult man to live with, and she managed him superbly. He had one little weakness—or why not call it a strong point—his love for the fair sex; it was coupled with unbounded respect and admiration for them *en masse;* anything in petticoats aged from nine to ninety always amused him. He rattled off his quick repartee incessantly—it gushed forth like a Maxim gun—but I am so stupid I seldom remembered the smart things he said. Here is one, however. As we were admiring the beautiful paint-like bloom in his peach house, some remark was made about the likeness of a peach to an actress's complexion:

"They often paint, but they do not always draw," he said, without a moment's hesitation.

Gilbert was never at a loss. His humorous sallies were not prepared, for he never knew what anyone would say, and his reply was always ready. A brilliant person truly: a veritable wit.

Reminding him of the fact that he had been so desperately ill in 1900, when I started for Mexico the first time, that I had never expected to see him again, but that ten years later he was flourishing and fitter than ever, he replied:

"You see I had gout all my life till 1900, when rheumatic arthritis came along. They eloped together. The only scandal I have ever had in the family."

He once asked what my boy was going to be.

"He is going into medicine," I replied.

"I don't mind his going into medicine as long as his medicine doesn't go into me," he remarked like a flash.

Again—walking round his wonderful gardens at Grim's Dyke—I asked how many gardeners he kept.

"Eleven and a half, and an odd man thrown in—or nearly a baker's dozen."

"Are you not very proud of having acquired all this out of your own brain?"

"Not at all, it represents the folly of the British Public."

Gilbert told some funny stories of his own plays. By nature he was unquestionably quick-tempered, but long schooling, he declared, had taught him to be a perfect saint at rehearsals.

"I go over the same lines again and again," he said, "because I will have my performers render them as I wish; but I find the only way to get them to do so is to pat them on the back and become on friendly terms with them. Flying into a rage only makes them do less justice to themselves and more injustice than necessary to the piece."

"And how do you enjoy your first nights?" I asked.

"Not at all; I am never in front to see them. With one exception, and that was after it had run a hundred nights, I have never seen any one of my plays performed upon the stage once the rehearsals were over."

"Really?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is true. I superintend every costume, every scene, everything, in fact, until the hour arrives for the raising of the curtain upon the first performance; and by that time I depart, only returning to the theatre about eleven to make a bow if necessary and to hear the result. What I suffer during those intervening hours no man can tell. I have spent them at the Club, I once went to a theatre alone to see a play; I have walked up and down the street—but no matter where I was, agony and apprehension possessed me."

He did not break his practice even in 1904, when *The Fairy's Dilemma*, his last play of any pretensions, was produced at the Garrick Theatre by Mr. Arthur Bourchier.

He came with his wife and sat through the curtain-raiser with her in her box, but after that he disappeared, and I doubt whether he remained in the house at all. In any case, he was not there to bow at the fall of the curtain. It was a doubtful experiment for him to write a play after so many years, but it proved a success. Mrs. Gilbert, as she still was, beamed at the close, when long and continuous applause filled the air. Ridiculous as the piece was, it was stuffed with humour, and showed that when nearly seventy, and after long idleness and illness, Gilbert still wielded a master pen of comedy. But Sullivan was no longer alive to support him, and somehow the wondrous talent severed from its musical twin seemed incomplete and unsatisfying.

Gilbert was once talking of Sir Francis Burnand, and how he scored off Johnny Toole, the actor. The Editor of *Punch* was giving a dinner-party, and the first to arrive was the jovial Johnny Toole. Voices were heard on the stairs.

"Get under the table quick, Toole," said Burnand; "quick, man, quick."

And the somewhat surprised comedian did as he was bidden.

The other gentlemen entered the room, and somebody remarked:

"I thought you were expecting Toole to-night."

"Yes, he is here," replied the host.

"Here?" interrogated the visitor, "where?"

"Under the table," replied Burnand.

"Under the table! Whatever for?"

"Blessed if I know; better ask him," was all Burnand's comment. And so emerged from beneath the snowy table-cloth the comically disconcerted face of Johnny Toole.

Speaking of Burnand reminds me of a story told by himself of his meeting with Queen Alexandra when she was Princess of Wales.

"My first presentation to Her Royal Highness," he said, "was at Ascot. I was smoking, and the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII.) came up, smoking too. After a little chat he said:

"'Would you like to be presented to the Princess, Burnand?'

"'I should be honoured, Sir.'

"'Come along then,' he replied.

"Feeling it would only be a momentary affair, and my cigar being a particularly fine one, I put it in my pocket. Her Royal Highness was most gracious, and continued to talk to me for some moments, when suddenly the Prince exclaimed, 'What a smell of burning.' Heavens, my wits forsook me. I remembered the lighted cigar in my pocket. Sir Edward Lawson (afterwards Lord Burnham) was behind, and as I blurted out something about a cigar, Lawson ejaculated, 'The warmth of his admiration for Royalty, Sir,' and told the story. The Prince roared with laughter, and often chaffed me about that cigar afterwards."

To return to Gilbert, his letters were very amusing and full of chaff. "W. S." evidently had a birthday, for he writes:

"Grim's Dyke,
"Harrow Weald.
"November 19th, 1869.

"MY DEAR MRS. TWEEDIE,

"It was indeed kind of you to remember my birthday. These kindly wishes act as a *solatium*. The worst of it is that the older I grow the more *solatia* I shall require, and I'm afraid the supply won't keep pace with the demand.

"We have taken a house at Buckingham Gate, for ten weeks from the 15th January, so I hope we shall see you often in the course of that space of time. Then we go to the Crimea, and if you were half a man you'd go with us.

"With best regards from my wife,
"I am, always yours,
"W. S. GILBERT."

Someone must have wanted a duologue, for he writes:

Grim's Dyke.
Harrow Weald.

2nd Nov. 99.

Dear Mrs Tweedie,

If any one had consulted me as to whom he should apply for such a duchesse as you describe I should have at once suggested Mrs Tweedie of 20 York Terrace, Harley St. W.

If I had time to write

such a duologue I could
get £500 for it — & I
happen to want £500 to
pay for the construction of
a lake which is under
way, & which is drawing
my banking account to the
verge of inspiriting time
of £50 per week.

But I haven't the time.
I am under
contract to supply W. Rat

Goodness & Miss Maxine Elliott with
a three act play within three months
& all my time is occupied in learning
ones sub act idea & that sad. And I
know could work at two pieces at a
time.

Don't you see my difficulty & don't
you appreciate it? And wont you

Grace Hall to us, some twenty
or twenty-five short days & long
days ago. Grace Hall in the
darkening October days. Away &
the merry fellowship, spirit
always (acting after their calls
you don't believe it) Then

He and his wife were coming to a party in the November of 1901—it turned out to be the foggiest month we had had for many years—and I wrote to him, knowing that they must train or drive back to Harrow that night (it was before the days of motors), to ask him to arrange matters so that they need not leave too early. This was his reply :

"My dear Mrs. Alec,

"I do not think your letter is very complimentary —you don't want *us* to go at 10.30 BECAUSE, if we do, all the other people will go ! ! ! etc. But I'm accustomed to drink of the cup of humiliation, only this is rather bitterer than usual.

"Well, you shan't be deprived of your more valued guests if we can help it ; so in order to induce them to stay with you we will drive to town and drive back— though it will be awfully cold driving back. We must warm ourselves with the reflection that we shall have done nothing to cause the guests you *really* esteem to leave you earlier than their wont.

"Always humiliatedly your own,

"Bill."

They came, and they drove back as arranged. I afterwards found that the night was very foggy, and wondering how the Gilberts had fared on their long journey, I wired the next morning to inquire. The short telegraphic reply was followed by this letter :

"My dear Mrs. Alec,

"Your kind wire almost moved me to tears, it really was a lovely thing for you to have done, and the crown of glory was placed upon the action by your paying the reply.

"We found great difficulty in getting in and out of the Regent's Park last night, and my coachman completely lost himself between Clarence Gate and the Kilburn Road ; but a humane policeman had mercy on us and took us

as far as Maida Vale (two shillings that cost me, but never mind—you paid the reply to the telegram, so call it eighteenpence). After we reached the Kilburn Road the fog thinned, and by the time we reached Kilburn Station it was a lovely moonlight night with all the stars shining brightly, and so it came to pass that we only lost about twenty minutes.

"It was a lovely dinner-party, and (may I say so?) a lovely dinner.* What ought a married man of sixty-five to do who passionately loves a young widow whom he took down to dinner last night? God help him—as his peace of mind is shattered.

"You proved yourself to be (quite unintentionally) a beneficent angel to me, in urging me to drive to London and back. If I had trusted to the rail I should never have managed to reach the station in time—for I had no idea that there was a fog and I should not have allowed time enough. So there is an advantage (sometimes) in being insignificant and consequently being implored to remain late that the valued guests might not be induced to go early.

"Always your devoted,

"BILL."

When Mary Anderson played in his *Pygmalion and Galatea* she was of his own choosing, and he maintained she "looked lovely and was just what he wanted. Passion," he said, "to most actors is a sealed book, they cannot feel emotional. This is why I prefer French actors. They act with heart, soul and brain." They had fearful tussles over the Greek robes and Greek gestures, but as usual Gilbert triumphed. He was an unbendingly strict stage-manager.

A propos of a matinée to which "W. S." was to take me, I asked him if he would come to lunch. Overleaf is his original reply:

* As a general rule he lived mostly on fish, vegetables and fruit, although when he went out to dinner he "had a holiday and ate what he liked."

"Grim's Dyke.
"November 6th, 1901.

"MY DEAR MRS. ALEC,

"November 16th, by all means. I shall have great pleasure in lunching with you.

"I will swallow the physic without a wry face in consideration of the *real jam* that will accompany it.

"Ever thine,
"BILL."

And now for two stories about Gilbert's first play and his last. The first play was a burlesque on the *Elixir of Love*, called *Dulcemara, or the Little Duck and the Great Quack*, which was produced at the St. James' Theatre in what he called "the cheap and easy days." He told the story (one of the first speeches he ever made) at a complimentary banquet given to him at the beginning of 1908, not long after he was knighted. "The piece was written," he said, "in a week, and produced in another week. There had been no time to discuss terms, and eight days after its successful production, Mr. Emdem, Miss Herbert's treasurer, asked how much I expected to be paid. Blindly ignorant of the value of such things, I modestly suggested thirty guineas. 'Oh, dear no,' said Emdem, 'we never pay in guineas; you must make it pounds.' Accordingly, I made it pounds, and Emdem said, as he handed me the cheque: 'Now, take an old stager's advice—never sell as good a piece as this for thirty pounds again.' And I never have."

His last play—really a playlet—was *The Hooligan*. A blood-curdling little piece, it was written for James Welch and formed part of the Coliseum bill in the spring of 1911, a few months before Gilbert's sudden death.

The day after I had been to see the performance, that is on March 5th, 1911, "W. S." was at my house for luncheon, when he announced his intention of walking home to Eaton Square, though he was in his seventy-fifth year.

"Walk?" he repeated in answer to my remonstrance; "of course I'll walk. I walk six or seven miles a day. I never wore a pair of glasses in my life, and I still feel eighteen."

Dear Andrew.

This is the re-considered Prince of Monte Carlo
Very fair Ramblers wig, I think, to contrast with
Barrymore black Louis XIV wig. This part realizes
the character.

Yours truly
W. S. Gilbert

The Prince Irvin should be of excellent quality - silky grey & smart.
The Princess should wear a dress of the same period (or nearly) but so made
as to allow of her dancing a wild jig - de Reszke, I think

Sir William S. Gilbert's second idea of the Prince of Monte Carlo.

Dear Anderson

Here is my idea of the Sixty Soldiers. Of course you will greatly improve upon these crude suggestions

W. S. Gilbert

Original sketches sent by W. S. Gilbert to Percy Anderson, whose brilliant costumes for all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are well remembered.

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I mentioned the play at the Coliseum. It was so gruesome that women had gone out fainting, and it turned my blood cold.

"What made you conceive the gruesomely tragic idea?" I asked.

"Jimmy Welch in a comic part," he replied.

I looked up amazed.

"Quite true," he continued. "I was at the theatre seeing him in a comedy. 'There,' I thought, 'is the man to play tragedy.' I seemed to see him in a condemned cell; the idea came in a flash. I offered to write the sketch if he would play it. He was delighted.

"So far settled, I got an order for Pentonville, and a permit to spend an hour in the condemned cell. There, alone, I thought out the situation. I worked myself up to feel as I thought the man would feel who was awaiting death. I flung myself on the bed. The whole thing came to me. That evening I wrote the little sketch before I went to bed."

"I liked the humanity of your warder," I said.

"Yes, so do I. I wanted a rough exterior, and the man wanted to play it in a rough vein. 'No, no,' I said, 'however rough a warder may be, his heart would soften at such a moment, no matter what the character of the prisoner. We must have the contrast and make him human.' So there he is. Glad you liked him."

Turning to other matters, "W. S." remarked, "I know my limitations and capabilities better than anyone else. No man is successful until he learns that lesson."

No man had stronger admirers or keener haters probably than W. S. Gilbert. Successful people always have; but then, added to his success he had a pompous manner, a sarcastic tongue. He was in excellent form one May night in '98 when he dined with me. We were talking about *Lysianne*, Sarah Bernhardt's new play, which I had just seen in Paris, and I said it was a poor play splendidly acted.

"If it's a poor play it's sure to succeed," he retorted. "No good play is ever a success; fine writing and high morals are hopeless on the stage."

"That is severe."

"Not any too severe. I have been scribbling twaddle for thirty-five years to suit the public taste, and ought to know. And, after all, look at the theatre. It contains some fifteen hundred persons. Now, if you serve up tripe and onions for the gallery, it offends the stalls; if you dish up sweetbreads and truffles for the stalls, it disgusts the pit. Therefore, plain leg of mutton and boiled potato is the most suitable fare for all. Light flippery and amusing nonsense is what I have endeavoured to write. But I can tell you, that after thirty-five years of that sort of thing, which I am glad to say has brought grist to the mill, I am about sick of it, and I shouldn't mind if I never wrote another word."

Then the conversation turned on Nellie Farren's benefit, and his play of *Trial by Jury*. I told him that I just remembered seeing Nellie Farren when I was a child, or, at any rate, a very young girl, and how I had thought her inimitable.

"Oh, yes," he said, "in anyone else's play, but from the author's point of view she was impossible. For instance, I wrote a play, and Nellie Farren ramped in with Nellie Farren; she cut out my character, or tried to, and she substituted herself; for in spite of all her *esprit*, she was always Nellie Farren—talked and walked Nellie Farren."

Looking at Gilbert, with his ruddy face and white hair and stolid form, it seemed impossible to realize that he was one of the most sensitive of men. He could not bear criticism, and experience had made him suffer so bitterly that he never read any notices of his work at all. In fact, he told an amusing story of how, after leaving the Law Courts on the conclusion of a case, he emerged into the Strand to find boys running about with posters: "Gilbert's caustic remarks in the witness-box." "I didn't know I had been caustic," he said, "and I nearly invested a penny to see what it meant, and then I thought better of it, saved my penny, and marched on."

In later life W. S. Gilbert was keenly interested in thought transference. "I lunched in Park Lane to-day," he said, "at a private house where the Zancigs gave a

séance after the meal. My host had been Zancig's former employer in a manufactory, and it was through his kindness that the man first started in this thought-reading business."

"You don't think it is a trick?" I asked.

"Trick?" he replied with a flash of the eye. "I believe, and always have believed, in the transference of thought, in which transmission these people have attained a very high unism. Three people wrote down three lines each containing three figures; a fourth man added them up. Zancig looked at them, and said, 'What figures?' Mark you, only two words, and Mrs. Zancig, who was behind the screen, wrote down the whole of the figures in exactly the order in which they appeared on the paper. Trick indeed! How could there be any trick in that? Thought transference is so remarkable, so profound, we are only at the beginning of it. Great developments will come."

Before leaving the subject of the greatest wit of his day, I must refer to the many versions of the difference which arose among the remarkable trio who were primarily concerned in the production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Sir W. S. Gilbert stated the facts briefly in a letter he wrote, correcting some statements which had appeared in an Irish newspaper.

"A circumstantial account of the separation between Gilbert and Sullivan is given in great detail," he wrote. "There is not a word of truth in that statement. The 'separation' was not between 'Gilbert and Sullivan,' but between myself and Mr. D'Oyly Carte. It arose from a question whether a sum of £1,500 for refurnishing the front of the Savoy Theatre was properly included in the production of *The Gondoliers*. I had no quarrel with Sir A. Sullivan, though a coolness existed between us for a time in consequence of his declining to interfere in the difference between Mr. Carte and myself. This coolness lasted a very short time, and was quickly done away with by mutual expressions."

That may have been; but anyway, they did not work together again, and each lost inspiration in the severance.

On Sir Arthur Sullivan's memorial bust, which stands

in the Savoy Gardens, on the Thames Embankment, are inscribed the following lines by Sir W. S. Gilbert, placed there in tribute to his friend and collaborator :

" Is life a boon ?
If so, it must befall
That death whene'er he call
Must call too soon."

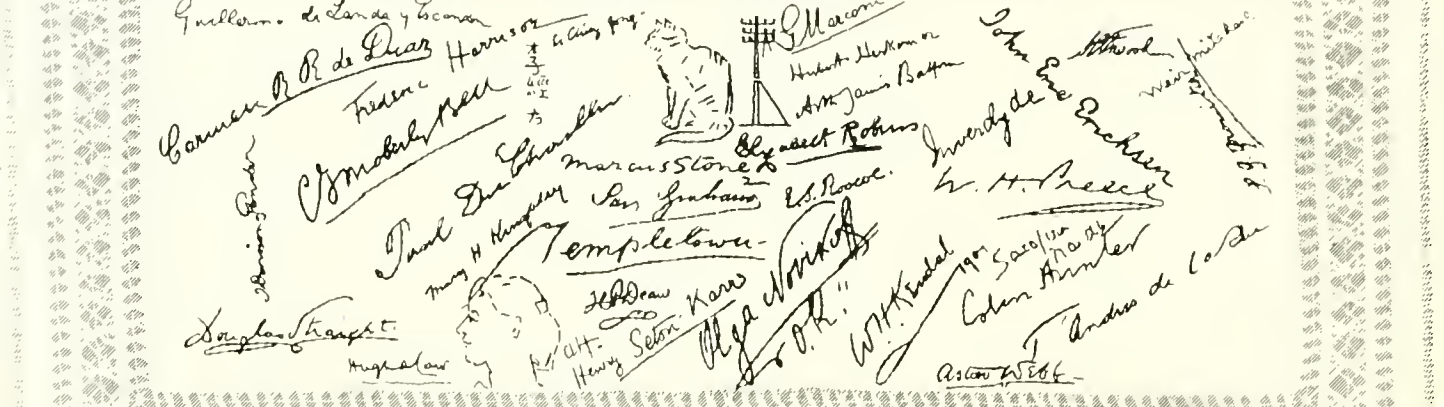
Gilbert was an excellent draughtsman, a man of many parts : actor, author, poet, artist, photographer, croquet player.

He drew a delightful picture from his *Bab Ballads* on the cloth ; but oh, the worry of working in those horrid little fingers. He drew minutely with a fine pencil and small detail, quite a strange style for a robust, healthy, lusty personage. Gilbert's little figure is one of the best, second only to the head of Gladstone by Blake Wirgman.

Gilbert was the most brilliant companion I ever met. He could be dull : who cannot ? But when in good vein, happy, contented and well, his conversation was as sparkling as, and even more spontaneous, than his books. It was impossible to catch the glint of his thoughts on paper ; they rattled from one subject to another. But one's remembrance of him is that of a genial friend—friendship personified—a brilliant conversationalist, and a delightful English gentleman.

He declared that half his life had been wasted in waiting for other people. He always paid in cash, almost before the delivery of the goods ; and after paying a cheque for £800 for his first motor-car, drove away in it from the garage and had a serious accident before he got home.

With the death of W. S. Gilbert I lost one of my dearest and best friends—a great wit and a great personality, one of the few who did not lose brilliancy with her handmaiden youth.



CLOTH II.

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CHAPTER IV

A GREAT JUDGE AND AN INDIAN PRINCE

IT was my good fortune to number among intimate friends for twenty years the late Lord Gorell, perhaps better known as Sir Gorell Barnes, President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Courts, the news of whose death at Mentone reached England in 1913. His work on Divorce Reform is known in every English-speaking country.

Lord Gorell represented three distinct types. For, if primarily an able, practical-minded lawyer, he was also a man who enjoyed society, at least in the way of pleasant dinners among interesting people, and furthermore, was a country gentleman.

One of the pleasantest visits I ever paid was to his delightful home near Stratford St. Mary, in Suffolk. This was Constable's land, the land of his heart and his work; and very proud Sir Gorell Barnes—as he then was—appeared to be of the surroundings and neighbourhood of his somewhat large, roomy and quaint old cottage home. He was indeed the typical country squire in his tweeds and knickerbockers, and was most enthusiastic in showing his farming possessions.

The house itself, dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth, had uneven floors and beamed ceilings, with a step up here and a step down there to make a constant trap for the unwary. Queer little windows and large chimney corners were well set off by old-fashioned furniture. With the aid of an architect and an archæologist, servants' quarters in complete keeping with the antiquity of the building had been judiciously added at the back by the judge himself, and the style of the old place thus conserved.

Lady Barnes, a woman of excellent taste, most effectually maintained the character and charm of her country home by the introduction of quaint bureaux, old pewter, brass, and finely cut glass. She was an ideal helpmate for the Judge in every way. Lord Gorell was so happy in his own home life that it must have been strange to him to be always untying the knots of other less fortunate persons. The Farmer-judge revelled in his cows, his dairy, his violets, his chickens or his wheat, and found joy and relaxation in mastering and improving each in turn. Every egg probably cost him a shilling, and every cauliflower half-a-crown; but he warmly maintained that they would pay in the end. He had about two hundred acres, and rented some six hundred more for shooting. His little golf course he laid out himself; for in golf, skating and shooting he excelled, though for weeks at a time, when the Courts were sitting, he never took any exercise at all.

When people really work their brains their bodies do not require so much movement. "Must have exercise" is a dictum for the mentally idle.

A judge has many trials, and some that are not apparent to the outside public. One day Lord Gorell mentioned that he had a headache. Of course I condoled with him, and was somewhat startled by the remark:

"It is all the result of scent."

"Scent!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"The ladies of the Divorce Court love perfumes," he replied. "It has been a hot and trying day for me, for each of the witnesses, who are placed in the box quite close to the judge, has come into Court and waved about a dainty handkerchief saturated with scent. I have inhaled patchouli, white rose, heliotrope, and half a dozen other perfumes since breakfast; and, unfortunately, the more emotional ladies become, the more they wave these pretty scraps of scented cambric and apply them to their eyes."

It seemed a funny grievance; but, after all, the little ills of life are the hardest to bear, and long days in a stuffy, scent-laden Court must be trying indeed. Even without physical discomfort the Divorce Court must be depressing enough, and that Sir Gorell Barnes found it so was apparent

from some remarks he made in 1908. He had been saying that good advocates were seldom a success in the House of Commons, for they always spoke as if holding a brief, and not as if their views were held by conviction, and he added :

" I've passed my sixtieth birthday, and I begin to feel that nothing much matters. All the striving and fighting lead to so little."

" But you have a very nice job," I remarked.

" Yes," he rejoined, " it suits me and I suit it. I have trained myself to listen ; to ask no questions—just to listen —and to forget all the horrors of my Court the moment I leave it. To-day ended a two days' trial. I am to give my judgment to-morrow. I decided on that judgment as I left the Court, and I shan't think of the case till I sum up to-morrow ; if I were to think over all the suffering and anxiety of all those poor people to-night I should wear myself out. I have schooled myself to look on them all as ' cases,' and very sad cases most of them are. One terrible tale after another is unfolded before me, sordid, sad, and often cruel ; but the cruelty is far more often mental than bodily, and therefore much more poignant."

Not long afterwards I was chaffing about the length of the legal vacation.

" I assure you it is essential," he replied. " Think of listening to people talking from ten to four every day and trying to keep your attention fixed, knowing the eyes of the country are upon you. At the end of each session I am tired, and when I'm tired my Court is tired too." This seemed a curious remark, but he continued :

" I always try to be bright and cheery in Court. So much depends on it. The counsel, the witnesses—everyone, in fact—take their mood from the judge. If he is indifferent or fatigued, so are they ; if he takes a keen interest and is bright, so are they. I believe I could go into a Court and, without hearing a word, tell by the appearance of everyone the mood of the judge."

" Surely there must often be great difficulties in summing up ? " I said to him.

" The two most important things from a judge's point of

view," he replied, "are to hear a case and determine it properly, and then to let the parties feel that it has been heard fully and fairly, especially the losing party, so that they may be content. 'Hear the other side (*audi alteram partem*)' is an invaluable maxim. After hearing a case opened sometimes no answer appears possible, but as it proceeds unlooked-for developments occur. The great thing is to assume an air both to oneself and the public of suspended judgment until you get to the very finish of the case."

Lord Gorell's idea of what a judge should be was a high one, and he strove hard to attain his ideal. What witnesses thought of him the following little story shows. A sailor was travelling back to Portsmouth in the same compartment as a lawyer, and they began a conversation.

"I've been up to London," said the salt, "on that big shipping case. Came up before that Judge Barnes. It weren't no use telling 'im no lies, it weren't; 'e knows a thing or two about ships, 'e does." And everyone who appeared before Mr. Justice Barnes felt much the same. The judge took down his notes in shorthand, and summed up from them. He found it a great saving of time, and by this means was never obliged to stop a witness.

On one occasion he arranged that I should go to his private gallery to hear an Admiralty case. He never allowed women into the Divorce Court if he could help it. Accordingly, my small boy and I went together, sitting alone and in state in that little upper chamber. When the adjournment came, the Judge's clerk fetched us to luncheon in his lordship's room at the back of the Court. The smiling exponent of the law awaited us in the fine library suite at the back of the pretentious-looking Court. He still had on his imposing judge's wig, which he at once took off and put on my boy's head.

"Now, then, young man, how do you think it feels to be a judge?" he asked, as he beamed down on the boyish face of the lad from Charterhouse in the wig of wisdom.

It was one of Lord Gorell's advantages to possess the form of genius often described as an infinite capacity for taking pains. After resigning his judgeship in 1909, and entering

the House of Lords, he sat as President of the Great Eastern Railway Conciliation Board. His award gave much satisfaction, for among many practical experiences he had ridden on the footplate of an express engine from Liverpool Street to Ipswich, and had spent days inside signal-boxes, gaining insight into the conditions of railway work. The last thing that Lord Gorell did for his country was to act as Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Divorce Laws throughout its long, tedious and exhaustive inquiry, and the Majority Report which he drew up is a monument of conscientious work. It recommended further grounds for divorce—such as prolonged imprisonment, insanity, habitual drunkenness—and the giving of jurisdiction in divorce cases to county courts. It also proposed that, whatever the grounds of divorce, the two sexes should be placed on equal footing. It may be recalled in connection with Lord Gorell's views on Divorce that he once said: "If the drink habit could be eradicated from this nation the Divorce Court might shut its doors."

Lord Gorell died in 1913 at the age of sixty-five. He had always appeared a robust man of strong will and strong physique, quiet, almost gentle in manner, with a particularly melodious voice, kindly eyes surrounded by gold-rimmed spectacles, and a pleasant smile.

One day in June, three years before his death, I met Lord Gorell and his wife at Ranelagh, and we of course stopped to have a chat. I told him of my liking for his colleague on the Divorce Commission, Lord Guthrie, next to whom I had sat at dinner at his house a few days before, when every one of the fourteen present was a judge or a judge's wife, except Mrs. Henry Fawcett and my humble self.

At this remarkable dinner with Mr. Justice Henn-Collins, Master of the Rolls, who later became a Law Lord; Sir Herbert Cozens-Hardy, who became Master of the Rolls; Mr. Justice Warrington, who afterwards moved to the Court of Appeal, and others, the conversation had turned on women.

"I hated the idea of a woman on a Divorce Commission," said Lord Gorell.

"And so did I," added Lord Guthrie.

"And——?"

"And now we wouldn't be without our three ladies for the world. They never interfere when it is a matter of pure law; their opinions are invaluable on women and children, and they present sides of the case we men never dreamed of."

This was, indeed, a compliment to the female sex.

Returning to the subject of the Divorce Commission led to my saying: "What a divergent collection of witnesses you are having."

"Well—why don't you come and give us your experiences too?" he asked.

Seeing the possible *double-entendre*, I replied:

"Really, Lord Gorell, I am surprised at you!"

"Oh, I don't mean what you mean, of course," he said. "I mean" (with a cheery little laugh) "your experiences of travel, and all that sort of thing." But he thoroughly enjoyed the joke.

A year or so later I met him again at Ranelagh; that was only a few months before his death. He looked extremely ill, and seemed so nervous and depressed that one felt that the long and trying ordeal of the Divorce Commission had been too great a strain. Just as Arthur F. Walter, of *The Times*, and fourth descendant of its founder, died as a result of the Land Budget, so Lord Gorell died as a result of the Divorce Commission. Both men were absolutely conscientious; both were obsessed by the responsibility of doing the right thing for others. When Arthur Walter realized the fearful taxes that were to be imposed and the undeveloped land duty, it broke his heart to turn away gardeners, farm hands, foresters and gamekeepers who, with their forbears, had been in the service of his family for generations. The Budget was his death-knell. His death was a serious loss to his enormous circle of friends, for the week-end parties at Bear Wood (one of the most beautiful properties in England), of thirty or forty of the most interesting men and women of the day, were quite unique and thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. Five years after his death the house with its hundred rooms accommodated nearly a thousand soldiers in the two top stories.

Lloyd George in that Budget made those taxes for the benefit of the populace; but unfortunately the populace in no way gained, and the Land Valuation Department cost many times more than the revenue it returned.

It is a far cry from the English Law Courts or a beautiful country estate to India, but memory pictures the first meeting of my husband and myself with His Highness the Maharajah of Baroda and the Maharanee shortly after we were married. In after years I saw them frequently, for the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda was one of the Indian Princes who, when free to leave their own estates, come to Europe every year. He was so much of a Westerner that he found the keenest pleasure in these visits, and doubtless a man who takes such pleasure in life escapes with delight from the besetting ceremonial of his own Court.

When I first met His Highness, about the year 1892, he was a remarkably affable, good-tempered, light-hearted young man, who accepted with resignation the constant misrepresentation of his name and title now seemingly stereotyped in the British Press. He turned over at our house the pages of a popular magazine containing portraits of himself at different ages, with some biographical matter. It was *The Gaekwar* here, *The Gaekwar* there—in fact, *The Gaekwar* everywhere.

"I am not *THE Gaekwar*," he said, "'*Gaekwar*' is not a title. It is my name, and my family's name, just as yours is '*Tweedie*.' You have a favourite English name—what is it? '*Smith*'—well, they might as well have called me *The Smith*, had that been my name. The English people made a mistake when I first came over here, and called me *Gaekwar*, to my amazement, and the papers went on with it. So now when I come to Europe I submit, though it is odd to find everyone calling me shortly by my surname instead of by my title," and he laughed that jolly, merry laugh of his.

The Maharajah and Her Highness occupied a suite of apartments at the Savoy Hotel, a sort of flat to themselves. The Maharanee, a little woman with a pretty, lithesome figure, shown off to perfection by the soft folds of her native dress, rose to welcome us when we paid them a visit. The

Maharajah himself wore the frock-coat of Western life. He had just returned from an hour's visit to Marlborough House, to which the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward) had come up for the day especially to see him. His Highness was then, as ever, charming. He must have been about twenty-eight or nine, was more Italian than Indian in appearance, and spoke English like an Englishman. He was always smiling, always seemed pleased. It was his second visit to England, and he was already quite at home. The English women he thought beautiful.

The Maharanee was then a very pretty woman; with large, black eyes, an olive skin, and a glorious double row of teeth showing every time she laughed. Her jet-black hair was parted down the middle, kept as flat as brushes could brush it, and over her head a fold of her dress—a dull grey, bordered with red stripes—was arranged. In the middle of her forehead she had a little round red mark, a sign of marriage, carefully painted on by one of her maids every morning. Her nails, too, were made pink. But most striking were her tiny feet, encased in European patent leather boots, a curious covering under her native robe. Gold bracelets encircled her wrists, and from her ears hung huge diamond earrings. Her knowledge of English was very slight. Until this visit to Europe she had hardly ever spoken to a man. Even in the middle nineties she did not shake hands with gentlemen, that was against custom, and she only spoke when necessary, and never herself led the conversation, neither did she dine in public. All this changed with time, and twenty years later she spoke English faultlessly and was a very advanced person in every way and thought.

One hears a great deal of the gorgeous jewels of the Indian Princes, and gorgeous they are and utterly different from our own. Their pearls are of course beautiful, for pearls are pearls all the world over. On one occasion I had met this Indian Prince and Princess at Court, and on my saying that I should like very much to see the jewels more intimately than I could under the lights at Buckingham Palace, His Highness replied:

"Well, come to tea to-morrow and you shall see them all."

Accordingly, on the following day, my husband drove the Stanhope phaeton and pair to the hotel where they were stopping to have a private inspection of these wondrous jewels. After we had had tea we were asked to go into the dining-room. His Highness led the way, and there, spread the whole length of the dining-room table, were the jewels on trays. Large cases about three feet by two contained the treasures, each case having three trays. Round the table stood three or four gorgeous officials, in whose care these valuables lay; it was quite interesting to note their anxiety that we should put everything back exactly where we found it, though they could hardly imagine that anyone the Maharajah had brought into the room by special arrangement would be likely to annex a pearl. However, I felt that all these official men were private detectives, and most carefully handed back every article the moment I had finished looking at it.

There were literally yards of pearls, there were also yards of various other necklaces—yards, truly, for when worn they came down below the knee. There were gems of every sort and description; rubies, amethysts, pearls and diamonds; *but*—and here comes the inevitable *but*—these jewels were merely threaded as they were found in the ground—uncut and unpolished—and therefore practically lustreless, so that they really had little or no effect. Much of the native jewellery was beautiful; the workmanship of the gold, the massive designs, the inlaying of the gems and the enamelling, were queer, quaint and wonderful—far preferable, indeed, to the priceless stones, which were like unlit candles, for the flame, the flash, the sparkle were missing. This Indian Prince and Princess loved English settings themselves, and the more conventional the pattern, the better they liked the stars and crescents.

Why, one asked, had this enormous collection of things been brought to our shores? Why? Because on the first two or three occasions of His Highness's visits he came in a sort of state, with all his jewels and his retinue, but each year he brought less and less of either, until gradually all the Eastern state and ceremony was left behind.

For all this wealth, this colossal wealth—and His Highness

is one of the richest Princes in India—he never had a penny. If we were at the theatre with him and he did not take one of his own people, he would turn to my husband and say, if he wanted a programme :

" You will pay for me, won't you ? I have no money again. Is it not dreadful ? I always forget."

And it was in fact some years before he learned to carry any cash, and he himself told stories of how—for lack of a shilling, he had had to retain a cab for hours—pending the return to his hotel.

It was delightful to be in their company ; the wife so young, simple and clinging—she had been married at fourteen, and had several children—the husband so happy-go-lucky and so jolly. Formality soon melted, and the Maharajah was chatting away as though he had known us all our lives. He loved the cold of Great Britain, and seldom wore an overcoat. He did not mind the fogs. Native dress, he said, was best in hot weather, but he preferred the British costume for cold climates. He thought Court society under Queen Victoria even more stiff and formal than Indian, but ordinary everyday life much more free and easy. Setting aside ceremony, he, one of the first Princes of India, that land of etiquette, saw us off at the door.

We saw much of the Maharajah of Baroda and the Maharanee on their subsequent visits to England, and dined with them many times. On one occasion, two or three years later, at the Berkeley Hotel, the meal was taken in the public dining-room. Their Highnesses ate everything but beef and pig. The Maharajah wore his red turban, which also he abandoned a year or two later ; the Maharanee, who now shook hands with male beings, wore a magnificent Indian costume of black gauze embroidered with gold. She never gave up her native dress, although her daughter did so before her marriage. I noticed that the host drank only water. It was a matter of habit, not religion. He had but once tasted wine, that was champagne, when he was ill, and he hated it. He smoked but little.

" Do you ever take your turban off in India ? " I asked.

How a Norwegian Doctor thought Englishwomen wore a Uniform —of Tails.

"No, never, except in my bedroom. That is why I like to be without my uniform here sometimes. It would be impossible for me to let any of my subjects see me uncovered."

A year or two later he gave up the turban in London.

Their son was at Harrow with my younger boy; but when the latter went to Cambridge, "Jack," as he was called by all his Harrow friends, went to Harvard.

His Highness extended most cordial invitations to us to go out to Baroda. There should be shooting for my husband—both elephants and tigers—and for myself, whatever I would like.

"I cannot have dinner with you like this when you come, but I can sit beside you, although I cannot eat with you," he explained. English people, he thought, were very serious; no doubt our climate was the cause. We needed more amusements, more exercise, more of the joy of life.

"No, we have no great class distinctions in India," he remarked. "I receive merchants, doctors, lawyers, all and everybody as my friends; except at great *durbahs*, when we are very strict even as to who may sit and who may stand. Official ceremony cannot be relaxed on these occasions. I have to take my seat on a sort of throne. When you come even you will be quite frightened at my solemnity," and he laughed heartily.

In the summer of 1900 the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda took the Duke of Teck's house in Devonshire Place. His wife was ill, and he asked me to go to tea with her. She was lying on a sofa, looking just as young and pretty as ever, with her red silk draperies and chains of gorgeous pearls, and round her bare arms she wore two bangles, half an inch wide, the gold setting holding huge uncut diamonds. At this time false "news" of the massacres at the Legations at Peking had arrived from Shanghai.

"Is not this China news dreadful?" she said. "And to-day the German Emperor calls for 'vengeance' for the murder of his Ambassador. But I don't like the word 'vengeance,' do you? It sounds barbaric."

"Barbaric"—may not the epithet, applied to the

Kaiser by this gentle, olive-skinned little lady all those years ago, fitly conclude the chapter?

Yet, writing on India, one cannot fail to mention the name of Ratan Tata. There were two brothers whose father became one of the merchant princes of India. Not only did he acquire wealth, but he distributed much of it for the good of his country, amongst other things giving vast sums to found the University of India. There was a good deal of trouble about this gift, for our Government did not see their way to accept it. So the poor man died before things were settled; and the nation almost lost this magnificent offer, for the sons were not bound in any way to carry out their father's discarded gift. They did so, however, and the Indian University is the outcome.

The Tatas lived a great deal in England, where they had a banking business, and Ratan Tata and his beautiful wife entertained at York House, Twickenham, the former home of the Duke of Orleans, and the house in which was born the ex-Queen of Portugal—the delightful woman whose husband and son were murdered before her very eyes, and the mother of King Manoel, who was afterwards dethroned and has lived so long in England.

Madame Tata was certainly one of the most picturesque people in London society for many seasons. She always wore her native dress. She was very beautiful and had a particular charm. In fact, strange as it may seem, that little Indian couple at Twickenham became two of the most delightful hosts in our country. They gave dinner-parties, musical parties, large garden-parties. Everything was well arranged, money was no object, and their grace of manner pleased everyone.

CHAPTER V

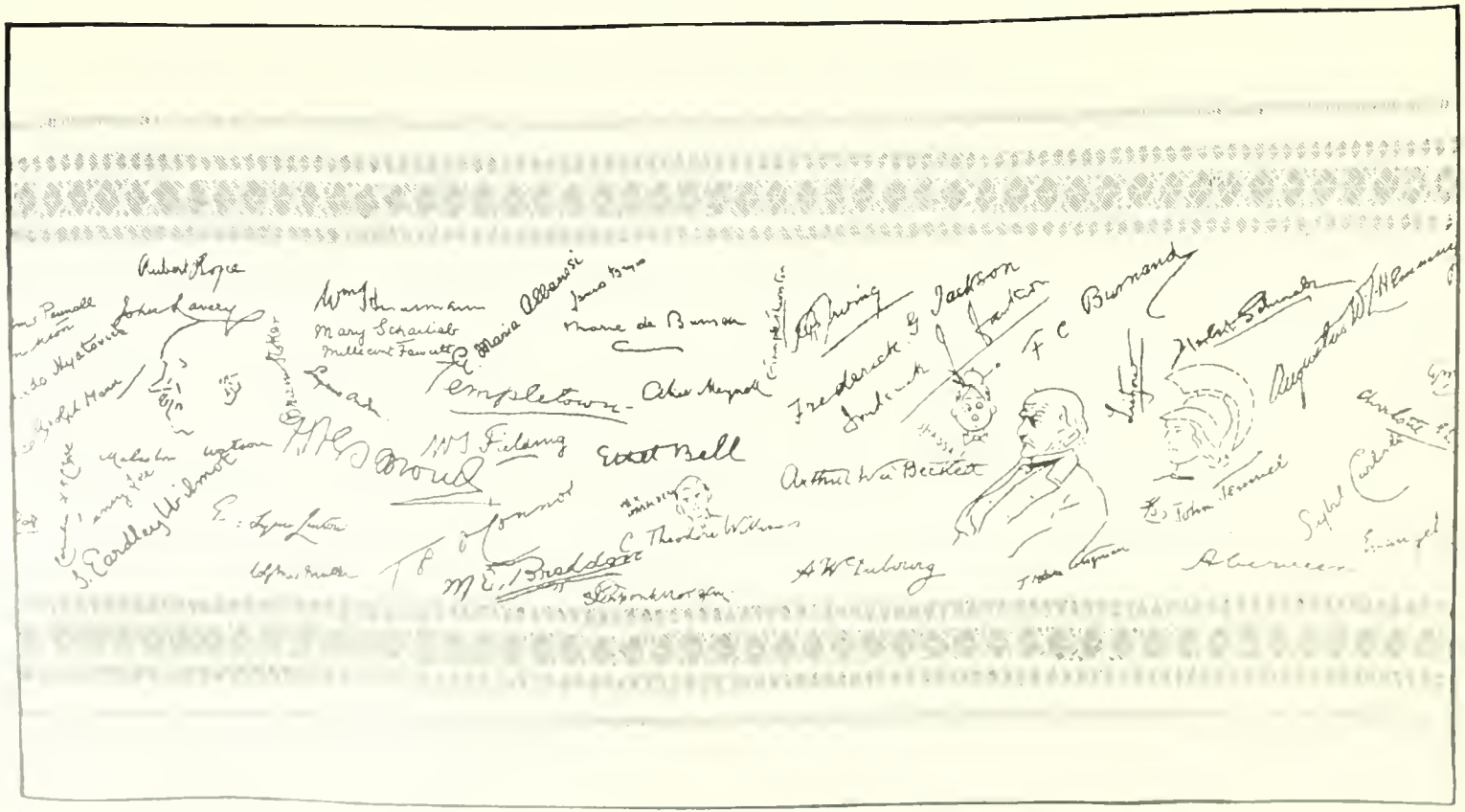
DIVERSIFIED MATTERS

THE writings upon the cloths vary much. Some are bold and large and strong, others so small that it was almost impossible to work them in. Some people, when asked to write distinctly, spelt the words out like copperplate, others, again, did not leave themselves room enough, and so overlapped their neighbours. Signing a cloth is not such an easy thing as appears on the surface. For the linen will rumple up and the pencil will slide unexpectedly into its web; or the pencil will prove itself too coarse for anything but hideous black scrawls, or too fine to make any impression at all.

Signing a table-cloth requires personal education. It must be attacked calmly, soberly, judgmatically. The normal cheque signature must be retained, and yet made a little more legible than that usually presented to the banker. Friendships are jewels in life's diadems.

Everyone can sign his name in some sort of fashion: and artists, as we have already seen, have a commendable knack of enriching the cloths with something over and above their mere handwriting. One friend, who died in March, 1915, drew his representative bird, which sufficiently indicates the well-known name—Walter Crane.

Mr. Walter Crane lived in a dear little, quaint old house in Holland Street, behind St. Mary Abbot's Church. He and his wife were a quaint little couple, and everything about them was unusual. For instance, in the middle of the small double drawing-room there stood on the floor a large brass Italian brazier. It was only half a dozen inches high, and instead of containing charcoal it usually held a plant—tall, white Easter lilies, for choice. Matting


Robert Royce
John Lavery
Wm Ickermann
Mary Schaefield
Millicent Fawcett
Maria Allessi
Jane Bro
Marie de Burman
Empletown
Alex Meynell
Frederick G Jackson
Jackson
F C Burnard
Wm Fielding
Ernest Bell
Arthur Wm Beckett
C Theodore Williams
M E Braddon
A W Tuburg
Sir John Tenniel
Augustus W H Burnard
Sybil Carlisle
Evangel

CLOTH III

covered the floors, wondrous hand-woven linens and damasks, mostly webbed from his own design—made in harmony with the wall-papers—were the curtains. High art was more noticeable than comfort, for high art tends to hard chairs and stiff sofas; while one worships the lily one has not time to think of aching bones or weary limbs.

The house was one of those with a garden at the back. There are many such London houses, and tea-parties on summer days were often given in their gardens by the Walter Cranes, Admiral and Mrs. de Courcy Hamilton, Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, Sir Francis and Lady Burnand, the Norwegian Minister and Madame Vogt, Sir John and Lady Brunner, Lord and Lady Emmott, Sir Patrick and Lady Playfair, Lady Millais, Professor and Mrs. Augustus Waller, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hampton, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Pain, and my humble self. We women enjoy our gardens, just as we are always amiable when our hat is becoming, or we are revelling in the glorification of a new frock.

Although Walter Crane was seventy when he died, the quality of his work was unimpaired by his years. At the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours which opened a fortnight after his death two delightful sketches were shown: one of a kitchen garden, the other of Walland Marsh. They were admirable in design, in colour and simplicity.

What a record. The man who painted these sketches at the age of seventy exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy at the age of sixteen. He was almost entirely self-taught. The portrait he painted of himself in three different positions was for the Uffizi Gallery in Florence—if I remember rightly—where he was asked to exhibit amongst the distinguished artists of the world. Whether or not he was a great artist, in the larger sense of the word, may be a matter of opinion; but few will deny his supreme skill as a decorator.

He was the founder and president of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, which started in 1888, and one phase of his work was representative of the wood engraver's craft, which he learned under the famous enamellist, Linton,

the husband of Mrs. Lynn Linton the novelist. Walter Crane engraved the work of the pre-Raphaelites, such as Rossetti, Millais and Sandys, and later his own work, which was partly pre-Raphaelite and partly classical, with a decided dash of the Japanese in regard to colour, and a touch of William Morris in style.

Short in stature, florid in colouring, with a little pointed beard and grey hair, he was, like Morris, a Socialist; strongly believing that the present industrial system was the stumbling-block to all true art. He was, in fact, the chief art inspiration of the Socialist party.

Walter Crane was always a delightful companion. He told good stories, wore wondrous art ties, and had a strange little weakness—strange, indeed, for a Socialist—the desire for a title. He never received an English title, but did gain one from Italy, and on every opportunity let himself be known as *Commendatore;* and his wife—whether to please herself or to please him I know not—was always announced as *Mistress Crane,* and her cards bore that Scottish inscription.

Walter's Crane art will not be forgotten. It was for forty years a central feature in the history of British decoration, beginning with his minutely detailed books for children—*The Babies' Opera,* beloved by young people—then going through a stage of art decoration in big patterns of large industrial designs, and finally ending with the two delightful water-colour sketches mentioned above. Such was his versatility.

He once did me a very good turn, and did it generously and enthusiastically. It was arranged that a bazaar should be held for University College Hospital, and besides the holding of the bookstall, my task comprised the editing of a booklet to be sold for one shilling for the benefit of the charity. Some twenty well-known authors and artists most generously gave their services, as can be seen from the following list:

Sir F. Carruthers Gould	Rita
Bernard Shaw	Frank Richardson
Marie Corelli	Harry Furniss
Silas Hocking	Chevallier Tayler

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR BY WALTER CRANE

On the cover of a charity book edited by her for University College Hospital

(See text p. 65.

QUEEN OF HEARTS MENU.
By G. P. Jacomb-Hood. *(See text p. 8.)*

[To face p. 65.

Frankfort Moore	Halliwell Sutcliffe
G. Marconi	Adolph Mann
John Hassall	George Grossmith
Mrs. Heron-Maxwell	Madame Albanesi
Lady Bancroft	Frederick C. Britton
E. V. Lucas	L. F. Thompson
G. K. Chesterton	

For this Walter Crane designed the cover. The lady in the scarlet frock with the black boa was supposed to be myself, and somewhere amongst my letters there is one in which he described how he drew the portrait from memory, hoping for my appreciation of his sketch, the original of which now hangs on my staircase.

The names of Walter Crane and Rossetti are so intimately connected that it is perhaps of interest to note that the cabinet in which Dante Gabriel Rossetti kept his paints in his famous studio was bought by my husband and myself when an engaged couple, and has stood in the dining-room ever since (see frontispiece), smiling down upon those people who have signed their names upon the cloth—a long array of diversified people representing diversified tastes and occupations.

The year 1901 established an evil reputation for fogs. They began early, and October gave us a dose of blackness such as could only be equalled—so far as I know—by Chicago or Christiania.

It so happened that on Sunday, the 3rd of November, I gave a little theatrical dinner-party. It was a lovely day in my neighbourhood; the sun shone, and as it was so bright and inviting we walked down as far as St. James's Street to see the decorations put up for the home-coming the day before of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—our present King and Queen—from their Empire tour. It was somewhat surprising, therefore, when the Kendals arrived for dinner from the bottom of Portland Place, saying:

"It seems as if it were going to be foggy!"

This was bad news for a dinner-party, as it might mean folk being late, and at that time telephones were not common.

The next guest was Mr. Luke Fildes, minus his wife.

"I have come from absolute blackness," he said. "We have been living in an atmosphere of pea-soup the whole day at Melbury Road, and so awful did it become just now that my wife refused to stir, and begged me not to come; but by groping along by the railings of Holland House I managed to reach High Street, Kensington Station, and here I am, to find you have practically no fog at all."

Such are the vagaries of Mr. Smutty Pea-Soup in London.

Luke Fildes was chosen to paint the Coronation portrait of King Edward, from whom at that time he had only had one sitting. As His Majesty was coming to town for a couple of days with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, he arranged to give Mr. Fildes—the artist had not a knighthood then—a sitting on that very Sunday.

Painting was impossible; but the King graciously posed, and Mr. Fildes made some charcoal sketches for future use.

"He is a wonderful man," exclaimed the artist. "I felt much more at home with him on each of the occasions on which I have had the honour of being in his presence than I do with many of my ordinary sitters. Instead of looking aggrieved when asked to try poses he suggests them himself, and he certainly has the happiest knack of anybody I ever came across of making one feel at ease in his presence, and yet realize his superior position."

The next guest was Anthony Hope Hawkins, who came from the "Savoy."

"Perfectly black down my way," he remarked. "I really wondered whether you would expect anyone to-night, but not wishing to miss a pleasant evening, I risked it, you see."

"Anthony Hope" began his career as a barrister, tried for Parliamentary honours and failed; took to producing novels and succeeded; and will be remembered by his plays. He is a busy man, and in addition to writing some hours a day, finds time to attend endless charity meetings, dinners and social functions. A very popular person, he does nothing by halves, everything he undertakes he is sure to see through, as he is most conscientious in all his work.

Nobody gave more delightful dinners than the bachelor

"Anthony Hope." He was one of those men who took the trouble to entertain both his men and women friends, and during the time he lived at Savoy Mansions he gave the dinners in the hotel, and would take the guests over to his flat after the meal for coffee and cigars. These entertainments were gladly welcomed by his lady friends, who always thoroughly appreciate this kind of hospitality from members of the male sex, for men are, alas! far more prone to enjoy their own good dinners at the club than to take the trouble of writing invitations and personally organizing parties—such is the selfishness of bachelorhood.

When "Anthony Hope" took to literature to fill the gaps in his legal income, he apparently thought it better for the struggling barrister not to be identified with the budding journalist, and consequently dropped the Hawkins suffix of his name. But he has always signed his letters Hawkins and is so-called in private life. Rather amusing incidents have been the result. People when first introduced, more especially in the early days of his achievements, have not unseldom failed to realize the connection, and have discussed *Lady Ursula* or other plays of the moment and their author very frankly with the new acquaintance "Mr. Hawkins." These literary aliases often lead to awkward moments.

The popular author and playwright is much more than a hardened diner-out; he is an excellent after-dinner speaker. He went to America an indifferent orator, and returned a good one. This was the result of a lecturing tour.

It was about '76 that Marcus Stone built the first new house in Melbury Road. At that time no one had thought of going to live so far out, but he was soon followed by his friend Burgess, the architect, who came to be near him; and within a few years one house after another sprang up, until Lord Leighton built the home in which he died, Luke Fildes his charming abode, Watts his wonderful picture gallery, Colin Hunter his quaint residence, Lawson Walton his large house in its beautiful grounds, Herbert Schmalz, of sacred picture fame, his home at the bottom of the street, and Val Prinsep his red pile. Thus in twenty years a

desolate waste was transformed into one of the most charming little artistic quarters of London.

One of the people who, though liking artists, could be curiously indifferent to art is T. P. O'Connor.

"Men and women fascinate me," remarked this genial Irishman, "music moves me, but of art I understand nothing at all, and scenery does not enchant me." (In this he was like Charles Darwin.)

"Do you mean by men and women living beings, or in books?"

"I prefer them in books"—so he answered my question—"I like to watch the author's development of character. Indeed, with a good novel I become so fascinated that I read it from the first page to the last. Human emotions have a strange hold over me, and certainly if asked to sum up my greatest interest in life I should say the study of mankind."

"Not politics?"

"No, they are merely a development of man's history. I did not vote on the woman's franchise in 1912 because I did not wish to vote against it, and could not then vote for it. It will come, but we are not ripe for it, and therefore, while not wishing to hinder, I do not see my way actively to help at present; much as I believe in women and though, as you said just now, I am verily a champion of the sex."

Talking of reviews, of which he has written many hundreds, "T. P.," as he is intimately known to his friends, continued:

"The difficulty is to find the kind of book for the *book of the week*. There are plenty of them—far too many—but I have not time to wade through everything, and therefore it is troublesome to make the selection. Often, after going half-way through a volume and even cutting out the bits to quote—which I do by tearing them from the covers—the end proves so disappointing that I throw it all aside and begin another; for I never review a book not read thoroughly."

Probably Sir Edwin Arnold—of whom more anon—and Mr. O'Connor wrote more columns of newspaper matter

than any other human being ; and what is more surprising, they always kept up their standard.

When " T. P." has an idle moment he writes obituary notices for future use.

After an existence of forty-five years, the Savage Club deigned to give a Ladies' Dinner, and G. A. Henty, one of their oldest members, was in the chair. To my delight Sir John Heron-Maxwell asked me to be his guest, and for the third time in a fortnight fate planted me at the top table of a public dinner.

The Savage Club is of such repute and its members are so clever and diversified that one naturally expected an interesting evening. The invitations for the banquet were charming, designed by Yeend King ; and the menu found at every guest's chair, drawn by W. L. Almond, was equally clever. On the back in three rows were the menu, the toasts and the entertainments, which latter were excellent. Bertram the conjuror, the Musketeers, Robert Ganthony, Brandon Thomas, and others, combined to render the evening a success ; but one missed with disappointment some of the brilliant women for which London is noted. For why should men do all the scoring and the talking ? It will be assumed, from hints dropped here and there, that I like my own sex to make a hit occasionally ; and each year they are learning to do so, until as these pages go to press a speech from a woman is one of the events of the evening.

Far too many women are only appreciated when they are dead.

For instance, a man's wife died.

He roamed the house in despair.

He sent a desperate message to his lawyer. The lawyer arrived.

" Jones," he said, " who on earth are we to invite to the funeral ? I feel so upset I can't think of a soul. Who are my friends, Jones ? "

Jones looked bewildered, and mildly suggested two or three names.

" Yes, yes, but who else ? I must have more friends than that, man ! "

Long pause.

SAVAGE CLUB
LADIES' NIGHT
DINNER AT THE
HOTEL CECIL
SATURDAY MAY 3rd 1902
G.A. HENTY
IN THE
CHAIR
WM D ALMOND

"I really don't know," said Jones, "who your intimate friends are."

"Neither do I," replied the disconsolate husband, "I can't think. My wife did all that sort of thing, you know. But we must have a decent funeral."

"Have you no list?" inquired Jones, really feeling perturbed that the wife was no longer there to suggest the proper people to invite to her own funeral.

"List? No . . . she always did those sort of things, you see. . . . Why, yes, I've got the Game Book."

And accordingly the invitations to the wife's funeral were sent out from a list compiled from the recipients of the year's grouse.

May another funeral story be forgiven?

An economical Scotsman on a certain blazing summer day was following the funeral of his second wife. Like that of his first wife, the funeral was a walking one, and the long route, running up hill and down dale for miles, nearly finished the pedestrians. On the brow of the last hill the disconsolate widower, halting to mop his brow, was heard to murmur:

"'Deed, if it occurs a thair'rd time, I'll treat myself to a hairse!"

CHAPTER VI

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND ART

AMONG the aphorisms rained upon us in childhood is one regarding the sincerest forms of flattery.

This lucubration from a stranger came within a few days of the issue of *Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life*, wherein I had hinted that there was a certain table-cloth, the history of which should some day appear between two covers.

" Westminster.

" MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE, " Sunday, Sept. 29th, 1912.

" DEAR MADAM,

" MY DEAR MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE,

" Thank you for the lovely book you have just written. I've just finished reading *every word*. I have a wild, uncontrollable desire to start a table-cloth like yours, with names on it, and so I just telephoned to ask you if I might come and see you at any time, or invite you to breakfast, or lunch at 1.30 o'c. next Sunday, or tea, or dinner, so that the table-cloth could be properly begun by you.

" Your secretary who came to the ' 'phone ' told me you were expected home to-morrow about eleven, and asked me if I wished to leave any message—I am bristling with messages, so I thought best not to leave any, as I might not leave the best one in my zeal to let you know how much I am thinking of you, dear lady, and how happy I feel to have had the pleasure of meeting you—in print. I can't tell who I am unless I write a book, and I don't feel quite up to that —but I think I could start a table-cloth.

" With best wishes for to-morrow !

" Yours faithfully,

" L. B. (of San Francisco)."

Perhaps signed table-cloths may become the vogue. Anyway dinners even without autographed cloths are delightful incentives to thoughts and ideas ; yet, even so, they have their drawbacks. Who, for instance, has not suffered perturbation and embarrassment through the thoughtlessness of guests ?

A friend was arranging some dinner-parties. She was brought to the verge of despair. Dinner-parties cost money and entail much thought and worry ; especially if, as in the case of this little friend, her guests chance to be richer than herself. Her invitations went out, but the answers did not come in. People accustomed to dining-out, and dining their friends, answered by return of post ; but others, presumably knowing no better, kept her waiting three, four, five, and some even eight or ten days, before they favoured her with a refusal or acceptance of a fourteen days' invitation.

" I will never, never ask anyone to dinner again," she almost sobbed. " The only way I could get some of the answers was to send reply-paid telegrams, and really that is too much, in addition to all the expense of the dinner."

Think, oh, ye guests, what this meant. All the odd women accepted for one night, all the odd men for another. Only a few days remained in which to put this right, and invitations on short notice are not received in the same spirit of compliment. A dinner-table cannot be expanded at will ; seats, knives, silver, glass and accommodation only conveniently serve a certain number ; and either one asks too many—in which case everyone accepts—or through belated answers some of the seats remain empty. Surely it is as much a matter of good taste to reply to invitations by return of post as to arrive punctually at the hour named.

Unpunctuality is the devil's trump card, punctuality the politeness of kings. I love dinners and diners and preferred to travel third class and trim my own hats for eighteen years, just to enjoy my friends' society occasionally.

And having delivered this wicked little homily, let us turn to one of the most courteous of men. A delightful friend was the late Earl of Winchilsea, who died in 1898. Born in the purple, he was one of the hardest workers. There was

no form of charity that failed to interest him; his work on agriculture and nursing was unending. In the former he struggled to bind landowners, farmers and labourers together for the protection of their common interests; in the latter, he did much to initiate cottage nursing. He told delightful stories of his youth, of the times when he filled the fountain-hole at Eastwell Park with frogs, and no one guessed the cause of the consequent overflow. He remembered driving in the old family coach drawn by four greys, and the eventual sale of this great possession for a five-pound note.

So busy was Lord Winchilsea that most of his letter-writing was done in the train, and he contributed much to the Press upon the burning questions of the day. He founded the Order of Chivalry for Children. In fact, Lord Winchilsea was one of the great-hearted noblemen, who did big things for his country; but his generosity, alas! was more ample than his rent roll. With his widow, Edith Lady Winchilsea, I stayed in 1912 at her dower house, Haverholme Priory, in Lincolnshire, where her public interest and liberality were almost as great as her husband's. A delightful couple truly.

The mention of open-handedness, by the way, brings to mind a funny little story told by A. Chevallier Tayler, whose famous panel is at the Royal Exchange, and whose former picture, "Gentlemen, the Queen," created such a sensation. The story was about the late Edwin Abbey, R.A.

Abbey's picture of 1896, called "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Anne," was sold to Mr. —— the great Colonial picture buyer. Abbey went to the millionaire's house to receive his cheque, but after an hour's haggling the millionaire still stuck out for terms.

"Hang it all," said Abbey, "take off the shillings, then, make the cheque out in pounds, and give me a shilling to take me home in a cab."

Millais played Patience when he needed a few minutes' rest from painting. Marcus Stone read philosophy or travel. The latter made complete water-colour studies for his pictures, little things about six inches by ten, highly finished, and dozens of them lined his walls. He

was a hermit at heart, just as his neighbour, Lawson Walton, was a lover of society. Orchardson liked being read to while he painted, and Clara Montalba found recreation in feeding a favourite Venetian sparrow which flew about her London drawing-room and was jealous of her visitors.

No two men were better known in London than the bachelor brother Farquharsons. The Right Honourable Robert, member of Parliament for West Aberdeenshire for twenty-six years, was practically given up to medical and scientific questions in the House, having been educated as a doctor. Farquharson of Finzean—as he was called in Scotland—was a well-known personage, and entertained charming shooting-parties near Aberdeen, where I had the pleasure of enjoying his hospitality. While Dr. Farquharson entertained in Scotland, Mr. Joseph Farquharson entertained in London during the six months he lived in town. He exhibited his first picture in the Academy at the age of sixteen, and went on steadily exhibiting for over fifty years. His pictures of snow, sheep and beautiful Scotch scenery are too well known to need description, and he was made a full-blown Academician shortly after his marriage, which took place when he had reached the age of sixty-eight.

We all have our little weaknesses, and having written many pamphlets, the doctor brother fancied that in his idle days he would like to write his autobiography. He did so accordingly, for the web of literary longing held him fast, and when I met him at Bath in April, 1915—that was in his seventy-ninth year—he confided to me that he was writing a novel. It is never too late to mend, and apparently it is never too late for an old bachelor to take up his pen and weave love stories and romances. Old maids' children are always the best brought up—in theory. Old bachelors' ideal marriages are also the best—in theory.

When in the year 1908 there was an international competition for the building which was to house the London County Council, nearly three hundred people sent in their plans.

Mrs. Knott was sitting quietly at home at Chelsea one afternoon, when a newspaper office rang up to know if a reporter could interview her son. She replied that he would not be at home till eight o'clock, and thought no more about the matter. An hour afterwards a man arrived from another paper with the same request, and was given the same answer by the servant. Just in time for dinner, the key gently turned in the latch, and in walked the young man who had yet to be acquainted with the fact that he had won the coveted prize.

Time went on. Gradually there rose, from two cellared stories below the Thames, the colossal structure almost opposite the House of Commons which is to contain about two thousand rooms, and to be one of the largest buildings in the world, and to hold one of the largest "households."

In the midst of the excavations for the building of the great double basements for archives, drain systems and other queer appurtenances of the County Council Hall, the men came across something weird. Something black. Something strange. Something that looked like lumps of coal, as indeed it almost was. This something turned out to be the best part of a Roman boat, which must have been buried in the mud some two thousand years before, and was excavated almost whole. Here, indeed, was a link with the past literally sunk within a stone's throw of the modern Houses of Parliament, which are making Imperial history in the present.

Having arranged to lunch with Ralph Knott and visit this Caesarean boat on a certain day, thither I went. It was drizzling at the time, it was pouring when we had finished our meal, and he tried to dissuade me from going further. But as I was dressed in a short skirt and plain clothes ready for the expedition, I preferred to proceed. We crossed Westminster Bridge, and there at a queer little gate in the wall he stopped, produced a small latch-key from his pocket, unlocked the gate—to the amazement of the passers-by and the interest of myself—and in a moment we were standing on a rough ledge of an enormous cavity. Below it suggested the Forum of Rome. When one stands by the church above, and looks down on that

ancient square, the effect is strange, and somehow, in the mystery of the London fog the arches and columns of that great Roman spot being replaced by scaffolding and cranes, the idea of the Forum came vividly back. We were on the level of the road, but about a hundred feet above where the men were working in the slushy mud below. It was a curious effect. Some were picking at what looked like basaltic rock, but was really compressed Thames mud. In this it was that the Roman boat was found almost intact. When they were digging they came upon the wooden ribs, and finding them an equal distance apart, they realized it must be something made by man and not by chance, so with the greatest care they excavated what remained. This was done by building it up from below. That is to say, inserting a plank underneath and taking away the ground on which it had rested. The boat is about thirty or forty feet long. One side is practically complete, the other less so, and in it were found bits of glass, pottery and Roman coins.

The foreman of the works made his appearance.

"Hardly expected you, sir," he remarked. "Terrible day for the lady."

"I don't mind," I said, "I want to see the boat."

"It is an awful dirty job, ma'am, and you can only get down there by ladders."

"I don't mind ladders," I replied.

"Mr. Knott told me you did not mind ladders; but ladders on a fine day and ladders on a wet day are two very different things."

"Never mind, I am ready, if I may put my umbrella and muff down somewhere." Accordingly the umbrella and muff were deposited in the tiny office, and off we started for the series of ladders that were to take us to the regions below.

Down.

Terra Firma, at last.

"'Taint the first time you have been on a ladder, ma'am," said the foreman.

"No," I replied. "It is not the first time. I have been down a ladder before; for I have been down gold

mines, silver mines, coal pits and various other little places in my life, and so ladders do not strike terror to my soul."

It was worth the mush and the slush to have seen that ancient relic of a great and warlike people, lying as it had lain for well-nigh two thousand years, unheeded and forgotten. (It now reposes in the London Museum.)

Before we left the lights were twinkling in the beacons. The huge crane appeared more huge than before, while on the river side the picture was something to be remembered. In the foreground, the rippling river Thames, spanned by the deep black arches of Westminster Bridge, while beyond that the Houses of Parliament rose in grey and lace-like tracery against a paler grey sky. Without doubt this corner of London is one of the most wonderful bits of town-scape to be seen in the world; whether one comes into Waterloo by train, in a blood-red sunset, with the Houses of Parliament standing out against its fire, or whether it is viewed on a wet, misty December day, the effect is always beautiful and pleasing.

Three years later concrete, stones and iron girders had been piled upon the site, which was then level with the street, and King George and Queen Mary participated in a great entertainment called "laying the foundation-stone". Bunting, flags and jollification made the site look very different on this occasion. It was on a sunny day in March, 1912, when King George and Queen Mary, lately returned from India, came to the New County Hall. Only two rows of people divided me from His Majesty, who was probably about twenty feet away. Although short in stature he held himself so well, and his uniform of an Admiral (five weeks before he had been dressed as a General at the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's) fitted him so well and made his waist so neat, that he made an impressive figure. The likeness to his father was becoming more and more marked. He was growing bald, and his eyes seemed to be assuming that prominence so noticeable in King Edward. At his Majesty's right stood his eldest son, a boy nearly eighteen, soon to come of age, and yet looking delicate and youthful, a very good-looking boy, an aristocratic-looking boy, but

both pale and young; he developed enormously two and a half years later, when he gallantly took his place among the soldiers at the front and won their hearts by his sympathy and pluck. The Queen was in black for the late Duke of Fife, and certainly black suited her to perfection. She was very gracious too. At her right stood Princess Mary, almost as tall as herself and yet only about fourteen: the replica of her mother in appearance, with the addition of girlishly vivid colour.

The King had arrived from India with a severe cold. The larynx was badly affected, and although he had been back for five weeks he was still extremely husky. That fine resonant voice of his, that splendid declamation when speaking English like an Englishman—which his father never did because of his curious roll of the letter "R"—was somewhat spoilt. In spite of the huskiness, in spite of the cold, he was still more distinct than any other speaker, although one saw he was labouring painfully to make himself heard and his voice became weaker towards the end of his long speech.

The punctuality of Kings has descended to George V. He reached the tent almost as the clock struck twelve. What a pity ordinary folk cannot take a leaf out of the Regal book of punctuality.

Mr. Knott, duly clad in a black velvet Court suit, modestly kept in the background until the moment when he was presented formally to the King; and then ringing cheers went up at the establishment of so young a man in so eminent a position. With the other people the King merely shook hands as they passed on, but he kept back the young architect and talked affably to him.

In spite of this ceremonious junketing, Ralph Knott will always be associated in my mind with the remembrance of Montezuma.

After Princess Ena of Battenberg married the King of Spain, she was very anxious to make English people popular in her adopted country, and various British women thought it would be a good idea to raise a little sum of money, and ask her to distribute it as a gift in the name of her country-women to any charity she thought fit. Accordingly,

in November, 1910, Spanish tableaux, plays and music were arranged at the Court Theatre. I undertook to do a series of tableaux on the meeting of Cortés and Montezuma in Mexico in 1519. Then it was I asked Mr. Knott to array himself in leopard-skins and weird feathers, and appear as the great Montezuma. Percy Anderson most kindly designed the dresses, as he always does so superbly for the stage. We made all the feather headgear and body-gear at home; in fact, we made nearly everything except the Cortés suit of armour, which we had to hire. The tableaux were rehearsed in my drawing-room, and a gorgeous canopy was made with four broom-handles supporting Oriental embroideries; red, yellow and black cushions were flung about everywhere and the thing was done: to be followed a day or so later by the representation at the Court Theatre.

Austin Harrison, editor of the *English Review*, Richard Cruse, the well-known young oculist of Harley Street, a lawyer of eminence, sundry pretty girls, and some twenty others completed the tableaux. At the last moment, just as the party was going on the stage at the Court Theatre, it was discovered that the doctor had been telegraphed for to the country and had sent his apologies.

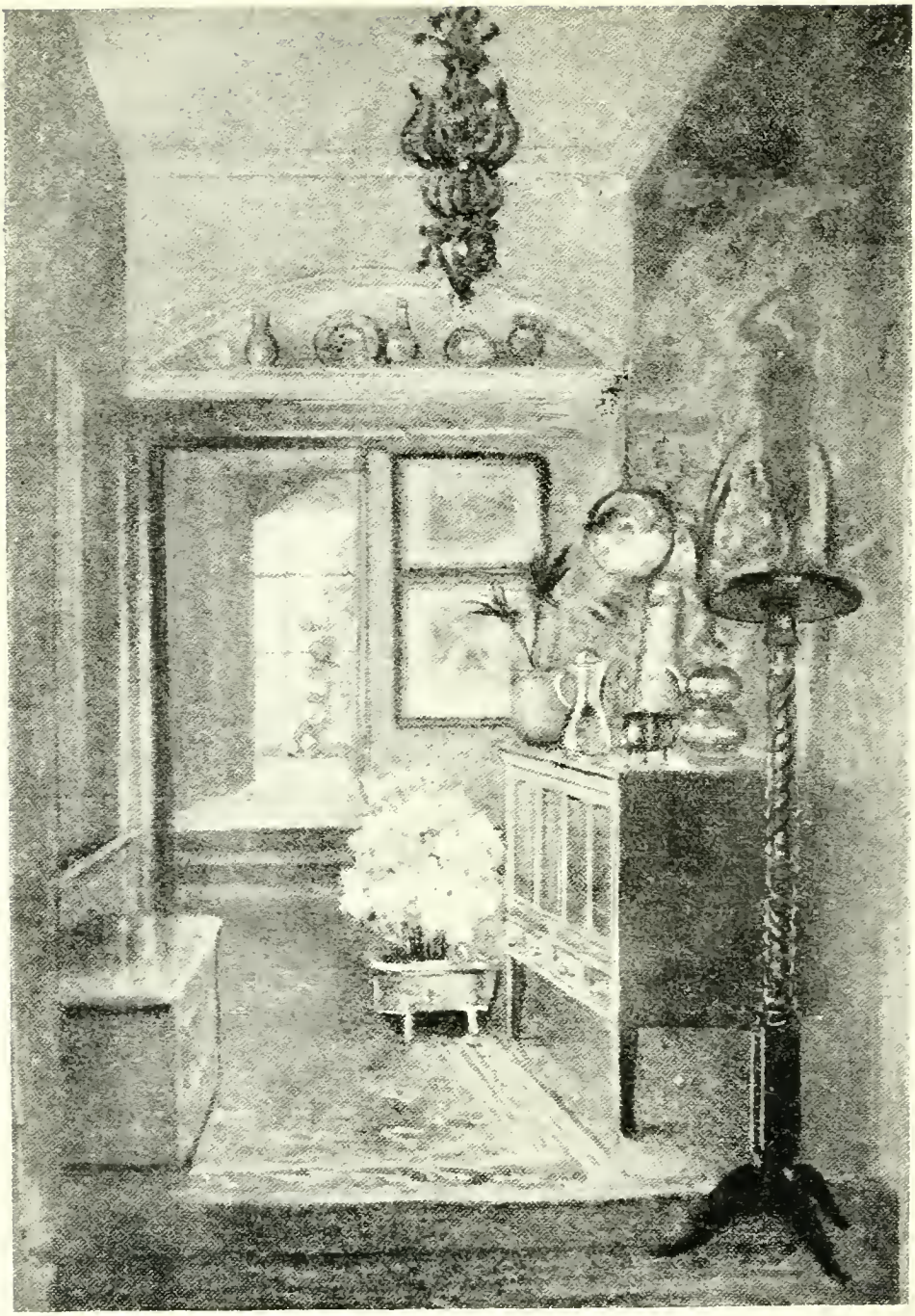
What was to be done?

It is not easy to persuade everyone to don weird feathers, standing eighteen inches to two feet high, on their head, weird feather cloaks on their body, or to bear big shields of gorgeous hue.

Standing looking on was my mother's old coachman of many years' service, the acme of respectability in white breeches, pink-topped boots, blue cloth and shining buttons. In a gentle whisper it was hinted that he might solve the difficulty. The gentle hint was not required. His eyes beamed, he chortled with delight. "Me?" he said, "rather!" And in a second his black and white legs were racing up the stairs at breakneck speed to don the little packet of clothes he had put on a chair for the medicine-man—for the coachman had assisted all these good gentlemen to dress, just as he had done at York Terrace a few days before. In a moment he reappeared, and one of the big canopy bearers of the gorgeous medieval Montezuma

MONTEZUMA DRESS.

Designed by Percy Anderson for Ralph Knott in the Author's Version [illegible] for the Queen of Spain's Charity [illegible]



From the painting] *By E. M. B. Warren.*

ENTRANCE HALL, YORK TERRACE.

Showing, outside dining-room window, the vine which bore 170 bunches of grapes in 1910.

[*To face p.* 81.

tableau was a Mexican Indian in front and a London coachman in top boots from behind.

The tableaux came off all right and the whole entertainment was most successful; but I, who had expended so much trouble upon my three scenes, was taken ill and had to spend the evening in my bed, never seeing the performance at all—to me a tragedy.

Was the following a comedy or was it a tragedy? Judge for yourselves. The enclosed charming note came from the Earl of Meath:

"Ottershaw,
"Chertsey, 191—

"DEAR MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE.

"As you have been kind enough to invite me to lunch with you on Tuesday the 21st, may I be pardoned if I say that I should be grateful if you could, on that occasion, give me a lightly-boiled egg, and some hot milk and coffee, as I never take meat in the middle of the day.

"In anticipation of the pleasure of seeing you on that day at 1.30 p.m., believe me,

"Yours sincerely,
"MEATH."

Could anything be more simple than a lightly-boiled egg? So thinking, I explained carefully to the cook that two absolutely fresh-laid eggs straight from the country—for it was winter and eggs were scarce—were to be lightly boiled at the last moment for this fine old sportsman, great philanthropist and idealist.

We were about a dozen at lunch that day, among them the Portuguese Minister, General Sir David and Lady Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Griffiths, Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham Murray, Madame Naidu (the Indian poetess), Sir Ernest and Lady Shackleton, and Lady (Philip) Watts.

The first course had gone round, and I had whispered into Lord Meath's ear that it was all right, his eggs were coming.

The eggs came. Two of them were solemnly placed in front of him with some thinly cut bread and butter

and small jugs of coffee and milk. I heaved a sigh of relief that everything had happily arrived, and that all anxiety on that score was at an end. The noble Lord broke the top—was it comedy or tragedy?—the egg was boiled as hard as a bullet, and would have done quite well for a game of cricket. I apologized humbly, and he kindly replied:

"Oh, well, I often only eat one," and proceeded to break the other. If anything, it was worse. The humiliation of this ridiculous situation.

The cook had been so busy attending to the requirements of the eleven other guests that the preparation of anything so simple as a couple of eggs had been left to anyone. Naturally, I ordered a couple more eggs, but not with the same joyous feeling as before, because they were, I knew, regulation "London new-laids"; whereas the two former had been, to my certain knowledge, carefully prepared by the hens at my mother's place in the country. However, if anything, the "Londoners" erred on the light side, and all was well.

The Earl of Meath is one of the most remarkable men in England. He founded *Empire Day*. He has been a great preacher on the necessity of military training, and marched in 1915 in the Chertsey Volunteer Training Corps next to his own coachman. He is keen on Girl Guides and the training of girls for domestic service, is the founder of the *Duty and Discipline* movement; in fact, that genial man with the white moustache and beard and aristocratic face has been an enormous incentive for good in our country. Like many another of the aristocracy he had three soldier sons, the eldest of whom, Lord Ardilaun, a Colonel in the Guards, was seriously wounded at the beginning of the present war, and another was killed a few months later.

Lord Meath is a great man; more than that, he is a good man, and he has a keen sense of humour, coupled with a courtly manner and charming ways. He has a beautiful place in Ireland, near Bray, called Kilcuddery.

On one occasion an American was criticizing the Irish railways.

"At least we have one advantage," said Lord Meath.

"Here is an Irish railway where a collision was never known to occur."

The American looked surprised.

"You see, the company has only one train," continued his lordship.

Another of the old school of noblemen is Lord Kinnaird. No one's name has been associated with more charitable deeds in half a century than this well-known peer who, as President of the *Young Men's Christian Association*, has come particularly to the fore—for no organization at the time of the great war took on so much responsibility and did it so well as the Y.M.C.A.

Seeing one November day in 1914 an appeal to the paper for money to put up six hundred permanent wooden huts, as tents were no longer desirable in the wet and cold of the winter, my interest was roused. Inspiration came in the night.

"Would you like a hundred pianos?" I called down the telephone to Lord Kinnaird the following morning.

"A hundred what?" he asked.

"Pianos," I replied, "for the new huts you are putting up for the soldiers."

"Of course I should like them; but where would they come from?" persisted the President.

"Would you like a hundred thousand books too?" I continued.

"Of course I should," he replied, more bewildered than ever, "but where would they come from?"

"Would you mind a few billiard-tables?" I continued, and then he began to laugh—that delightful cheery laugh which warms one's heart.

"I am beaten," he said. "Either the telephone is at fault, and I did not hear correctly, or this is a dream."

"No, it is not a dream," I said, "and if you can arrange to come and see me this afternoon, we will talk it over."

He came. My letter went to the Press, and within a month—thanks to the splendid generosity of the public—with the kind aid of sixteen friends we had sorted, packed and distributed about 125,000 books, 130 pianos, and over

100 billiard and bagatelle tables, to say nothing of gramophones, chairs, backgammons, etc.

Four large cases of books went to the " back of the front " in December, 1914, when they formed the nucleus of the seventy huts put up for our fighting men within the next six months, a number doubled at the end of a year. Thus began my work for the Y.M.C.A., and as these proofs go through the Press that work has become enormous.

P.S.—Easter, 1915. Just finished collecting £11,000 in money, and erecting 27 Huts for the Sailors and Soldiers. God bless them.

CHAPTER VII

MASTERS OF BRUSH AND PENCIL

GREAT difficulties or great poverty produce great men and women.

Sir John Tenniel, the best known of all *Punch* artists, was eighty-two in 1902, when he drew Britannia's head upon the roll of friendship. His left hand shook as he grasped the linen, but his right held the pencil firmly as he drew the lines. Such a dear old man, so bright—neither deaf nor blind, although he became the latter soon after. He had then retired about a year from the staff of *Punch* and was delighted at his freedom.

"It is Thursday night," he said. "I'm glad I'm off duty. Sambourne and Partridge are hard at it, poor chaps. Partridge begins early Thursday morning, and works right on into the night, makes several sketches, and when finishing likes his wife to read to him. I used to begin at ten every Thursday morning myself and end at four or five, just finishing up on Friday morning."

Ten years before that, about 1890, we used to see a great deal of Tenniel at the house of a rich widow in Roland Gardens, whom—so ran my impression—he was going to marry. He certainly wanted to do so. But he didn't, and she died. We met there on his seventy-first birthday, and his vivacity for a septuagenarian was wonderful. His long, white moustache retained its wondrous curly ends, and he looked as hale and hearty and fresh as a man of sixty. Yet he had then been drawing *Punch* cartoons for forty years, with that wonderful precision of touch which characterized all his work.

Fifty years, and the tribute he received at its conclusion

in the farewell banquet of June 12th, 1901, was summed up in Mr. Balfour's happy phrase, "great artist and great gentleman." A great revolutionist also, as shown by his displacement of the coarse and virulent stuff of Gilray and Rowlandson by Tenniel's nobler, classically calm and austere work, now so familiar in *Dropping the Pilot* (Bismarck and the Kaiser), the public's chosen favourite, and a hundred other masterly drawings.

Even apart from his achievements on *Punch*, Tenniel's name is a household word inwrapt in stories by Dodgson. We regard *Alice in Wonderland*, the Mad Hatter, the Red Knight, Bill the Lizard and the rest as a joint conception, so absolute was the welding together of author and artist. Such a man is not only an admirable historian of his time, but, like Tom Hood, a sweetener of the world's atmosphere.

An excellent amateur actor was John Tenniel—so folk said, though, much as I should like to claim him as an acting colleague, my eyes, like the kittens', had not been opened in the days when he was a notable member of Dickens's company. A fine horseman, too, and one of the five original members of the Two Pins (Turpin and Gilpin) Club. In a word, an all-round man, as well as a Bayard of British Caricature.

No better proof of his breadth and kindliness as a caricaturist could be asked than the fact that so many of the great personages he drew bought the original sketches in which they were depicted. In the main he was self-taught, though he did make trial of the Academy Schools, going thence to the Clepstone Street Art Society, and thus becoming the fellow-student of his lifelong friend and colleague, Charles Keene. Curiously, when first invited—on Doyle's retirement owing to the Papal Aggression question—to join the staff of *Punch*, Tenniel rather resented the notion of undertaking mere humorous work. Happily he changed his mind. His first cartoon, *Jack, the Giant-Killer* (Lord John Russell), appeared in the twentieth volume of *Punch*.

Although *Alice in Wonderland* stands out, fresh and clear, in the memory of many, it must not be forgotten that Tenniel illustrated *Lalla Rookh*, *Æsop's Fables*, the

Ingoldsby Legends, and other works. He was born in Kensington in 1820, yet it was not until June 3rd, 1901, that his last cartoon appeared in *Punch*, a fine presentment of Bellona driving her chariot across a plain backed by the wastage of ruin and town. Thus, after striking many notes, he closed upon the tragical.

Upon Sir John Tenniel's retirement *Punch* contained a special supplement constituting a "memorial to Tenniel's great art and his sweet and simple nature," written by one of his colleagues and illustrated by many of his own masterpieces. Sir Francis Burnand also paid him a most eloquent tribute, and in allusion to the Two Pins Club, mentioned above, said:

"This riding club, the 'T.P.C.' was a notion after Sir John's heart; it was an outdoor association for horse exercise after the work of the week was done, from Saturday to Monday, or on Sunday only, with pleasant, chatty companions, delighted to throw off for a while their burden of public duty. *Post equitem sedet atra cura*, but not *post equites*. Not a single one of that party, John Tenniel least of all, would give *atra cura* the least chance of holding on even to the buckle of a crupper if there happened to be one."

Here is one of Sir John's letters, written at the age of seventy-three, and showing how sociable he still was in those days:

"10, Portsdown Road,
"Maida Hill, N.
"June 28th, 1893.

"DEAR MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE,

"I much regret to be unable to accept your kind invitation to dinner on the 4th of July—having already *three* engagements for that evening!!!

"Believe me,
"Sincerely yours,
"JOHN TENNIEL.

"P.S.—Pray forgive me for not sooner acknowledging your kind note of congratulation on my new 'dignity!' I am quite ashamed!"

Turning to the little pictures of the cloth, upon which are

so many drawn by *Punch* artists, I find Sir William Crookes's name is surrounded by Ellis Griffiths, a prominent Welsh Member of Parliament, Sir Hubert Von Herkomer, Sir Hiram Maxim and his gun, General Sir Bindon Blood, Sir John Williams, the famous doctor, Sir Henry Irving, Sir John McLeavy Brown, attached to the Chinese Embassy, Sir Francis Bertie, heading a little diplomatic group consisting of Sir Reginald Tower, Sir Lionel Carden, Mr. Francis Stronge. Linley Sambourne's picture of *Punch* is topped by the signature of Hans Delbrück, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Felix Cassel, M.P., W. Somerset Maugham, George Grossmith, senr., Admiral de Courcy Hamilton, Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison), and looking down upon the group is Mr. Joseph Farquharson's black sheep.

It has been my good fortune to know many *Punch* artists well, and among them Linley Sambourne, who became chief cartoonist for the *Charivari* after many years' service on the paper, on the retirement of Sir John Tenniel. We met first at a little gathering at John Chester's rooms in the Temple when I was a girl.

"New Court, Temple," I had noted while standing beside my parents, "the Court consists of only one house."

Accordingly we found ourselves, my father, mother and I, one cold January night, wandering about the flagged pavements of the Temple, that haunt of barristers and journalists and literary lights—in search of this house which was a court in itself. It was a dark evening, and we tried, by the light of dim lamps, to read the rows of names painted down each side of the entrances to various chambers; but could not find "John Chester." These names looked as if they had been painted in the days of Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, and had never been retouched. A providential little boy volunteered to run to the porter's lodge and ask, and eventually he and the porter piloted us up flights of stairs to the rooms of John Chester, barrister-at-law.

Most people who then took an interest in curios knew of the Chester Collection; for parts of it were exhibited in Bethnal Green and South Kensington Museums, and a

number of the musical instruments were seen at the Albert Hall, while some of the costumes and embroideries figured in paintings of the day. It was to see this collection that we toiled so laboriously up the stairs, for the Temple stairs of massive oak and wondrous carvings are not the pleasantest to climb. But what a reward at the top. Only four rooms, yet what a collection of marvellous things those rooms contained. Old miniatures, watches from the days of the *Nüremberg Eier* (egg-shaped), fans painted by Watteau, snuff-boxes given by one grandee to another, *Cloisonné* enamels, *Nitskies*, in fact, an *omnium gatherum* of treasures.

Some thirty friends had been asked to a little supper-party among these surroundings. Imagine old French inlaid or painted tables of the Directoire period, spread with priests' vestments of various kinds as table-cloths; old Spode, Dresden or Chelsea plates; knives with handles of Sèvres china or the quaint green of former days, Venetian wine-glasses; Queen Anne silver—and you see the tables before you.

It was my luck to sit between Sir James Linton, President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and Linley Sambourne. Opposite sat the editor of the *Era* and Brandon Thomas, of *Charley's Aunt* fame, representing the Drama; Wilhelm Ganz and Frederic Clive not only represented, but gave us music.

Mentioning to Sir James Linton that I had just returned from attending the Art Congress at Liverpool, I asked whether he was there.

"No," he said; "you see, I don't approve of it. I think the whole thing a mistake. It may have been interesting and amusing, but it can do no good to Art."

"Don't you think it will encourage people to take more interest in Art and all its branches?" I continued with youthful precocity, and wrote the reply with rare gravity on my return home.

"No, I believe they will think less of Art for hearing the subject hammered at by good, bad and indifferent speakers; I do not believe they will think any better of its exponents for such meetings as these, and to my mind

no serious good can result from them. Art must be taught through the medium of its pictures alone."

My other neighbour, Linley Sambourne, was hardly the man I expected. He was short, decidedly stout, with hair approximating to red. He certainly seemed more like a comedian than an artist. He was most jovial and affable, and on hearing of my frequent meetings with his contemporary Tenniel, mentioned all sorts of things about *Punch* and the famous Wednesday dinners.

As a boy, he told me, he was always drawing, but his performances were not looked upon with much favour by his father, a thorough business man, so he was educated as an engineer. When he was nineteen, old German Reed, chancing to have one of his sketch-books, showed it to Mark Lemon, then editor of *Punch*, who immediately said, "Send the boy to me."

Sambourne went, much wondering what Mark Lemon would say to him.

"Young man," the latter began, "do you know you have great talent; would you like to be an artist?"

"Yes, but I can't live on Art; otherwise I should love it."

"Leave all that to me. Draw me three pictures" (mentioning subjects) "in your best style, and I'll see what I can do."

In three weeks' time Sambourne's first cartoon in *Punch* appeared, and for forty years afterwards a number was rarely issued without something from his pen. At first his drawings used to cause him sleepless nights and hours of anxiety, but afterwards the cartoon, once started, was done in a few hours. He hardly ever corrected a line; once the plan was in his head, its execution was rapid.

But though Sambourne worked with such amazing facility with his pencil, no man ever took greater pains to secure by careful preliminary work the faithful portrayal of his subject. He was a master of detail.

"It does irritate me so," he once observed, "when people say: 'I daresay you knock off your sketches very quickly.' I do nothing of the kind. Often I spend hours in investigating a point before I begin to draw, so that

some incidental fact may be accurate. I once borrowed the robes of the Lord Mayor of London in order to be absolutely correct in my drawings of that dignitary.

"How very few artists," he said on another occasion, "could draw at once, without seeing it, a policeman's helmet. Impressionism is often the cover for illness, and I find few young artists will take trouble over details."

Once, when wishing to draw a lion yawning, he visited the Zoo for fourteen days before one of the beasts obliged him by feeling tired.

"If you have to draw something out of the way at a few hours' notice, how do you manage?" I asked him.

"Oh, I have portfolios full of sketches and pictures of every kind of animal, costume, scene or architecture which may be of use—anything from a Roumanian peasant's trousers to the Mikado's headgear—and I use photography a good deal, as its rapidity is a help and its accuracy assured."

Some years after the meeting in the Temple, Lumley Sambourne took me in to dinner at the house of Henry Dickens, K.C., Charles Dickens's only surviving son.

"Last night," he said, "was the *Punch* dinner. We sat down to table at seven, and it was twenty minutes to twelve before we rose. By that time everything had been settled and my cartoon fixed on. I seldom choose my own cartoon. Nowadays everybody comes with some idea for everybody else's work, but after the subject has been discussed, the artist naturally has a final vote. It would be impossible to do a subject that does not appeal to one, and equally impossible to choose one's own subject fifty-two times a year.

"This week it was decided to depict Asquith and Haldane as monks. I thought it over going home. This morning at ten I started it, hunted up drawings of cloisters from my portfolios, rang up the costumier and ordered two monks' dresses; rang up models and told them to be there to-morrow morning; and spent the entire day until I dressed for dinner in sketching the subject in pencil. To-morrow morning I shall begin, and by eleven or twelve at night I hope to be finished. As a rule, the pen-and-ink day means from twelve to fourteen hours' work."

And this from a man who—so thought the public—dashed off his broad, strong work haphazard fashion.

"What style of costume troubles you most?" I once asked Linley Sambourne.

"The fashions of the day. I never know what ladies wear, and if I have to draw one, I send to one of the big shops for a fashionable dress, cloak or bonnet, and trust to their sending me the latest mode."

He told me that *Robert*, who wrote the waiter in *Punch*, was a City big-wig, a man of over seventy who never wrote a line for publication in his life till he was past fifty. His important position took him to all the City dinners, and there he picked up bits for *Robert*.

Linley Sambourne wrote the most delightful letters, and had a weird way of putting the first capital letter—both on the envelope and in the contents—in red ink, the rest being printed in the most wonderful caligraphy.

Bernard Partridge, who followed Linley Sambourne, did quite another style of work, which grew in breadth and scope steadily year by year. The clear lines often disappeared, and charcoal covered spaces which Sambourne would have filled in line upon line. Charcoal played as important a part with Bernard Partridge as with Dudley Hardy, in whose dramatic water colours the high lights were dug out with a penknife.

Of Linley Sambourne the man, no one is better qualified to speak, or has spoken with more aptness and eloquence, than Sir Francis Burnand. Sambourne worked for the first editor of *Punch*, Mark Lemon, when barely out of his teens, but was not admitted to full companionship as a Knight of the Round Table until after the decease of "Uncle Mark." This occurred when Burnand himself, sitting with Thackeray and John Leech, had been for eight years a member of the staff. Of their frolics together Burnand writes with infinite verve and humour: notably of the great sea adventure undergone by Sambourne and himself in German Reed's yacht. Joining at Gravesend, they found themselves aboard an ancient, amazingly scrubby, twenty-tonner, manned by a one-legged old remnant of a sailor-man, and a boy who served "just

for his grub per diem." When the victualling of this decayed craft proved to be on a par with its manning, an important engagement compelled the two adventurers to step ashore at Herne Bay—and never again could either be inveigled into a yachting cruise with "Pa Reed" for host. It is pleasant to recall that Sambourne, horseman as well as yachtsman, was a member of the merry Two Pins Club alluded to above. Living at Uxbridge, Linley Sambourne frequently rode over to lunch and dine with the Burnands at Edgware, and was literally adored by the children for his jollity, his conjuring tricks, even his brushed-up-on-end hair. "Sammy" owning but one horse, called him his "stud," and named him, on account of his inability to make a false step, "Blondin."

Unlike Phil May, Harry Furniss, W. K. Haselden, or Sir Hiram Maxim, Sambourne was no illustrator of his letters with casual pen-and-ink sketches. Happily he did illustrate one personal adventure, however: to wit, his memorable boating tour on the French rivers, as recorded by his companion, James L. Molloy.

Sambourne drew a delightful medallion upon the cloth, in which Mr. Punch's head appears as a red seal. Bernard Partridge drew another and larger head of Punch. E. T. Reed depicted a prehistoric man with hair as much on end as Thompson Seton's.

About 1900 one had only to see *Punch* to spot the different artists by their drawings:

Tenniel by his classical style.
Linley Sambourne by his strict precision of line.
Du Maurier by his dainty girls and Society men.
E. T. Reed for his brilliant work.
Harry Furniss could always be detected by his excellent line and supremely artistic quality.

This was in the days when Burnand was at the height of his fame as editor; but brilliant as were the pictures that appeared fifteen years later under Sir Owen Seaman, when the war began it was almost impossible to tell who they were by at first glance, so alike had all the draughtsmen become in style. Sir Francis Burnand, whom I first met at Sir William Agnew's in Great Stanhope Street, was always

amusing. Short, white-haired, with a grey beard, florid face, and blue eyes, he loved a joke, but could not see any fun in American humour. When working at a play—and he was the author of several successful comedies—he had little figures which he moved about a small stage, like Ibsen.

The Burnands lived for a time in The Boltons, and gave most charming dinners there. It was next door, or quite near, to the house later occupied by Mr. Vogt, the Norwegian Minister and his charming wife, who became such favourites in London society.

It will be seen from the following that it is not so very easy to extract from Sir F. C. Burnand what Sidney Lee calls "pertinent anecdotes."

"Wish I could find a couple of stories to send you—but I have none—and *this* is *not* a story.

"Wishing you best luck and health,

"I am, Yours truly,

"F. C. BURNAND.

"Ramsgate, September 24th, 1913."

Burnand studied for the Church at Cuddesdon under Canon Liddon. He was also called to the Bar, and occasionally practised; but, of course, the man really familiar to us is the rollicking Burnand, author of innumerable plays, skits, burlesques and funniments, contributor to *Punch*, and finally editor for many years. For a time he served on *Fun*: but his brilliant *jeu d'esprit, Mokeanna, or the White Witness*—a burlesque of the melodramatic stories of certain magazines—brought about his promotion to *Punch*, an occurrence upon which Thackeray himself congratulated the staff.

It was on the death of Tom Taylor in 1880 that Burnand assumed the editorial chair, and quickly made his mark by a general levelling up and refining of Mr. Punch's atmosphere. During his editorship he called to the "Table" many whose names are now household words. Lucy, Harry Furniss, Anstey Guthrie, E. T. Reed, R. C. Lehmann, Bernard Partridge, Phil May, Owen Seaman, Raven Hill, C. F. Graves, E. V. Lucas—a galaxy of whom any editor might be proud.

He left *Punch* after forty-four years' service, and what was worse for his friends, he left London and retired to his home at Ramsgate. No man was ever more regretted in better-class Bohemia.

Representative of quite another school of art was George Boughton, R.A., who died in his studio in 1905, of heart disease. He had already signed his name upon the table-cloth when I asked him on a later occasion if, instead of doing another signature, he would draw a head.

"With pleasure," he said, "but I can't see well in this light. I'll do it on a bit of paper for you to transfer later."

And so after dinner, while Mrs. Stothert was playing her violin in that pretty style which captivated her hearers, George Boughton—presented with paper and pencil—stood under a lamp and made a sketch. It was done in about two minutes; but seeing that it was soft and suggestive, I had to explain that the lines, to be worked in red cotton, must be few and clear. He at once grasped the situation, and in a minute or two had manufactured a little Dutch girl's head, which is now stitched on the table-cloth. The Dutch girl reminds one of his charming book, *Rambles through Holland*. How delightfully some of those illustrations are done, and with what ready humour the pages are written. George Boughton was a clever raconteur and a convivial companion for a dinner-party. Anything but artistic in appearance, he was a charming man. We once had a discussion on this very point. My view was that many plain people became good-looking with age; that grey hair softened faces, character developed features, and hard lines became less severe. Hence there was often great beauty in age itself.

"I don't agree with you in that," he rejoined. "All faces lose beauty by age, although some gain interest. Youth is beauty, freshness is beauty, and I never think any face gets better-looking with advancing years."

Another artist to whom death came suddenly was Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., whose architectural work is the pride of many an ecclesiastical city.

Not long after our marriage we went to Hamburg, and getting into the train on the arrival of the boat at Flushing I saw a beautiful lady, young and charming, very ill and miserable. I offered her some brandy from a travelling-bag and tried to cheer her up, and by the time our respective husbands arrived from luggage-land had found to my surprise that the mate of the young lady was Arthur Blomfield. Not having heard of his second marriage, I was much surprised to discover him with a young bride. They were on their way to Copenhagen for the opening of the English Church, of which he was the architect, and for the execution of which he ultimately received his knighthood. Eleven years later Sir Arthur died at the age of seventy. He was a well-known figure in London society. A nice-looking man with a pleasant face, he was the son of a Bishop of London, born and reared at Fulham Palace, educated at Rugby and Cambridge, and fond of athletic exercise. He was always at the Royal Academy private view or soirée, surrounded by a host of genial friends, for among the Academicians probably no one was more known or better liked.

His office was at the back of his home in Montagu Square, and between his hours of work, when he was designing screens for St. Albans Cathedral, Eton College, or for the Cathedral of St. Saviour's, Southwark (containing the graves of Gower, Fletcher, Edmund Shakespeare and Massinger), he would slip in to lunch with his pretty wife, or to have a game with the three small children born of his second marriage. His elder son ably follows his father's profession, and is also an Academician—a rare coincidence.

As charming a chief to the Water Colour Society as Lord Leighton was in his day to the Royal Academy of Arts was Sir Ernest Waterlow. This tall, fine man has grey hair, a fresh complexion and a kindly smile, indicative of a charming nature. He is represented on the table-cloths by a nice, fat, comfortable, wobbling duck. While President of the Water Colour Society, he was also a full-blown Academician, exhibiting work as an oil painter at

Burlington House. Thus he held two distinct positions in the art world, of either of which any man might be proud.

The origin of the Society of Painters in Water Colours dates from 1804, when ten water-colour artists met together in a little house—a coffee-house—in Oxford Street, and decided to form themselves into an associated body, at once drawing up rules for their future guidance. There were to be only twenty-four members, all of whom were to be of *good moral character as well as artists of distinction*, and it was necessary that they should be resident in the United Kingdom. Their President and other officers were to be elected annually. The money gained at the doors was to be devoted to paying the expenses of the Exhibition, and the residue to be divided amongst the members, "the sums proportioned to the drawings sent and retained for the Exhibition."

Water-colour art has much changed since those days. The neatly stippled work, the overdone, over-minute handling has given place to broader treatment, and finer effects and greater depths of colour and style have been achieved. Of this new school of water colours Sir Ernest Waterlow is one of the foremost exponents. He was born in London in 1850, and is the son of a well-known lithographer. He lives in a charming house at Hampstead—a handsome red-brick building. There is a fine hall on entering, with rather a remarkable staircase circling round a fireplace. In his drawing-rooms are some striking pictures, notably one of himself by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. The studio is large, as is necessary for a man who works with such big canvases, of moor and fell, of snow and mountain, of bog and mere, and it possesses a charming "cosy corner"—an ideal spot, in fact, for afternoon tea.

Sir Ernest Waterlow's wife is a delightful woman, with dainty white hair and pretty ways. It was his uncle Sir Sydney Waterlow, who gave his estate at Highgate, now known as the Waterlow Park, to the London County Council, and his cousin is Sir Philip Waterlow (head of the great firm of printers of that name), who entertains so lavishly in Carlton House Terrace, bordering on St. James's Park, where a couple of cows were publicly milked daily

till the reign of King Edward VII., and to which most of our government buildings are adjacent.

Near by took place one of the prettiest weddings I ever saw. It was the marriage of the daughter of the popular Norwegian Minister in London with an able young lawyer of Christiania. His Excellency and Madame Vogt have the most beautiful daughters imaginable: tall, handsome girls with fair hair, pink and cream skin, and dainty colouring. It is rather unusual to have a wedding at the Marlborough House Chapel, and as the place is very small, and only holding about a hundred and fifty people, most of the guests were diplomatic.

The Marlborough House Chapel was erected in the reign of Queen Anne by Sir Christopher Wren. It originally cost £40,000. The basement dates from 1709. The gardens were in existence also in the reign of Anne, and in these gardens the present Marlborough House was built by the great Duke of Marlborough, while in the surrounding park both James I. and his son Charles I. maintained a menagerie. In 1850 Marlborough House was settled upon the Prince of Wales when he should become eighteen years of age; since then it has been much altered.

Exactly opposite St. James's Palace—once an old lepers' hospital—is a door in the wall. That door leads into the Marlborough Chapel, which was used for German worship until the late King Edward's marriage, when, in compliment to his Queen, an afternoon service was held in Danish, which has since been continued, while Church of England services are solemnized in the mornings.

The Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, who has probably attended more important weddings, christenings and burials than any other man of his time, wrote a delightful book called *St. James's Palace*, which gives the history of that fine old building but hardly touches on the Marlborough House Chapel opposite.

At the side of the Chapel is the official house in which he, Canon Edgar Sheppard, D.D., and his kindly wife live. At the back of the Chapel lies Marlborough House, and, crossing the garden and passing through the little door in the wall, Queen Alexandra walks through

the Sub-Dean's official residence into the Chapel every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock for the English service. Queen Alexandra attended that chapel during all the long years she was Princess of Wales and yet played the rôle of Queen for an elderly, retiring mother-in-law. Then she migrated to Buckingham Palace for nine years, but finally, after becoming a widow in 1910, she returned to the house she loved so well, from the Palace she had never felt to be a home. At Marlborough House she took up her old life.

The Chapel itself is ugly. The carving by Grinling Gibbons is fine. There is an old Ambassadors' pew high up in the wall which is no longer used by anyone, and really opens out from a modern bedroom, from which it is now divided by a wooden partition. Facing the altar is a gallery, behind which stretch impressive curtains for thirty feet: behind these curtains is, again, a large room, which was used in days gone by as the Royal pew, although, unlike the Chapel, it is not consecrated.

In this small Royal chapel were assembled for Miss Vogt's wedding some of the most interesting men and women in London. The flowers and the palms made the place look beautiful, and the picturesqueness was only increased by the advent of the Pastor in his long black robe and huge white Elizabethan ruffle, such as the clergy of Norway still wear in their Lutheran Church.

The bride and bridegroom sat during the ceremony, and instead of her father "giving away" his daughter the bridegroom prettily "claimed" her.

Alas! the next time I was at the Marlborough House Chapel was for the funeral service of a great soldier and diplomat—Sir Claude Macdonald.

CHAPTER VIII

STAGELAND

PRIDE is of various kinds. *False pride* and *real pride*, and there is a third called *no pride*.

The first is an absolute crime. It rebuffs all kindly actions from the heart, and allows no help.

The second meets kindness half-way, accepts gifts gracefully and gratefully without being maudlin.

The *no pride* class clamour for emolument and charity they do not deserve. The stage knows them all.

And now let us peep at Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and others who have held or hold a foremost position on the stage and in the social world.

It is a fierce light, indeed, that beats incessantly upon actors; one in which every weakness, every flaw, is necessarily exposed to inquisitive eyes, and these are pitiless; while, on the other hand, laudation is laid on with a spoon. It therefore behoves all who go on the stage to be prepared for the logical consequences of all indiscretion; and Mother Grundy requires that actresses should be doubly circumspect. Stageland is like any other land in the world, in that its laws, observances and demands are harder on the woman than on the man.

The man who was the wisest that ever lived said, "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised"—a sentiment which every woman that would fain enter delectable Stageland would do well to take to heart. But women whose paths lie in the theatrical world to-day hold a very different place in society from that accorded to their sisters who took upon

themselves the pioneer work two and a half centuries ago. The actress has fought her way up.

The first women ever seen on the English stage belonged to a company which came to London in the reign of Charles I. Their reception was hardly such as to create in the breasts of future actresses that calmness and confidence which form the right *milieu* for histrionic effort. They were hissed and hooted, and finally pelted from the boards. As these artists were under the patronage, and therefore to some extent the protection, of Queen Henrietta Maria, it was small wonder that women who made the next essay of the same kind had to be of a bolder, not to say more reckless, disposition. Well they knew, after the Puritan experiences of the Commonwealth, that there was for them little respect or consideration.

Even the marked *bonhomie* of Charles II. could yield no promise or hope to such artists as respected themselves.

Stageland is naturally woman's realm. The basic desire of the audience is to be pleased, and pleased they must be in some form, or else theatre management must inevitably lead straight to bankruptcy and ruin. Hence Stageland is eminently woman's world. In it her natural qualities and abilities, exercised with care, lead to success.

But success means hard work. For the neophyte in theatrical art there is no place for the distractions of society. As an illustration—in the later years of Sir Henry Irving's management he found it necessary to refuse his own artists permission, except on rare occasions, to take part in outside performances. He was a most generous manager, who had at heart the well-being of actors attached to his own company.

"I am quite willing," he said, "to let you have all possible advantages, but this habit of extra performances has gone too far. Of late some of our company, what with fashionable matinées and social functions, have come to their nightly work utterly worn out. The consequences are that the playing suffers, with the ultimate result that the prestige of the theatre is lessened, and so even the exchequer dwindles."

As he himself said in one of his addresses:

"The theatre must be followed as a business or it cannot succeed as an art." Surely a wise focusing of the difficulty.

Sir Henry Irving died in 1905. But even after the lapse of a decade to write of the stage is to think of Irving. His was a dominating personality in his day, and a thrill of grief passed through every theatrical home when it was known that he was dead. Less than three months before, I had sat next him at dinner. It was a hot night in July, but the great man had a cold—bronchitis I called it, but he treated it lightly and said:

"Oh, it is really nothing, and I am off to-morrow to Cromer, where it will all blow away."

Nevertheless I thought he looked worn and ill. He spoke with great spirit of his farewell tour, to begin in a few weeks' time, and, ill though he appeared, one little dreamt that after a few days of that tour he would die in the hall of his hotel at Bradford; too ill even to crawl upstairs, in spite of his heroic evening's work in *Becket*. What an exacting life the actor's is. The very night before his death he had struggled through *The Bells*, his most severe impersonation, although, to the distress of his company—not of the public, for they never notice such things—he had delivered all his speeches sitting, against his wont. He would not and did not disappoint his public, and after a quiet day of bed got up and played *Becket* for the last time.

On the night just spoken of, when I met him at dinner, he had been particularly interesting. Much touched by something I had said of him in *Behind the Footlights*, he spoke kindly on the subject. Then the conversation turned to the need of his recuperating for the autumn.

"I will later," he said; "but first I must pay a few visits, and visits always tire me."

"Then why go?"

"Because one must sometimes sacrifice oneself to one's friends, and mine are good enough to want me, so I go. But I prefer solitude to company for a rest and holiday."

"And your ideal spot for a holiday?"

"England, England—anywhere in England. Mind you, I love America, and I've spent many happy weeks in

Tunis and Venice, in the blazing heat of August and September; for, alas! my only holidays come then. But give me England—England to be born in, to spend one's holidays in, and to die in."

He died ten weeks later in England.

Five years before, however, he had thought of leaving our shores for a change and going to that beautiful land of lakes called Finland. He wrote to me:

"Alton, Hants.
"August 22nd, 1900.

"DEAR MRS. TWEEDIE,

"It is very kind of you to send me the cards of introduction. I hope I may have an opportunity of making use of them.

"I am afraid my stay will not be very long, and, alas! I see no good in encouraging the Finlanders to enter upon an unequal struggle with Russia. They will only be the worse for it in the end. Pity 'tis, but true, that this is a bad age for small nationalities. With kind regards,

"I am, yours sincerely.
"HENRY IRVING."

"I am looking forward," he added at dinner, "to the days after I retire, when I shall be quite my own master—no longer the public's slave. But I've thousands of miles to travel before then, and much more work ahead of me," he laughed.

He had been up to Edinburgh shortly before about a photographic case—one of those wicked infringements of copyright that everyone so hates.

"Giving that evidence cost me two hundred pounds," he said, "but I willingly give the two hundred pounds if it will only stop this thieving and monopoly in any and everyone's photographs. I was there for several days and I would have stayed as many more if the question of photographic copyright could only have been cleared up for ever."

Six or seven weeks after that dinner I read the announcement of the death of L. F. Austin, of the *Illustrated London News*, whose place was later taken by G. K. Chesterton

Austin was an old friend of mine, and a still older friend of Irving, and for many years his private secretary. He accompanied him to America in the early days, and wrote a sketchy life of him. Then as Austin's writings became more and more popular, he ceased to be secretary to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and to Irving, only going to the latter when he was in London, and doing his London work for him when he was in the country. I wrote to Irving, feeling sure he would feel his old friend's loss greatly, and below is the reply, written only a fortnight before he died :

" 17 Stratton Street, Piccadilly.

" Sept. 22nd, 1905.

" DEAR MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE,

" Your letter has touched me much, and, like you, I mourn the loss of a true and staunch friend. He was, as you truly say, a big-hearted fellow, and much of his hidden goodness has lately come to my knowledge. His was a rarely kind, gentle nature.

" With the kindest greeting,

" And believe me, sincerely yours,

" HENRY IRVING."

Poor Irving ! this was the last letter I received from him. He quickly followed his faithful secretary and friend. His handwriting was most difficult to read, although he did his best to sign his autograph clearly on the cloth, but this letter, written by himself, was more decipherable than usual. It was a strange coincidence that the will of L. F. Austin and the announcement of Irving's death appeared in the papers side by side. Both were intimately connected for thirty years, both died suddenly and in harness, and both were thus associated even in death.

In private life Irving had not that strange vocal intonation with which his admirers were familiar ; neither did he strut and limp as on the stage. His strongest characteristic, indelibly marked on the memory of all who knew him, was the dark, searching, piercing look in his eyes. They were like those of a hunted animal at times ; at others they flashed with command and hatred, or, again,

they were gentle and sympathetic. His eyes were, indeed, remarkable—even suggestive of a hawk.

Bram Stoker, that delightful, jovial Irish gentleman, who was for so many years Irving's right-hand man, wrote to me soon after the great actor's death :

"Irving had so mastered his individuality—crushed it, if you will—that some of his remorseless self-command was bound to have effect on others who came within the sphere of his work. I remember an incident which much struck me in this connection. We had had several important business dealings with a man of some ability but with a 'get-rich-quick' weakness. After a somewhat painful interview between the three of us, the stranger went away. We two being left alone, Irving said to me :

"'I have made up my mind to tell him what I think of him.'

"Much as I valued and respected Irving's judgment of character, I thought it wise to say :

"'May you not be mistaken? As yet we have no proof of any wrongdoing—nothing but a suspicion, however just it may be.'

"'My dear fellow, this is no mere suspicion with me : I *know*.'

"'How on earth can you know?'

"'Because,' Irving answered, with one of his illuminating smiles, 'I have played too many villains not to know the heart of one. It seems to me that I can look through that man as if he were glass. He is a crook.'

"Surely enough, though we never had any proof that might be considered legal, all of us who were aware of his transactions had finally, from many unmistakable indications, to agree with our chief. I give this as an illustration of the way characters act and react on each other. Irving the man was endowed with a trusting simplicity of character almost without flaw; Irving the artist, who had had to study human nature, had learned its sad truths so thoroughly that they had bitten deep into his own being."

It was rumoured that Irving's production of *Henry VIII.*, a sumptuous play, cost £16,000 to mount, but none of

his great costume plays ever cost more than from £3,000 to £10,000 each. Yet, though artistic effect and magnificent pictures were his unceasing cult, nothing in the way of detail was ever too small for his notice. He was completely wrapped up in his work. On the stage nothing mattered to him but the play.

"I remember," Bram Stoker once told me, "on the first night of his playing *Othello* with Edwin Booth, he found his throat parched and his powers of voice and articulation consequently crippled. He was always a bad first nighter, for with the responsibility of the play as well as his own work as an actor, such an occasion was apt to strain even his nerves. In one of the great scenes I heard him tell one of the stage workers to bring him some water—quick. The man set off for the dressing-room, but Irving called him back and told him to get it from one of the fire plugs which were on the stage.

"'Don't wait for a glass,' he said, 'bring it in anything you can lay your hands on.'

"The man filled a jam-pot which he had found somewhere or other. When Irving had drunk and his voice was restored, the lady playing with him, who was rather a dainty creature, said:

"'Oh, how can you drink such water and out of such a pot?'

"To which he at once answered:

"'If it would help the play—and I could get nothing else—I would drink the slops.'

"It was part of his belief—on which all his work was based—that an actor should, whilst on the stage, preserve his self-mastery and suffer whatever danger or pain might be involved. On one occasion when a limelight tank under the stage exploded and actually lifted part of the stage, not for a moment did Irving lose the thread of his speech, nor did his voice falter, nor his face change colour. In New York one evening, when he was playing *Hamlet*, one of the spirit torches used for the scene got overheated, and the flaming spirit overflowed and set the draperies on fire. In an instant there would have been a panic; the people were rising in their seats in preparation for a stampede;

but he never even looked round. He appeared and spoke as though the matter was no concern of his—or of anyone else. The men and women sank back into their seats; danger was averted. The only recognition of the incident was in the heartiness and prolongation of the applause which greeted him when he had to take an extra call before the curtain at the end of the act."

Of lesser occasions of self-control there were numerous instances, for the working of a great play in a big theatre affords many *contretemps*. Once in *Faust* he was carried up almost out of sight by the drop curtain catching his Mephistopheles' cloak. He calmly waited till the curtain was lowered again from the prompt sufficiently to allow his being seized by the anxiously waiting carpenters and placed in safety on his feet.

Personally, I agree with the American critic who said: "I do not consider Irving a great actor, but he was the greatest dramatic artist I ever saw."

It is said that Irving found the part of *King Lear* the most physically trying in his whole repertory. After ten consecutive weeks it completely broke down his strength, and thenceforward he always spoke of it as the one part in Shakespeare which could not be played six times a week with impunity. He recalled a curious experience in connection with the part.

"As I stood in the wings on the first night before Lear makes his entrance," he related to me, "I had a sudden idea which revolutionized the impersonation and launched me into an experience unattempted at rehearsals. I at once tried to combine the weakness of senility with the tempest of passion, but soon found as I proceeded that this was an impossible task. One should never alter a scheme of performance at the last moment. Stage art is too serious to take risks."

Henry Irving once had the unique experience of performing at Archbishop's House, Westminster. The play was *Becket*, and an invitation was extended to him by Cardinal Vaughan to give a reading at his official residence. The invitation was accepted, and Sir Henry Irving read—or rather acted—Tennyson's best play to a select audience

of clergy, peers, and representative laymen, presided over by the Cardinal himself.

His love of animals, and also of children, was one of Irving's pleasantest characteristics.

"Always since I knew him," Bram Stoker once said to me, "he had constantly by him a friend in the shape of a dog or a cat. From the time of taking the Lyceum into his own hands he had two dog friends, Trin and Fussy. Trin, a rough terrier, had been given to him by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the little creature repaid the great manager's affection with a whole-souled devotion and shared his life day and night, never being absent from him. When Trin died, after some years of companionship, Ellen Terry replaced him with Fussy, a fox terrier. He had been picked out of a litter by Fred Archer, the great jockey, who diagnosed his character thus: 'He is absolutely faithful and you cannot lose him.' Some years afterwards this judgment was proved to be sound. In one of his journeys to America, where Irving was going with his company for a tour, by some mischance Fussy got lost at Southampton, and the party had to start without him. All sorts of persons helped to look for the little dog, or for traces of him, in vain. But some three or four days later Fussy was found one morning outside the door of Irving's rooms in London. He was weak and famished. His nails were worn down, and his paws covered with coagulated blood. He had found his way alone from Southampton to Bond Street.

"Fussy was killed in Manchester years afterwards by falling from the mezzanine floor to the cellar of the Theatre Royal. I believe, myself, he must have committed suicide. He was very old for a dog, he had rheumatism, and for him all pleasures had passed, and all joys save being with the master whom he loved and to whom he was so devoted. Irving was inconsolable, and for a time he chose no other familiar pet. When he got back to London, however, he was himself adopted by a cat. This was also a clever creature who knew how to control its own destiny. It strayed into the theatre one day, and was placed on the staff. That very evening of Irving's return from his tour, on entering his dressing-room he saw a big grey cat sitting—of all places

—on the pincushion on his table. She at once went up to him, purring, and from that time she attached herself to him as her own."

Sir Henry was cremated by his own special desire. After this had been done it was suddenly decided that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey—an honour which the nation wished to bestow on the greatest theatrical manager and play producer of his day. When the authorities of Westminster Abbey discovered that this comedian—for he was far finer in comedy than in tragedy—had been cremated they were aghast. Somewhere in the archives of the Abbey there is a direction that "the corpse should be decorously borne into the church," and so on.

There was no corpse. It had been reduced to white ashes and was reposing in a beautiful casket.

What was to be done? All sorts of cogitations took place. There was no precedent to go upon; nobody liked to take the initiative; and for a couple of days it seemed as if Henry Irving could not be buried there after all. Lo, some wiseacre hit upon an excellent device.

"Let us have a small coffin," he said, "let the ashes be placed inside; let a cloth cover the top, and let the pall-bearers hold its ends. That will meet the requirements of the situation."

Accordingly, Irving's remains were buried in a miniature coffin in Westminster Abbey. His were the first cremated ashes to repose in that noble pile, and although many people were horrified for the moment, the ultimate result was a complete reversal of the attitude of the Abbey authorities towards cremation. Some seven years later it was decided that no further burial should take place there unless the body had previously been reduced to ashes. For long the only woman in the Council of the Cremation Society of England, I have naturally a strong interest in cremation—inherited, no doubt, for Sir Henry Thompson was an old friend of my father, and when Sir Henry started the Cremation Society in 1874, my father was one of the first people to write and preach its doctrines.

A striking tribute at Irving's funeral was the wreath sent by Queen Alexandra. The empty catafalque, beside which

I was sitting with Sir Francis Burnand under the lantern, was covered with purple cloth, surrounded by tall brass candlesticks with long tapers burning. At the foot rested a large cross of Madonna lilies and lilies-of-the-valley, bearing the inscription :

" Sir Henry Irving, with deepest regrets, from the Queen.
' Into Thy hands, O Lord,
Into Thy hands.' "

These were the last words which, as Becket, he ever spoke on the stage.

About a dozen actors had been buried in the Abbey and its precincts before Irving died. John Henderson, the last who was laid to rest within the church itself, died in 1785, and seven years earlier Garrick was entombed with great pomp and tokens of public sorrow. Mrs. Hannah Pritchard was buried in 1768, and Mrs. Ann Oldfield in 1730. To the latter a splendid funeral was accorded, the body being even allowed to lie in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, though scandal had not spared the name of " Nance Oldfield." Ben Jonson, an actor before he was a poet, was interred in a standing position, the result it is said, of a jocular agreement between himself and the then Dean of Westminster. These five rest within the sacred fane itself, while other actors lie within the cloisters. The last to be buried there was " Ann Crawford," the tragedian, who in 1801 was placed in the grave with her husband, Stranger Barry, Garrick's rival in the parts of Othello and Romeo. She was, therefore, really the last member of the profession to whom an Abbey funeral was accorded previous to that of Sir Henry Irving. Her husband died in 1777. So great was his reputation that eleven years previously Garrick, hearing of the death of Mrs. Cibber, said, " Barry and I remain, but tragedy is dead on one side."

From Irving one passes almost automatically to Ellen Terry. A good story of the power of her acting used to be told by Mr. Walter Calvert. There was a little wooden seat let into the proscenium wall of the Lyceum Theatre, which afforded an excellent view of the stage from behind.

It was the favourite seat of Mr. Gladstone when he visited the theatre, and of many other eminent men. The then Chinese Minister sat there one night for a performance of *Hamlet*. When Miss Terry was in the midst of her mad scene Sir Henry went round to see how his Celestial friend was getting on. His Excellency was in the act of walking on to the stage—the playing of Miss Terry had so affected him that he was burning to congratulate her on the spot. Sir Henry was only just in time to hold him back; another half-foot and he would have made, in gorgeous embroidered robes, his "first appearance." "I wonder," said Sir Henry, "what the audience would have thought of the entrance of somebody in pigtail and flamboyant satins, whose name was not in the programme?"

Ellen Terry celebrated her theatrical jubilee on June 12th, 1906. Her many friends and untold numbers of admirers arranged that the occasion should not go unnoticed. Seldom, if ever, has there been such a performance at Drury Lane as there was that day. In the scene from *The School for Scandal*, which formed one of the sixteen items, Charles Wyndham, Arthur Bourchier, Cyril Maude and George Alexander appeared, with Ben Davies to sing "Here's to the Maiden;" and in the other numbers on the programme practically every well-known actor on the London stage had a place, and M. Coquelin and his son Jean came over especially from France. But it was not only the players who made the performance memorable. In the auditorium, where representatives of every class of society had gathered, the enthusiasm was unbounded. Many people had actually been standing at the theatre doors since the previous day, awaiting admission, and no actress ever had a greater demonstration of affection than was given by the wildly enthusiastic audience to Ellen Terry on that occasion. No actress has more deserved it, for who in the latter part of the nineteenth century did not weep with her?—who did not laugh with her well-nigh to tears? A great personality, a wondrous charm of voice and manner, a magnetic influence on all her surroundings—all these were possessed by Ellen Terry.

Ellen Terry and Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) each

went on the stage at the age of four and remained in the forefront of drama for half a century.

What a wonderful woman Mrs. Kendal is. Punctuality is one of her virtues ; every letter is answered by return of post, any promise she gives is rarely forgotten, and in spite of her extraordinarily busy life she finds time for everything.

For instance, the famous Mrs. Siddons had a great friend to whom she gave a beautiful little fan covered by three Bartolozzi pictures. The friend cherished it, and it finally descended to her granddaughter in its old original case. This lady became poor, her child fell sick, and at last she had to part with this, one of her greatest treasures. She sent it to Mrs. Kendal, asking if she could possibly tell her how to get £100 for it. That good lady did not feel justified in giving this sum herself, but being interested in the story she decided to raffle it at £1.

Only people who have done this sort of thing know all it entails in the way of endless correspondence, for if begging letters are to do any good they must be personal. She was rehearsing Mrs. Clifford's *Likeness of the Night* at the time, but still with her indomitable energy she carried the raffle through. Each person who applied for a ticket was allotted a number, and the drawing took place at the St. James's Theatre.

So all assembled about four o'clock ; the curtain was up, and a buffet *pro tem.* had been arranged upon the stage. In front were two tables, on each of which stood a large bowl, the one containing the names and numbers of the lottery tickets, the others the blanks and one prize. Mrs. Labouchere (Henrietta Hodson), herself a descendant of Mrs. Siddons, drew the names, whilst Ellaline Terriss held the blanks with the winning slip among them, Mrs. Kendal herself acting as spokesman.

The greatest fun went on over the drawing ; Mrs. Kendal declared that with all unselfishness the audience might applaud whenever anyone's name came out of the pot with a blank, because, as she put it, " that makes so much more chance left for the rest of us, though of course we are not the least selfish in the matter." The whole thing was as good as

a play—Ellaline Terris making great fun with the blanks, and Mrs. "Labby" extracting humour from the names. The fan finally fell to the lot of beautiful Julia Neilson (Mrs. Fred Terry).

One of the greatest charms of Mrs. Kendal is her naturalness. She does not pose in a drawing-room nor talk for an audience, neither does she make up. At sixty she was a perfectly strong, healthy woman, untouched by art. She wore her hair, which was of a golden auburn shade, simply parted in front and braided at the back of her shapely head. She had always worn it so, no matter what the fashions might be, and had seldom donned a wig upon the stage; indeed, I believe the rôle of Lady Clancarty was the only one in which she did so. She has a gracious manner and affable speech, but she can be severe and even sarcastic, especially on such subjects as the over or under criticism of the day.

In regard to the too-frequent actor-aspirant, Mrs. Kendal has been always sternly eloquent.

"If only the stage-struck young woman could realize all that an actress's life means," she said to me on one occasion. "For, remember, patience, courage and talent *may* bring one to the winning-post, but few ever reach that line; by far the greater number fall out soon after the start."

The great actress's keen sense of humour is particularly interesting. She is always merry and cheerful, and has endless jokes to tell; she has a quick appreciation of the ridiculous, and can be just as amusing off the stage as on it.

"I have got a hobby," she laughed on one occasion; "a wild, terrible and extravagant hobby."

"And what may that be?" I ventured to inquire.

"Pocket-handkerchiefs; yes, pocket-handkerchiefs. I love them. The daintiest lawn, the finest lace, the loveliest embroidery, all fascinate me, and I am sure I spend more time in choosing pocket-handkerchiefs than I do in arranging gowns. On the stage or off, it is all the same; the daintier they are the better I like them. Oh, Will (her husband) has his hobby too, and it is a much more extravagant one than mine, for he bought pictures almost before we had boots."

Here is a letter from Mr. Kendal referring to his

seventy-first birthday: the day on which the Germans shelled the Yorkshire coast, killing and wounding over a hundred civilians:

" 12, Portland Place.
" December 13th, 1914.

" DEAR MRS. TWEEDIE,

" Very many thanks for your kind remembrances of my birthday and for your good wishes, also for your condolences on ' beautiful little Whitby being shelled.' A most cruel and barbaric act! But, luckily, my house is not at Whitby—but thirty miles from there—Filey, which is only seven miles from Scarborough—too close to be pleasant. Yes, indeed, we are living in horrible times, and goodness knows how or when it is going to end!

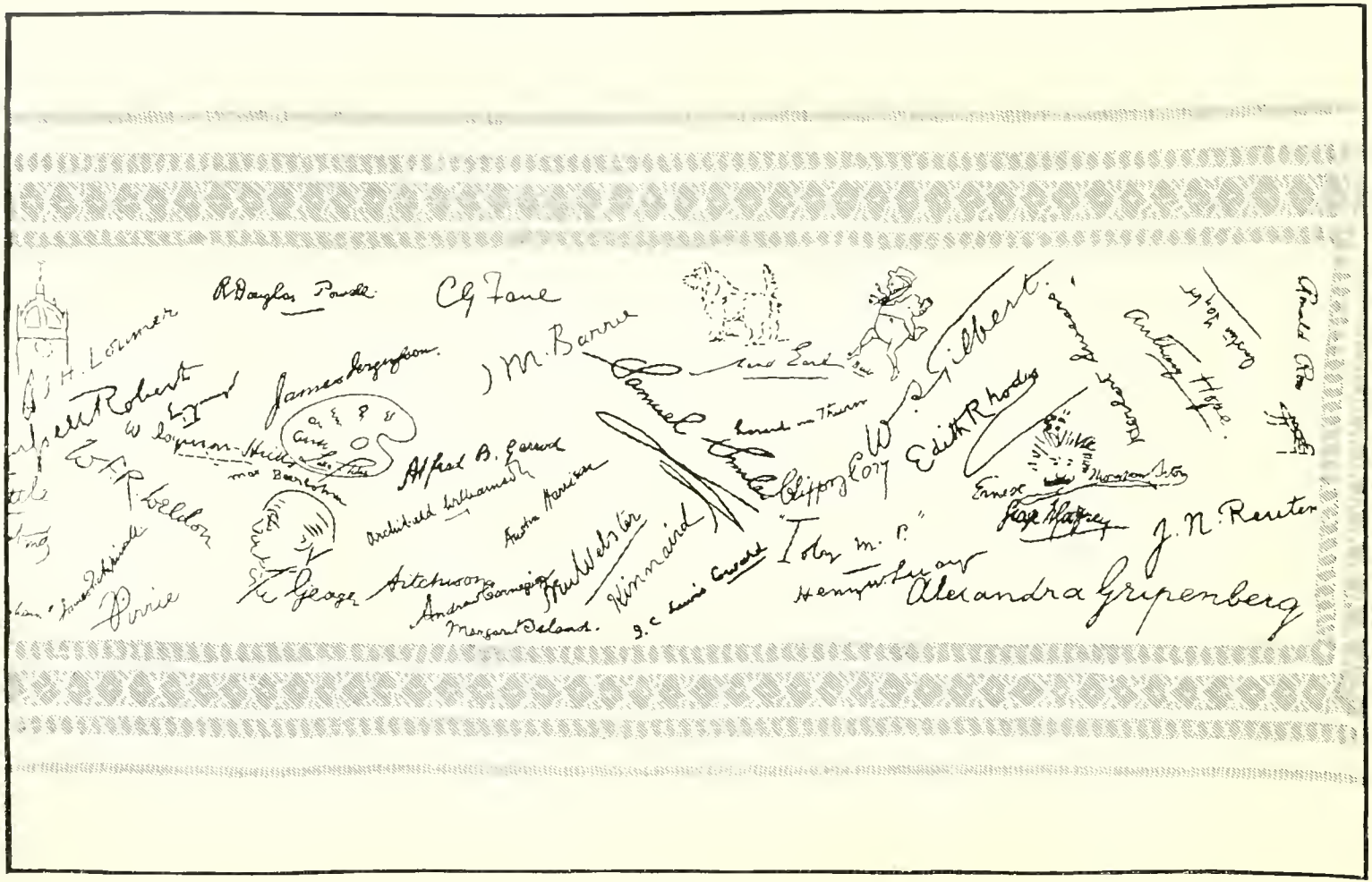
" What wretched weather we are having—not improving to one's spirits—and we want all the ' bucking up ' we can get, don't we?

" With kindest remembrances and all good wishes for Xmas,

" Yours sincerely,
" W. H. KENDAL."

The wedded life of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal Grimston had a quaint and interesting inception. Married in Manchester by special licence, they were just ready to start on their honeymoon when—Herbert Compton being summoned to a death-bed—arrangements had to be altered, and *As You Like It* suddenly put on. The young couple had, therefore, instead of stepping into the train, to appear on the stage. Their honeymoon postponed, they found the house unusually full on their wedding-day, although they believed no one knew of their marriage, until they came to the words, " Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? " when the burst of applause and cheering assured them of the good wishes of their public friends.

Truly a remarkable and delightful couple whether on or off the stage.



CLOTH IV.

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CHAPTER IX

A FEW M.P.'S

LOOKING over the table-slips one sees a long list of names of men associated with politics—men who have worked ably and nobly for their country on both sides of the House.

No name is better known in the political world—not our political world, but the whole political world—than that of Arthur James Balfour. The nephew of the famous statesman and chemist, Lord Salisbury, he has carried on the traditions of the Cecil family as a gentleman, a scholar, an orator and a writer.

Mr. Balfour's oratory—or rather his strange capacity for thinking aloud—is magical, and his presence magnetic. This greatly impressed me at a dinner at the Mansion House in the spring of 1909. We were all seated at table, some four hundred of us, when he arrived. As soon as he was seen, a great cheer went up. Evidently the gathering in the City of London was Conservative. Tall, stooping like his late uncle, his hair turning white, Mr. Balfour, after bowing repeatedly, took his seat.

Several speeches of mediocre order were delivered with voices that roared, but did not carry. Then the statesman rose. Smiling above his low, turned-down linen collar, a hand clasping each lapel of his coat, he bowed and bowed and bowed again. Then he began. He was a treat. He barely raised his gentle, silvery voice, spoke slowly and quietly, and yet we heard every word.

Here was the accomplished speaker, the orator. He gave sly little digs at the Liberal Government of the day, and spoke of a pending election. The merry twinkle in

his eye attracted, and his words were listened to as if they were gold.

Mr. Balfour is a great man, and in spite of the undoubted talent in the Liberal Government that succeeded him, it was that tall, slouching gentleman, often looking half asleep, who really continued to pull the strings of the nation's welfare, and run the country, more especially in foreign affairs, long after he left office. Weary of the labour of incessant leadership, with its constant little irritants and pin-pricks, and, more than all, its everlasting attendance at the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour retired from his official position as Leader of the Unionist Party, then out of office, in 1911.

He was followed in the leadership by Mr. Bonar Law, and in this connection a strange coincidence struck me when in Canada the following autumn. In that courtly, stately, scholarly Liberal politician, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, there was a visible resemblance to Mr. Balfour the Unionist ; while the new Canadian Premier, Mr. Borden (now Sir Robert), curiously enough, though on the other side of politics, seemed to have much in common with Mr. Bonar Law. Both the leaders of the old school—the one a Liberal, the other a Conservative—are men of mark, men of outstanding individuality. Their successors are men of action, men of business, men of a totally different stamp. Not only are they also somewhat alike in appearance and manner, but these leaders, Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Robert Borden, show a similarity in many other traits. They are good, honest, straightforward, hard-working business men, without the ideals, the poetry, the education, or the charm of their predecessors, but both are virile and strong of purpose. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is of totally different calibre ; tall, with long grey hair, he is more of a poet and a dreamer, more of a courtier of old, with French blood tingling in his veins. Never have I seen anything more charming than his devotion to his sick wife during a visit I paid in Ottawa in the autumn of 1912, as the guest of that dear old man Sir Sandford Fleming, the engineer of the great Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Balfour had lost his Premiership in 1906, and came

Photo by

Mrs James Thompson
Aug 1915

"When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing."

A MENU DESIGNED BY HARRY FURNISS. *(See text p. 8.)*

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back to the House with a very small following. As he walked up the floor the Labour Party jeered and howled him down, a proceeding which continued at odd intervals for days. By sheer force of intellect, by the sheer magnetism of his strong personality, he quietly reinstated his position, and, as Leader of the Opposition, practically proved himself master of the House.

He commands, as does no one else, the respect and attention of all parties. The moment it is known that he is on his feet, men rush in from the Lobby to hear him. He is a casual person, and often when he does not remember a date or a name, calmly turns round and asks one of his colleagues to supply the omission. No one else would dare do such a thing, but Balfour is privileged by all parties. He is a law unto himself.

It was interesting in the early stages of the Great War to note various little tricks of the Leaders. For instance, Mr. Balfour often reached across and took an unused foolscap envelope from the table in front of him, jotted down two or three notes, and then rose to speak.

Mr. Asquith, who never used to have any notes at all, was not known to deliver a single speech in the House or elsewhere, after the war began, without practically reading it word for word. He had elaborate notes written out in his own hand, which he so placed on the high box standing on the table in front of him, that he could read the passages without appearing to glance at them. He is a master at reading and yet appearing not to be doing so, and is able to keep his eye on his audience cleverly, well knowing the power of the human eye in gaining attention and inspiring interest. It is a mighty difficult thing to speak well. More difficult than to collect good matter, and many people fail in their delivery. Every school should teach boys and girls to think and condense those thoughts in essays and speeches. Both outlets formulate ideas and fix deductions.

Mr. Asquith is one of the finest speakers the House has produced in a quarter of a century. He does not think aloud like Balfour; he weighs every word in a lawyer-like way, and is logical from start to finish. A hard man, he utters hard facts, even if he shies at making personal decisions

Mr. Bonar Law, who took Mr. Balfour's place, and was so eminently fitted to play the part vacated by his former chief, was a slow and somewhat stilted speaker when he first entered the House; but he improved steadily month by month, and after war broke out his speeches became remarkable. They were always made without notes of any kind, were short, pithy, and singularly to the point.

Yes, Bonar Law's memory is amazing. After Great Britain had annexed most of the German colonies, he got up in the House of Commons and made a speech for fifty-five minutes without any notes whatever, giving the whole history of these colonies, dates, facts and figures, keeping his sequences perfectly clear—and then sat down.

"I say, Law," a friend said to him, "how on earth did you manage it?"

"It is not the slightest trouble," he replied; "I look the facts and figures up very carefully, and once having got them into my head they stop there. In fact, it would be absolutely impossible for me to make a speech from notes."

Sitting almost next to the Unionist Leader at that time —for the Coalition Government made queer neighbours— was Mr. Asquith with his carefully written out speeches.

'Tis sad indeed that the men who were the backbone of England, the men educated from boyhood to fill important political posts, men whose training in political economy, history and statesmanship were of value to a Parliament having responsibilities in every quarter of the globe, should gradually be lessening in number at Westminster. Since Members began to receive remuneration for their services in 1912, the whole tone of the House has changed. Four hundred pounds a year is not a large sum; it is a mere tip, in fact, to men like Balfour; but it is a good wage to the Socialist and Labour Member, and brings *kudos* with it. Such a Member seldom speaks in the House, but he is the hero of the platform outside. The tub-thumper of the public, he is fêted and feasted by his constituents; and he can have his wife or his daughter to tea on the Terrace.

Rough suits, pipes, and strange manners were noticeable in 1913–14 on the Terrace facing the Thames; top-hats

were in the minority, and frock-coats were relegated to the grave. A few months later khaki uniforms sprinkled the benches. There was as much change in the clothing of the House of Commons as was noticeable in the riders in Rotten Row, who, with their bad horsemanship, slovenly kit, and a go-as-you-please air, have taken the place of the smart men and women of a quarter of a century before.

Clothes may not make the man, but clothes alter his tone. To be well-dressed is to be suitably dressed, not necessarily expensively. Slovenliness of habit is the result of slovenliness of mind; both are harmful.

But to return to Mr. Balfour, it was my happy lot to be associated with him at the first International Eugenics Congress held in London in 1912.

The day before the inaugural dinner, which I had the privilege of engineering, I wrote to him and said that as there was to be a reception afterwards for those from all quarters of the globe who could not find seats at the dinner, the space limiting us to five hundred, we hoped to begin proceedings exactly at 7.30, and it would be very kind of him if he could be there by that hour.

At 7.30 sharp he arrived.

"Here am I to order," he said cheerily. "And what do you want me to do?"

"If you were really nice," was my response, "you would stand between Major Darwin* and myself, and help to receive."

He looked crestfallen. He does not care for publicity.

"All these foreigners and Dominion folk would love to shake you by the hand," I persisted. "So you will be nice, won't you?"

"All right," conceded the tall, thin ex-Premier, looking down on me with his kindly eyes. And there he stood like a lamb, and shook hands with all the passers-by, much to their joy.

"And to whom am I to sit next?" he asked.

"I have put the wife of our most important foreign guest, a Frenchwoman, next to you."

* Our Chairman was the son of the great Charles Darwin, and nephew of Sir Francis Galton, who founded the Science of Eugenics.

"I hope she talks English then, because my French is not so good that it enjoys itself through a whole long dinner with a stranger."

"But it won't be a long dinner," I confidently replied.

"All public dinners are long," he protested; "they generally begin half an hour late, and drag on and on until yet another hour is wasted."

At that moment dinner was announced.

"Amazing," said the late Prime Minister, "only three minutes past the half hour."

"And I hope you will leave the dinner-table at 9.45 sharp, Mr. Incredulity," I retorted.

"Impossible," he laughed, "especially with five hundred people present. Besides, I never knew a public dinner over in time yet."

"We shall see," was my cheery rejoinder.

The French lady did not turn up, so, having arrived at his seat, Mr. Balfour asked the Chairman to send for me. Accordingly, to the top of the table I went—bouquet and all, for Mrs. Darwin had kindly given me, as representing the Entertainments Committee, a lovely bouquet.

"Hurry up the speeches, Toast Master," I whispered in passing that important personage, on whom I had already impressed punctuality. "We *must* leave this hall at 9.45."

Looking round the room and seeing gaps here and there, one reflected how cruel it was of people to accept invitations and then leave empty seats. But fate offered consolation strong enough to brush these minor regrets aside by filling the seats with eager folk only waiting for the chance. The dinner was over to the tick. Mr. Balfour was amazed; he didn't understand it at all.

"Quite simple," I laughed, "it was arranged by a woman."

"Then may a woman arrange every public banquet I go to in future," he merrily replied.

"Why not?" I asked. "We women spend the whole of our lives organizing and arranging, and yet you men absurdly imagine that because you can run an office, you know more about organizing than we do. Woman's life is one long series of organizations."

It was hardly necessary to tell Mr. Balfour this, for he was one of the men in the House who from the first would have given qualified women the vote.

I had the pleasure of introducing to him that night Sir William Ramsay, the great chemist. They had never met before. It was a pleasure to introduce them, but it was a pain afterwards, for once they had started their chat, it seemed interminable. When two clever people get together they are like a magnet and a steel, there is no getting them apart except by brute force, and brute force is hardly polite after a dinner-party of good fellowship. An anxious *queue* was waiting to say a word to the politician who had made the first public speech on the subject of Eugenics; a speech that was reported in many long columns in the papers the next day, and was wired all over the world.

That dinner was the beginning of a new scientific era.

While writing on good speakers, one must not omit to mention a gentleman, and truly a gentleman in every sense of the word—related to our reigning house.

The Marquis of Lorne was an able speaker. He was many things besides, for he was also a poet and an essayist, some of his work being of a high literary standard.

He did not often speak in public, but when he did it was always with a charming voice, an impressive manner, and in the words of a scholarly, high-minded man. I often had the pleasure of meeting him, and was impressed by his gift of never forgetting a face and being always—apparently—pleased to see one.

There was something particularly fascinating about him, and when he died so suddenly in 1914, he was deeply mourned by the country.

On the death of the eighth Duke of Argyll, his gifted father, Lord Lorne succeeded him. A most ancient and historic race is the noble house of Argyll, sprung from the marriage nine centuries ago of Gillespie Campbell with Eva O'Duin, daughter of the Treasurer of Scotland. Almost every one of these centuries had its Campbell of renown, both its eighth and ninth earls suffering execution.

The ninth Duke was a great believer in the *kenspeckle*

actum, to which fact his own eloquent words bear witness.

"How generous," he wrote, "used the old life to be. What happiness and comfort were spread around by the squire or lord. 'The stately homes of England' were very precious to those who lived upon the broad acres, and were proud of the home-made foods and stuffs that fed and clothed them. Arcadias excite envy. In France they have abolished all Arcadias, all large rural properties. Is the country the better? France is an artist losing his eyes by painting too small. The large effects jealousy. '*A bas*' all but individuality and short-lived genius. This cannot be prevented and must be endured, but to have more than one generation in a position to be respected —no. Some people think that the bounteous life of English country-house days was bad for the independence of the poorer neighbours. Is the dependence on local factions and politicians more elevating?"

The Marquis of Lorne's deep interest in Canada originated when he travelled through it twelve years before his assumption of its constitutional rulership, with Queen Victoria's daughter to share his presidency of the Viceregal Court. He became an asset to the Empire.

The Duke's influence was also a factor in the construction of the Uganda railway, vastly important in itself, and later to become a vital feature in the East African portion of the great world war. He worked hard at many useful projects. In addition to his fine poem *Quebec*, he wrote *Passages from the Past*, a *Life of Palmerston*, *Life and Times of Queen Victoria*, and other works. His libretto of the opera *Diarmid* was set to music by Hamish Maccunn.

Most rightly and justly did Lord Rosebery say of His Grace: "He pursued a brilliant, high-minded public career, devoting himself, apart from politics, to the highest and best service of his fellow-men."

Among older Parliamentarians there was no more frequent visitor at our house than the late Sir James Fergusson, who, after emerging almost unscathed from the fierce combats of the Crimean War, and surviving half

a century's strenuous labour in offices of State both at home and abroad, met a violent death in the evening of his days in the great earthquake which occurred during his visit to Jamaica in 1907.

Never was death more sudden or more tragic than his. He was at Kingston with a party on one of the large boats of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, of which he was a director, and had gone ashore to make some purchases. While he was quietly buying a cigar in a shop the earthquake came, and without the slightest warning, the roof of the building descended upon him. It was mainly by his scarf-pin and tie that Mr. Hennicker-Heaton was able to identify his old friend.

No man ever had more delightful or cordial manners than Sir James Fergusson. He was full of tact, was extremely well read, could speak on any subject, and was altogether a charming companion at a dinner-table. When he was coming to dine, it followed as a matter of course that all would enjoy themselves. He was himself a splendid host, and on warm, sunny days was frequently dispensing strawberries and cream to parties of ladies on the Terrace of the House of Commons, or giving dinners at the Cavalry Club.

His was a varied life. Born at Edinburgh in 1832, five years before the Accession of Queen Victoria, he could remember the night-watchman crying the hours, and a journey with his mother in a sedan-chair. In 1851 he entered the army, securing a commission in the Grenadier Guards. He threw himself into his military work with the thoroughness which characterized him all through life. "It is the fashion," he observed in after years, "to say that in those days officers did not know their duty, but I can answer for it, we learned ours well in the battalion in which I served—not only a thorough knowledge of drill and of 'interior economy,' but also of duties in the field, as I found when I went on active service."

He had only been in the army a year when the great Duke of Wellington died (September 4th, 1852), and as one of the officers of Wellington's own regiment—the 33rd—he told me how, at the lying-in-state, he stood as a mourner

beside the coffin resting on a raised catafalque in the hall of Chelsea Hospital. A guard of honour lined the walls, the men leaning on reversed arms—all was in darkness, save the bier, on which a brilliant light was thrown. Crowds poured past it from morning to evening for three days. Then with his regiment Lieutenant Fergusson took part in the great funeral pageant on a chill and damp autumn day, when, parading at half-past six in the morning, the troops were not dismissed till long after dark. Most of the world's armies were represented at the last honours paid to the great General.

In some brief reminiscences which he wrote in his late Parliamentary days, Sir James Fergusson gave a vivid picture of the hardships suffered by the British troops in the Crimean War, through which he fought from first to last.

In the battle of Inkerman James Fergusson was wounded. A friend of his, Colonel Hunter Blair, Member of Parliament for his native county of Ayr, who had come out as second in command of the Scots Fusilier Guards Battalion a fortnight before, was more unfortunate, for he received injuries from which he died. When the news of his death reached Scotland, James Fergusson was nominated as his successor in the Parliamentary representation of the county, and was elected though absent from the country. It was nearly a year before he was able to come home to take his seat, but in the summer of 1855 he began his distinguished political career in a House of Commons led by Lord Palmerston, and in which Disraeli, Cobden, Bright, the late Marquis of Salisbury (as Lord Robert Cecil), and the late Duke of Devonshire were making their reputations.

About 1895, speaking of the need of strenuous work, if success in life is to be attained, Sir James Fergusson remarked :

"I never saw a man work like Lord Salisbury. I was his Under-Secretary at the India Office in '66, and afterwards at the Foreign Office, and his enormous capacity for mastering details, and his clear perceptions of facts, to say nothing of the number of subjects he could fix his grasp on at the same moment, appalled me. I have had much to do with him through life, and I notice this wonder-

ful capability remains, although naturally he is getting an older man, and his health is not so good, so that he cannot accomplish so much. Although he is a great politician and a successful one, I believe he is never so happy as when he is muddling in the realms of chemistry. Now Rosebery could never master a sufficient number of details at the same moment. He is an excellent man and a charming fellow, but this capacity of Gladstone's and Salisbury's, and I may add of Chamberlain's, is not given to everyone. Politics are becoming very arduous. In my youth I represented a county, and at that time one never addressed one's constituents except at election time; now speechifying is ceaseless—every small village expects to see and hear its Member at least once a year, and political life is one continuous treadmill."

I remember an amusing dinner with Sir James one night at the House, when he was Postmaster-General. At that time the dining-rooms were small and stuffy—a series of hot little rooms between a dark passage, and small windows opening on to the Terrace. The dinner was also vile, so that one had to be very anxious to talk to a Member to put up with the inconvenience of the place. There was not even a peg on which to hang a lady's cloak.

We were to have a *tête-à-tête* dinner. I met Sir James in the Postmaster-General's private room (every member of the Cabinet has a private room), and down those horrible stairs we trotted. The descent to the dining-rooms was exactly like the descent to an ordinary kitchen basement. Down we sat. The soup arrived.

Tinkle, tinkle went a bell. That ominous sound which calls a division."

"What a nuisance!" said the Cabinet Minister.

However, there was nothing for it, he and every other Member had to leave. There were one or two male visitors scattered amongst the dining-rooms, and they remained to talk to their disconsolate ladies; but ours was "covers for two," so when one went, the second remained alone. The time of waiting seemed interminable. At last he returned; the waiters became busy again, and the fish was placed before us.

Tinkle, tinkle went the bell.

"Division," roared a voice from the passage.

"This is horrible," exclaimed Sir James. But there was nothing for it, and off he went again.

Another quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, then the Postmaster-General returned, and his warmed-up fish was brought back.

We had got into a pleasant swing of conversation when yet again tinkle, tinkle went that bell.

"Division," roared the voice.

"This is exasperating," cried Sir James; and although as a private Member he might shirk a division, in his official position as Postmaster-General he was not able to do so. To the best of my recollection there were four or five divisions during that dinner. When one remembers that each division took a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, it is easy to see that our dinner-party was not a success, rather a pure fiasco.

A few years later Mr. Lewis Harcourt—otherwise known as "Lulu" Harcourt—conferred an enormous blessing upon the House of Commons. He gently cajoled the Members to adopt two entirely new-fangled notions. The first was a system which enabled a member to vote in three or four minutes. The second improvement, attained by clever management, threw a number of these small dining-rooms into one another, and made a proper room capable of seating a hundred people. More than that, he instituted a better class of dinner, and the 10s. 6d. meal in the Harcourt room, although hardly equal to the price, became quite good.

At the same time, an equally inexpensive meal was arranged for the Labour Members, who for the sum of 1s. could get quite an ample though simple repast.

Sir James Fergusson's name is clearly written upon the cloth, resting upon the top of a palette by Luke Fildes, R.A., underneath which is a caricature of himself by Max Beerbohm, below which again is the name of George Aitchison, the architect of Sir Frederick Leighton's famous house in Kensington. Below him are two American names—Andrew Carnegie, famous for his wealth, and Margaret Deland, famous for her novels.

Photo by

HON. JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS

For some years America's greatest asset in Great Britain

MRS. GAMP.

From a drawing by Harry Furniss.

[*To face p.* 127.

CHAPTER X

A CONSUL, FIVE UNIONISTS AND FIVE MASTERS OF INDUSTRY

I ONCE sat between two of the fattest men in London —it was by chance and at my own table. They both came from distant lands, Sir George Reid, then High Commissioner for Australia, and the late John Griffiths, Consul-General for the United States. Nor did the similarity end there, for they were both proud of their girth, and they were two of the best speakers we ever had in Great Britain.

Sir George Reid was well over sixty when he came to London as Australia's representative. Short, stout, broad-shouldered, a kindly man of shrewd wit and sly humour, he was always ready with a speech, never dull and often illuminating. He ceased to be High Commissioner in the beginning of 1916, and as there was a vacancy for St George's, Hanover Square, at the right moment, this Australian stepped forward and took a seat in the House of Commons. Brilliant Gibson-Bowles, of quiet ways and immaculate clothes, generously stood aside, and Sir George was returned unopposed.

Political in a sense, and yet hardly quite political was John Griffiths, the delightful, chubby, jovial, rotund American.

There was no brighter personality in the metropolis for four or five years, till May, 1914, than John Griffiths. No man spoke more often at public dinners or more ably. He was a dear little cherub-faced personage of strong personality and colossal girth, and his little vanity was his buttonhole. A flower he always wore—a smile he always bore. He was one of the greatest assets the United States ever had in London. He was no stranger in our midst: but a very real friend and a very good American. Ever genial and cheery, ever loyal, he and his wife often dined or lunched

with me, or came in on Thursdays, and I often dined with them, and yet more often he and I met at public dinners.

On December 4th, 1913, the American Luncheon Club in London gave a dinner to their Chairman, John Lewis Griffiths. Lord Charnwood, in proposing the guest of the evening, concluded his speech thus: "Mr. Griffiths is one of the two kindest men that I have ever known in half a century of happy life. I am not going to amplify that statement in any way. I make it deliberately; I make it with knowledge; and, gentlemen, what more can anyone say of any man?"

John Griffiths and his wife were in London during the happiest reign of the Stars and Stripes, when the Whitelaw Reids were entertaining at Dorchester House, and America gave us of her best both in Naval and Military Attachés. The American star shone brilliantly for some years; but as I have written so much on this subject in *America As I Saw It*, further reference must be excluded here.

Turning from diplomacy to politics, several old and intimate friends whose names are upon the cloth have taken an important part on the Unionist side of the House since the great Budget of 1909 was introduced and Socialistic methods of finance were thrust upon the nation. The House of Commons always assembles at 2.45 p.m., with Prayers followed by questions, which usually last an hour. At the time of the Budget everything else was laid aside, and they plunged immediately into interminable discussion —and amendments—on the new Land Taxation. For weeks and weeks the House sat from 2.45 in the afternoon till four, five, six, seven, eight or even nine the following morning.

One of the men who remained conscientiously through those trying hours was Mr. Joynson-Hicks. His position as a lawyer, and his knowledge of finance and land, enabled him to deal with this momentous question, which, in spite of the legislation in Land Taxation, turned out disastrously for Mr. Lloyd George, as it did not bring in the extraordinary and vast sums that the Government anticipated. During those trying sittings about fifty Members of the Opposition were always present, but twice or thrice that number of

Liberals had to be in their places. It was a funny performance. The Members dined in turns about eight o'clock. At midnight they began to go off to supper, and as one went out another came in. As morning dawned at 6 or 7 a.m. they started their third meal in the House, and, again in relays, drifted off to breakfast: ham and eggs being the universal order of the day—I beg the reader's pardon—of the night or dawn.

Joynson-Hicks rose rapidly in the House, and the country owes him a lasting debt for his insistence upon the establishment by Colonel Seeley of aviation schools and aeroplane manufactories in 1912. Never having had anything to do with football himself, but a great deal to do with Lord Kinnaird, whose name is so associated with football, Joynson-Hicks was mysteriously inspired with the idea of raising a football battalion. It quickly grew, and by the spring of 1915 his little army of 1,600 men marched out from the White City, where they had been quartered during the winter, to his pretty country home near Dorking, and there on the slopes of Holmbury Park they pitched their tents and made their camp. Holmbury, now the abode of this ardent politician, was for many years in possession of Leveson-Gower, and Mr. Gladstone was a constant visitor to the house. At this beautiful place in Surrey, where Mrs. Joynson-Hicks entertains so charmingly, they have one of the finest views from the drawing-room windows that I know, opening for miles and miles over the downs.

Peeping backwards to the Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons, I well remember a delightful dinner-party the Emmotts gave in a private room during the Budget time, when he was off duty from 8–10 p.m. I sat next him, and he owned that these long all-night sittings were perfectly killing work. After our little party had been smoking in his own private room he bade us all good-night, cheerily remarking:

"It is 10 p.m. and I am going on duty for my day's job."

We sat a little longer, chatted with Mrs. Emmott, and wickedly retired to our beds happy and contented after the pleasant dinner, while our kindly friend sat in the

Speaker's Chair for nearly twelve long hours. It seemed hardly fair for us to sleep in peace and leave him to such a strenuous time. Shortly afterwards our host was given a Barony and made Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. His wife is one of the daintiest little ladies in the Liberal Party, with a young face and beautiful grey hair, ardently devoted to society and philanthropy and always seen at great gatherings.

In 1911 the Insurance Bill repeated the same story of all-night sittings. Then another old friend, Mr. Worthington-Evans, who had just entered Parliament, came successfully to the front, and was quickly acknowledged the greatest authority on the intricate details of the Bill, which Mr. Lloyd George some say never quite understood himself. He and his handsome wife are one of the tallest couples in London.

Yet another person upon the cloth who was much to the fore in those days is Sir George Younger, probably the most popular man in the House of Commons. His delightful personality, his native Scotch humour, and his knowledge of his own party, make him popular everywhere. He eschews saying anything unkind of his political opponents, is quite a good speaker, and never rises on a subject that he does not know thoroughly. Sir George's rapid attainment of his position is curious; for, although he had long been an ardent politician, he did not enter the House till 1906, and yet barely ten years later he was appointed Chief Unionist Whip for Scotland and given a Baronetcy by the Liberal Party. He is a tremendous worker and absolutely honest, what he thinks he says, and doubtless this cheery honesty is what makes him so much liked on all sides. His letters are excellent—when one can read them!

Sir Griffith Boscawen is yet another Unionist, perhaps best known as a prominent supporter of the Welsh Church: as prominent on his own side as is Mr. Ellis Griffiths on the other. They are very different men, both delightful companions, both lawyers by profession, but there the similarity ends. As these two came to the fore, another old friend not much their senior gradually paled from the political theatre, viz., Robert Yerburgh who sat for about thirty

years for Chester. Ill-health dogged him for years; but he fought it, he hunted, and raised shires; he entertained large shooting-parties (which I thoroughly enjoyed), and he became chairman of many good works and President of the Navy League. A delightful man, with charming manners, and one of the best hosts in London. The Yerburghs gave endless dinners at their lovely house at Kensington Gore, where some exquisite Reynolds and other pictures lined the walls.

Turning from five Unionists, let us glance at five Masters of Industry—Generals, we might almost call them, men commanding brigades of men—whose names are also on the cloths: men who all entered the House of Lords by the track of business, hard work, and the House of Commons—Lord Joicey, Lord Pirrie, Lord Inchcape, Lord Aberconway and Lord Devonport. The last-named proved himself to be one of the strongest men in the country when the dockers made their famous attempt to hold up the trade of the Port of London. It was a difficult job that Lord Devonport accomplished during that great London Strike.

With wonderful promises of increased wages, with lectures upon the wickedness of the capitalist, the paid agitators induced their unthinking followers to strike work. The men themselves were athirst for a holiday. Having paid up their levy week by week, they were clamouring for some sort of return upon it. They were like the old lady who went to the bank, and drew out one hundred and twenty-five pounds, gravely counted up the sum, and then handing it back to the clerk, murmured with a relieved sigh: "I see it is all right, so you can keep it safe for me, please, and perhaps I'll have a little to add to it later on."

"We will consider nothing"—so said Lord Devonport—"until these men go back to work. They have broken faith, and until they keep their bond I will not listen to their demands." What he said he kept to. He feared not a whit the anonymous letters containing threats to shoot him, but walked calmly about the London Docks alone in the midst of the deadliest broil. In appearance he is of medium height, round and robust, with a clear pink skin

and clear blue eyes, the picture of health and vigour. Himself always smartly dressed, he was once horrified at the spectacle of a learned judge who was rash enough to promenade the world in "old clo'." Physically and mentally Lord Devonport is a strong man, worthy of the name of a leader of industry; also a man who passionately loves his garden and is a notable shot.

Another enormous employer of labour is Lord Joicey, Chairman and Director of the two largest colliery companies in Durham, who, beginning life as a Radical, developed as time went on more Unionist proclivities, much to the perturbation of his old Party. He is short and thin, with a pointed grey beard which gives to his face an effect of widening all the way upwards. He has a beautiful daughter.

Lord Joicey regards patents with an austere eye. "Ninety-nine patents out of a hundred," he declares, with the fervour of one often bitten in his earlier days, "are unsafe." Through his great business brain and general ability he has gradually become one of the richest men in the land, with a peculiar and personal knowledge of his jobs. Lord Joicey's sons, like Sir Alexander Henderson's—now Lord Faringdon—are nearly all in the Army. The latter is one of the most remarkable men financially in England, and is Chairman of the Great Central Railway Company.

Mr. Hugh Drummond is Chairman of the South Eastern Railway, which accomplished such wonders in moving troops 1914–15. Sir Frederick Green is Chairman of the Orient Steamship Company. Sir John Brunner is head of one of the greatest chemical industries in the world. Lord Strathcona, the late J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Sir Clifford Cory, M.P., Chairman of a vast coal enterprise; the late Lord Furness, Chairman of the Furness Line; Sir Weetman Pearson (Lord Cowdray), Sir John Denison Pender, Chairman of the Eastern Telegraph Company; Mr. Hugh Allan, Chairman of the Allan Line of Steamers, the late Lord Inverclyde, Chairman of the White Star Line—to one and all of these delightful friends who have signed the cloth and their charming wives I owe many pleasant hours, not only for their hospitality at entertainments in London, but equally for hospitality at shooting-parties or other house-

parties in their beautiful country homes, or on yachting expeditions. How very kind friends can be.

Lord Pirrie is another of the great workers of the land. At the age of fifteen he entered Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding establishment, became a partner in 1847, and forty years later was not only Chairman of the Company, but practically was himself the firm of Harland and Wolff, controlling thousands of men and building some of the greatest ships in the world. No one can think or speak of Lord Pirrie without conjuring to view his perfectly delightful wife. In truth the pair are never apart, and if he chances to go from London to Belfast with a view to a dozen hours' work in his native town, his devoted spouse is sure to accompany him. He bought Witley Park, near Godalming, from Whitaker Wright, and built on to the house one of the largest drawing-rooms in England.

To pass from a great shipbuilder to a great shipowner, Lord Inchcape (Sir James Lyle Mackay) was not only Chairman of the British India Steam Navigation Company, but in 1914 became Chairman of the P. and O., which Sir Thomas Sutherland had developed into the biggest shipping company in the world. Strong, forceful, Scotch, he is married to a pretty little Scotch wife; for they were both born within sight of the Inchcape Rock, whence came the title he chose on entering the Upper House. An untiring worker Lord Inchcape has always been, and yet ever genial and pleasant, no matter how strenuous or how long may be the hours of labour that have claimed him.

It is curious, by the way, to note that nearly all these great Masters of Industry disapproved of the Insurance Act. These men, who employed so many thousands of labourers, all seemed under the impression that the Act invited malingering and served no good purpose.

There are two view-points of life. The one which succeeds is the person who does all he can to make himself valuable, and always does a little more than he is paid for.

The other one does as little as possible for the salary received and muddles through, a dismal failure to the end of life and missed by no one.

It is always that extra bit that counts most.

CHAPTER XI

MORE STAGELAND

SARAH BERNHARDT is surely by far the greatest actress of the day. She never made a failure, and she generally achieves a triumph.

During my visit to Paris to the late President of Mexico and Madame Diaz in 1912—after he had left his country, so soon to fall to destruction—M. Bunau-Varilla, the proprietor of *Le Matin*, invited me to dine and go to the theatre. I had already been to several plays, when he asked: "Have you seen *Paolo and Francesca?*"

"No," I replied.

"Then I shall take you there. Bernhardt's performance is magnificent, and she will not play much more *parcequ'elle a perdu les jambes.*"

The statement that Sarah Bernhardt had lost her legs seemed so extraordinary that I asked him to explain.

"She is now sixty-seven," he said, "and as impressive an actress as ever; but she cannot stand, and you will be interested to see that she plays the whole of this great part sitting, resting or half-kneeling. She never stands alone and declaims in the middle of the stage as she used to do in the past, *parcequ'elle a perdu les jambes.*"

"It must be a horrible performance," I remarked.

"Not at all. It is so clever that if I had not told you you would never notice her inability to stand." He was perfectly correct. No one could possibly have noticed it. At that time she was supposed to be suffering from rheumatism; but three years later, to the surprise and regret of everyone, poor Sarah Bernhardt had a leg amputated right up to the thigh. Yet even from her bed of suffering

she was signing contracts to give recitations and performances in England, France and America. The pluck of it.

Without doubt, the finest of all Madame Bernhardt's impersonations was that of Floria Tosca. Indeed, the play of *La Tosca* seems to have been written to display the entire depth, height and range of the great actress's emotional powers; and with Coquelin's support as Baron Scarpia she superadded his inspiration to her own. Never has she more passionately impressed an audience than in the famous act at Mario's secret villa, where the torture scene is enacted and whither she is tracked down by Scarpia and his police. It was my hap to see her first performance of the famous part in London. The time was July, 1901, and the occasion somewhat singular, for up to the very moment of the curtain's rising she had been in a fearful rage—on our account.

In point of fact, a friend had taken Box B, and when Madame Sarah reached the theatre it was to inform the manager that she had already given away Box B to some of her own friends.

Tableau—one of fury.

With the vehement impassioned eloquence of an outraged and great artist, Madame declined to utter a line of her part until the injury had been made good. How the agonized manager supported the *jumeau* and *sleeper* of the affair we never knew, but its final issue was the transference of a certain group from the actress's box to the stalls and our own tranquil establishment in the wrath-begetting Box B.

Funnily enough, considering her affection for our land and people, she has never learnt to speak English with anything like fluency.

It so chanced that this storm had been the sequel to another tragic upset. During the inspection of properties earlier in the day it had been discovered that Madame's shoes to match a particular costume used in one of the acts were missing. No one dared to break the truth to her—that they had been left behind in Philadelphia where she had last played the part—and all day long

distracted people were rushing about London in the endeavour to get another pair made before the evening performance. Only just in time was the feat accomplished, for the shoes were not delivered at the theatre till 9 p.m., and not before Madame had torn her hair in despair on discovering the loss of her footwear.

Think of it, Madame Bernhardt used to receive four times the salary of the great Coquelin—four times—and according to report she made £40,000 in that farewell American tour. "Report" usually lies, and this report may be no exception.

Her son Maurice and her pretty granddaughters had crossed from America with me in the *Oceanic* in March, 1901. A fine, tall, broad-built man, Maurice was quite unlike the little, dainty mother, who was so enormously proud of him. I crossed for the third time in this magnificent ship at Christmas, 1904, when after an awful passage we reached the mouth of the Mersey and were held up for sixty hours by such a fog that we were unable to land. That was the last trip the ship made without Marconi apparatus; we were almost given up for lost, and were yet near the landing-stage. For some years the fastest steamer afloat, the *Oceanic* was lost on the North coast of Scotland in the autumn of the first year of the war.

No one on the English stage has had a more successful career than Sir George Alexander. He tried medicine, tried business, and in 1879 made his first bow before the footlights.

In 1891 he took the St. James's Theatre, and began a series of successes that lasted over a quarter of a century. He went through the mill, worked his way from the bottom to the top, and being possessed of an exceptionally clear business head, made fewer mistakes than many others in his profession.

Sir George and Lady Alexander give charming Sunday luncheons, which have acquired quite a reputation. They are generally attended by sixteen or twenty people, all more or less interesting. I remember a few days after the production of *A Man of Forty* going to one of these

and enjoying myself vastly. They placed me on George Alexander's right, and Mrs. Alfred Watson was on his left, J. M. Barrie sitting next to her, and then Herbert Waring. Mr. Alfred Watson, the editor of the *Badminton Magazine*, was on my other side. Up to that time he was unknown to me, though I had written a good deal for the *Badminton*. Business and friendship must ever remain apart.

Sir George Alexander makes a delightful host—always affable, and so much at his ease that everyone else feels at home with him. His blue-grey eyes and dark lashes beneath his iron-grey hair are charming. He looks romantic even if he is prosaic.

When they leave the theatre, George Alexander, Arthur Bourchier, Fred Terry, Herbert Waring, Cyril Maude and du Maurier like to shake the dust of the stage from their feet. None of them care for constant society, but infinitely prefer their own fireside. They become satiated with publicity, and long for a country cottage and outdoor life. Not only do they long for it, but through most week-ends they get it. From the last train on Saturday night to the afternoon of Monday they spend their time golfing, lounging and resting, away from the madding crowd.

Lionel Monckton was also lunching at the Alexanders', and bitterly complaining of the difficulty of getting royalties for his musical plays from abroad. J. M. Barrie joined in and owned he had never got a penny for *The Little Minister* from America, or for *A Window in Thrums*; indeed, it was not till *Sentimental Tommy* appeared in 96 that he ever received anything from the United States. So both *The Little Minister* and *Pinafore* were played over there without paying any royalties to their brilliant but badly treated authors. Even now copyright and its laws are like the maws of a whale for sucking up royalties.

It is a lovely house which Sir George and Lady Alexander occupy in Pont Street, the great attraction being a large light, airy dining-room, running out towards Cadogan Square.

"I dine every day at five o'clock," he told me, "and I do crave for and love the daylight, having so much artificial light to contend with at the theatre."

One February night in 1906, just after the brilliant success of Pinero's play *His House in Order*, the Vagabond Club gave a dinner to George Alexander, their President on the decease of Sir Henry Irving. I was asked to reply for the "Ladies," but refused, as I always do such requests. At the last moment before the announcement of dinner, trepidation was in the air because no one had been found to respond to that toast, which George Grossmith, sen., was to propose.

"You really must do it," said the actor-singer-musician.

"No," was my insistent reply. "I have come to enjoy myself, and refuse to be made miserable during the whole dinner and go hungry from the table by concentrating my mind upon a speech."

"Then what is to be done?" he asked.

"Why not reply yourself?"

"Ridiculous!" he said. "I am to propose the toast."

"That is just it; it would be ridiculous, and therefore worth doing."

He stared at me, then exclaimed, "By Jove, I'll do it."

When the appointed time came he got up and made a very amusing speech proposing the "Ladies." He thereupon sat down. Then the Toast-master tapped on the table, and in sonorous voice roared forth, "Pray, silence for Mr. George Grossmith."

Everyone looked surprised, for they had just heard Mr. George Grossmith, and thought it a mistake.

Up rose Gee-Gee.

"There are two charming ladies present," he said solemnly, "Mrs. Alec-Tweedie and beautiful Miss Lilian Braithwaite—both of whom are perfectly capable, and yet refuse to return thanks for their own sex. Therefore I—a mere man—have been asked by the former, as the *handsomest* man in the room, and by the latter, as the most *beautiful* man present, to do so myself on their behalf; and I should like to preface my remarks by saying how sincerely I congratulate Mr. George Grossmith on the most able and excellent manner in which he proposed their —I mean your—no, I mean *our*—health. His speech was an amusing piece of oratory which we women most

cordially appreciate." And so the speaker went on and on, and his reply to his own toast as a lady for the ladies was the hit of the evening.

George Grossmith was always funny, and his death, like Corney Grain's, left a blank in London drawing-rooms. After he retired and went to live at Folkestone he wrote me the following in his own large handwriting:

"Folkestone.
"March 10th, 1910.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am commanded by His Imperial Majesty George Grossmith to say that nothing will ever induce His Worship to step his Imperial foot in London again unless you use your mighty power to rid London of the presence of motor vehicles, and attendant effluvia. Do that, and His Highness the Honorary Captain of the Folkestone Territorials will grace your hired piano with his presence. His Imperial Highness, who is also Alderman and Councillor of the Beach Bathing Machines, will be very pleased if you will come down to his Peck-ham mansion and talk over old times,

"Yours very truly,
"M. GIBSON,
"Comptroller of the Household.

"P.S.—Hullo! Mrs. Alec. Are you there? Right oh! My love!!!!

"GEE-GEE."

At the dinner I had not been the only silent sinner, and my fellow-offender, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, tells a funny little story of the way people have of claiming acquaintance with an actress. In one play she covered her black hair with a huge red wig. Her mother was leaving the stalls after witnessing a performance when a lady and gentleman in front of her chanced to be discussing Miss Braithwaite.

"Yes, she is pretty," said the lady, "and her hair is glorious, but I wonder if it is her own."

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"How do you know?" inquired the lady.

"Because I often take her out to supper," the gentleman gaily assured her.

The poor mother, knowing he was an absolute stranger to her daughter, fumed, but could say nothing.

Miss Braithwaite's relations are all in the Army, the Church or the Diplomatic Service. She always works very hard, and has a delightful home, as dainty as herself. Within a stone's throw of one another live Miss Braithwaite and Mr. W. K. Haselden, and Mr. Charles Jerningham, the brilliant *Marmaduke* for a quarter of a century on *Truth*.

On a later occasion, speaking of the theatrical stories one reads in the paper of thousands of pounds' worth of actress's jewellery being stolen, Lilian Braithwaite laughed and said:

"I have never had any blood-curdling adventures, and my theatrical career has had the usual amount of very hard work, good parts, bad ones, success and failure, unexpected pleasure and hideous disappointment; but with the exception of the time when I played *The Miracle* there has been no unique happening!"

Her performance of the Madonna in *The Miracle* was wonderful. The German lady who played the part had to go back to her own land shortly after the opening (1912), and Miss Braithwaite, with her beautiful face, was asked to replace her. It seems easy enough to sit still on a chair and just remain quiet, but it is the most agonizing thing in the world to sit as quiet as a statue—barely to wink an eyelid for an hour at a time. It is veritable torture: pins and needles, cramp and stiffness take possession of every limb. More than that, the concentration of the eyes upon one spot produces a curious hypnotic effect which is tiring to exhaustion. Lilian Braithwaite had undertaken the part, and Lilian Braithwaite went through with it; but nothing in life caused her greater physical agony than these two performances a day, which lasted for many months.

One of her greatest impersonations was the English lady in the Chinese play *Mr. Wu*. The play set all London thinking and talking; some denied that Englishmen behaved badly in China; others denied the power of the

Chinese official; they discussed the impossibility of the Chinese girl in high life ever meeting the English undergraduate; but, anyway, the play was an enormous success and the acting of Matheson Lang and Miss Braithwaite a thing to be remembered.

On one of my Thursdays Miss Braithwaite was sitting chatting in the drawing-room when the door opened and the Chinese Minister was announced. Having heard that the Chinese were particularly indignant at some of the situations in the play, I diplomatically led His Excellency to the inner room, and after a minute of conversation, told him who was there, asking him if he had seen the play.

"No, I have not," he replied.

"That very charming actress in the next room is playing the English lady," I said, "I wonder if it would interest you to meet her?"

He paused for a moment, looked hard at me, and said:

"We do not altogether approve."

"It is only a play," I answered.

"Yes, yes, I know it is only a play, and of course I should like to meet Miss Braithwaite."

Accordingly, they were introduced—and became fast friends, so much so, that she persuaded him to go and see a representation a few days later.

How often the personal note tends to wider inquiry, and sometimes leads to modified opinions, just as dullness is sometimes sharpened by precocity.

An exceptionally dull man had to be included among the guests at a certain dinner-party. It seemed quite impossible to find anyone to pair off with him, because the women were so bright, and the hostess did not want to bore them by the infliction of his dullness for a whole evening, so she conceived the brilliant idea of letting her young daughter of seventeen come to table for the nonce for this formal affair. All went merrily.

After the dinner, the mother said to the girl: "What in the world did you find to talk about to A. B. C.? I never saw him so bright before."

"Oh, he was charming, we talked about everything under the sun."

"So I gathered; but how did you manage it?"

"When we went down to dinner I told him I was much obliged to him for coming to dine, as he enabled me to join the party. He smiled and looked pleased, and then I continued, 'You were given to me because you were supposed to be the dullest man in the room, and it did not matter if I was bored.' The idea evidently tickled him, for he laughed delightfully, and we became great friends."

One day in March, 1899, I was sitting in the Royal box at the Haymarket—that box as big as a room, with a staircase *inside* it, two seats on the landing and six or eight below, and beyond, the airy private room of Royalty in which the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward VII.) smoked between the acts and received his friends and the actors.

"In that box opposite," remarked Cyril Maude, who had run in to see us between the acts, "I met my wife at the end of the eighties. It was a cold night, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, putting my fur coat across her shoulders as we sat back in the box and talked between the acts—mark the word *between*, for we were both of us on the stage professionally, and not even love at first sight would have induced us to talk once the curtain was up."

"Is it not strange Cyril should be manager of the very theatre in which he and I exchanged our first greetings?" chipped in Winifred Emery.

To my remark, "Yes, and you seem always successful," she replied:

"Mr. Harrison and Cyril are so clever at choosing plays. That is, after all, the great art, you know: you can always get people to act—although the parts may often be uncongenial to them—the plays themselves are the real difficulty."

After the performance, General Webber, C.B., an uncle of Cyril Maude's and also an old friend of mine—who, in addition to being a distinguished electrical engineer, served in many campaigns, from the Mutiny in '57 to the Nile Expedition of '84–5—took us on to "Prince's" to supper. Mrs. Maude, looking young and pretty, was quietly dressed in black; she wore neither paint nor jewels, and never even

looked round, and yet people kept pointing her out to one another. What a dreadful thing it is to be a famous actress, unable to enjoy a moment's privacy; one really was sorry for her. Cyril Maude, who had been wallowing in paint, was now clean and tidy; though he remarked, "I never feel clean after a heavy make-up until I have shaved. It is nothing to put the paint on, but I loathe taking it off, especially round the eyes and ears; and the worst of it is fate so often ordains that I should play old men's parts, which always require a lot of make-up. Thank God I'm short-sighted, and consequently never see my audience, and never know whether the house is full or empty. . . . I like parts with lots of pathos best; that is why I love the *Golden Wedding*."

He was right, for never was he better than in that gem of a curtain-raiser, or in *Grumpy*.

Cyril Maude, born in 1862, was educated at Charterhouse and made his first appearance on any stage in school theatricals. In those old days he had an excellent treble voice, and back numbers of the *Carthusian* depict him as making his singing *début* at a school concert in 1876. He is the oldest son of Captain Charles Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Maude. Beyond question his thoroughness has always been as conspicuous as his talent; it extends to the minutest detail, to such an effective trifle as the amazingly realistic cold in the head which afflicted the semi-idiotic Lord Bapchild in *The Manœuvres of Jane*. Cyril Maude's playing of that seemingly flat and stupid part, which in ordinary hands must have bored us to tears, had a touch of real genius.

One of the best things on the cloth is a portrait of Sir Johnson Forbes-Robertson by T. Blake Wirgman. It is an exact likeness of this brilliant impersonator of Shakespearean rôles. No one ever had a more varied career upon the stage than the artist-actor Forbes-Robertson. Tremendous successes, and then years of *resting*, to be followed by more brilliant times, culminating in his long, successful tour in America. A delightful man: so artistic, so refined, so cultivated, and withal so genuine. His

splendid voice and refined bearing have an elevating effect on all his surroundings, and the stage was the better for such a personality living his life in its midst. He is a great actor and a great gentleman, and his wife one of the most beautiful women of the day.

Sir Johnson Forbes-Robertson's signature is next his own head, surrounded by Dr. Ginsberg's name and the following words in Chaldean:

"Truth abides, falsehood perishes."

Also near by are the names of General Sir Charles Euan-Smith, Sir William Ramsay, with a sketch of the little retort in which he discovered argon and helion, Sir W. B. Richmond, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Eva Moore, Sir Joseph Swan and the Swan electric lamp, General Sir Thomas Fraser, Princess Marie Louise de Bourbon, Egerton Castle, Professor Blackie, Sir Douglas Mawson, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, dancing on the little head of Sir Samuel Evans, sketched by himself, while below is the strong signature of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, directly on top of that of Dr. Russell Wakefield (Bishop of Birmingham) and Sir Charles Mathews, the Public Prosecutor.

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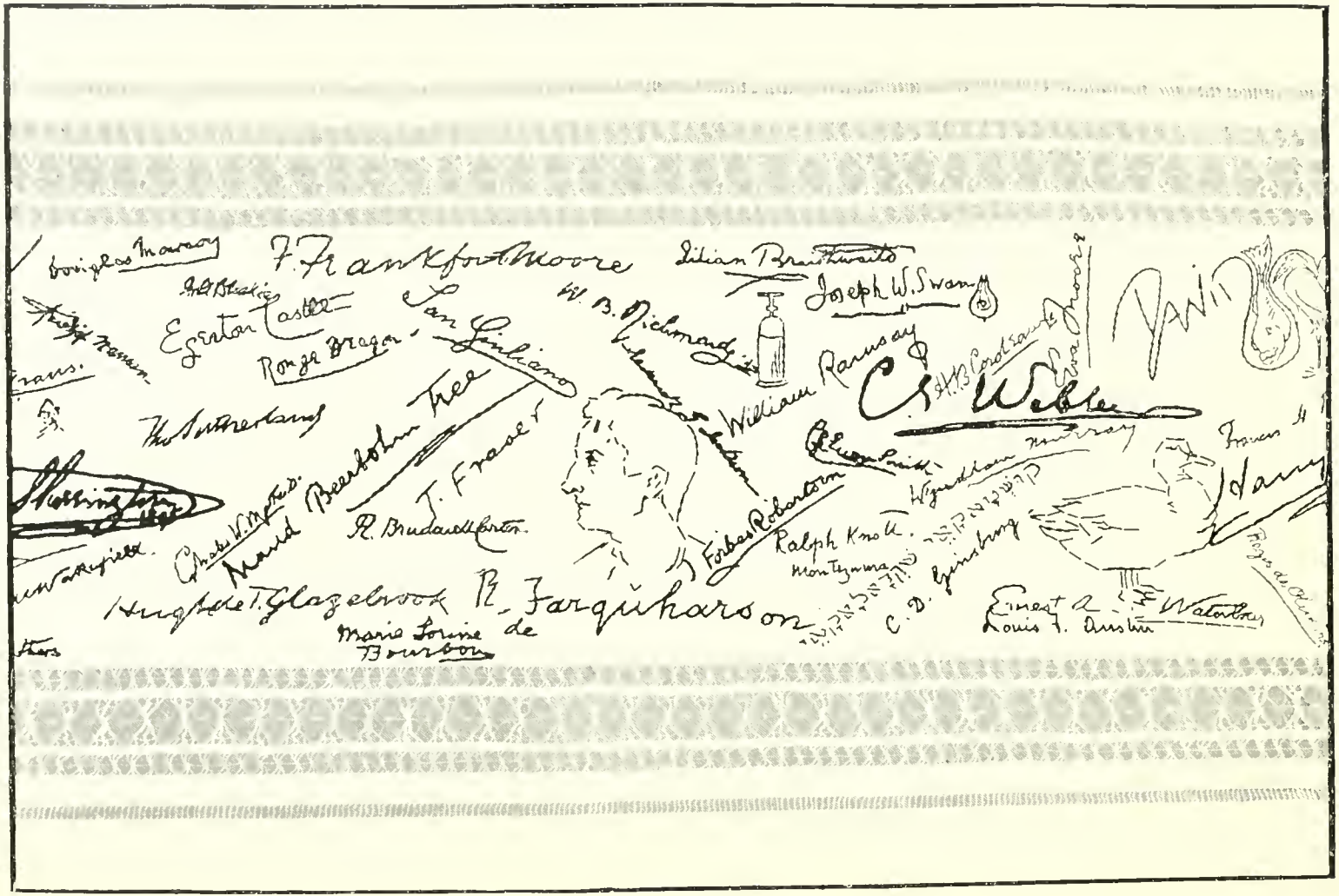


CLOTH V.

[To face p. 145.

CHAPTER XII

DOWNING STREET AND THE LAW

"DOWNING STREET and the Law" is quite a suitable title, as so many politicians are lawyers. In fact, the law finds promotion in politics; but there are exceptions, and diplomats also find their way into the House of Commons.

These various official residences are all old-fashioned and dingy, yet they have their charm and are landmarks in the history of the country.

Admiralty House is not a particularly imposing place, although, once inside, the visitor finds several handsome rooms, which lend themselves to a wedding, such as one in 1911, when pretty Miss Jekyll, daughter of Sir Herbert Jekyll, was married to Francis McLaren, M.P., son of Lord Aberconway, and the reception was given by the then First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. McKenna, whose wife was a sister of the bride.

Dover House—from which I have witnessed so many "Troopings of Colours," under the wing of Sir John Struthers (Secretary of Scotch Education)—stands back from the main road in Whitehall between the Horse Guards and the Treasury, and derived its name from its one-time owner, Lord Dover. In fact, its various names have all found their source in its proprietors. Built in the eighteenth century, it was bought by the first Lord Melbourne, father of the great statesman of early Victorian days, who was born there, when it was known as Melbourne House. But in 1787 it was sold to one of George III.'s sons, the Duke of York, for twelve thousand guineas; its Royal purchaser then called it York House, and added to it the grand

staircase and domed entrance-hall. Lord Melbourne returned to it in 1794, and sold it again to George Agar Ellis, Lord Dover, a man of great literary and artistic renown, who died in 1833.

Near by great military reviews took place in days of peace at the Horse Guards Parade, and in days of war thousands of recruits joined the colours ; across the road the ducks quacked on the water in St. James's Park, and the herons and the owls and the endless bird-life sounded like a veritable aviary within sight of Downing Street.

From an official residence to a Quaker Meeting House seems a far cry, and yet not so far sometimes.

Once, while driving in a hired fly along a Buckinghamshire lane, having to show a couple of friends Penn's old Meeting-House, we arrived at this famous, simple and picturesque spot. While two of us went in to view the original Quaker stronghold, the third remained outside. When we returned, the latter was laughing, with an amused twinkle in her eye.

" I must tell you a joke," she said. " While you were both away I asked the driver who lived in that place hard by."

" ' Oh,' replied the countryman, ' he is the man what hangs the chaps.'

" ' Oh, no,' I said, thinking it must be some sort of public hangman to whom he was referring. ' I mean who lives in that pretty place we have just passed ? '

" ' That's 'im,' he persisted, ' what 'angs the chaps.'

" ' What is his name ? ' I asked.

" ' Can't remember,' he replied, ' but he is celebrated for 'anging 'em, anyway.' "

Thus it was that the late Mr. Ritchie—then Home Secretary and afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer—who became Lord Ritchie some years later on his retirement from the Cabinet, was known to a jokul of his village ; another proof that Mohammed is not a prophet in his own country. This incident of the time when Mr. Ritchie was Chancellor of the Exchequer reminds me of a party given at his official residence, No. 11, Downing Street. I had been dining with Sir Anderson and Lady Critchett to meet the

Speaker of the House of Commons and Mrs. Gully, and we all met again at the Ritchies'.

It is curious to note how those two ugly old red and dirt-begrimed houses are tucked away in Downing Street—the one for the Prime Minister, the other for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. How imposing they look, and yet how official, if plain dreariness can be called official. Nothing could possibly be more inconvenient for a party—and officials sometimes give parties—for the position of the two houses in a *cul-de-sac* obliges carriages to go in and out by the same way, and when there is an entertainment the place is chaotic. Yet it would be so easy to do away with the few steps at the side of the Chancellor's dining-room and Whips' rooms, opposite the Foreign Office, and make a sloping drive down into St. James's Park.

Downing Street was so called after Sir George Downing, a Secretary to the Treasury, who died in 1634.

When James II. fled from England he was accompanied by Lord Lichfield, who had been his Master of the Horse, and who owned one of the houses in Downing Street. This, of course, was confiscated, and became the property of the Crown. On the accession of George I. it was given to Baron Bothmar, his Hanoverian Minister, for life. George II. wished to present the house on Bothmar's death to Sir Robert Walpole, but the Minister would only accept it for the period that he was First Lord of the Treasury, hence it became an adjunct to that office in perpetuity.

This continued the only official residence in Downing Street for three-quarters of a century, but by degrees Government acquired more property, and the Foreign Office, Colonial Office, and a house for the Chancellor of the Exchequer were established there.

Most of the old houses in the locality were swept away during the sixties of the nineteenth century, but even in the midst of the huge Government Offices of the present day it is not difficult to let one's fancy picture the quaint little street, "the sweet corner," of which Horace Walpole writes; and memory, flitting to and fro, peoples it with the forms of brilliant statesmen, diplomats, naval and military heroes, aye, hard-working pioneers of Empire from

the very ends of the earth, who during the last two hundred years have made their bit of history and passed on to the Great Beyond.

The hall of "No. 11," Downing Street is small, but behind it are some charming rooms used as library, breakfast-room and dining-room. The suite of drawing-rooms, of which there are several, is neither imposing nor grand, but extremely comfortable. On the left, at the head of the stairs, stood Mrs. Ritchie, on the evening of her party, just inside the door, and on the opposite side of it stood her spouse. The late Viscount Goschen, a previous Chancellor of the Exchequer, was there, and smiling down upon the scene was a picture of Cobden.

The Ambassadors—of whom there were eight in London, until Japan was introduced—all wore their Orders, and were announced as "The French Ambassador," "The Spanish Ambassador," and so on, thus entirely losing their identity of name. The officers wore their medals, and there was a general air of gaiety about the scene.

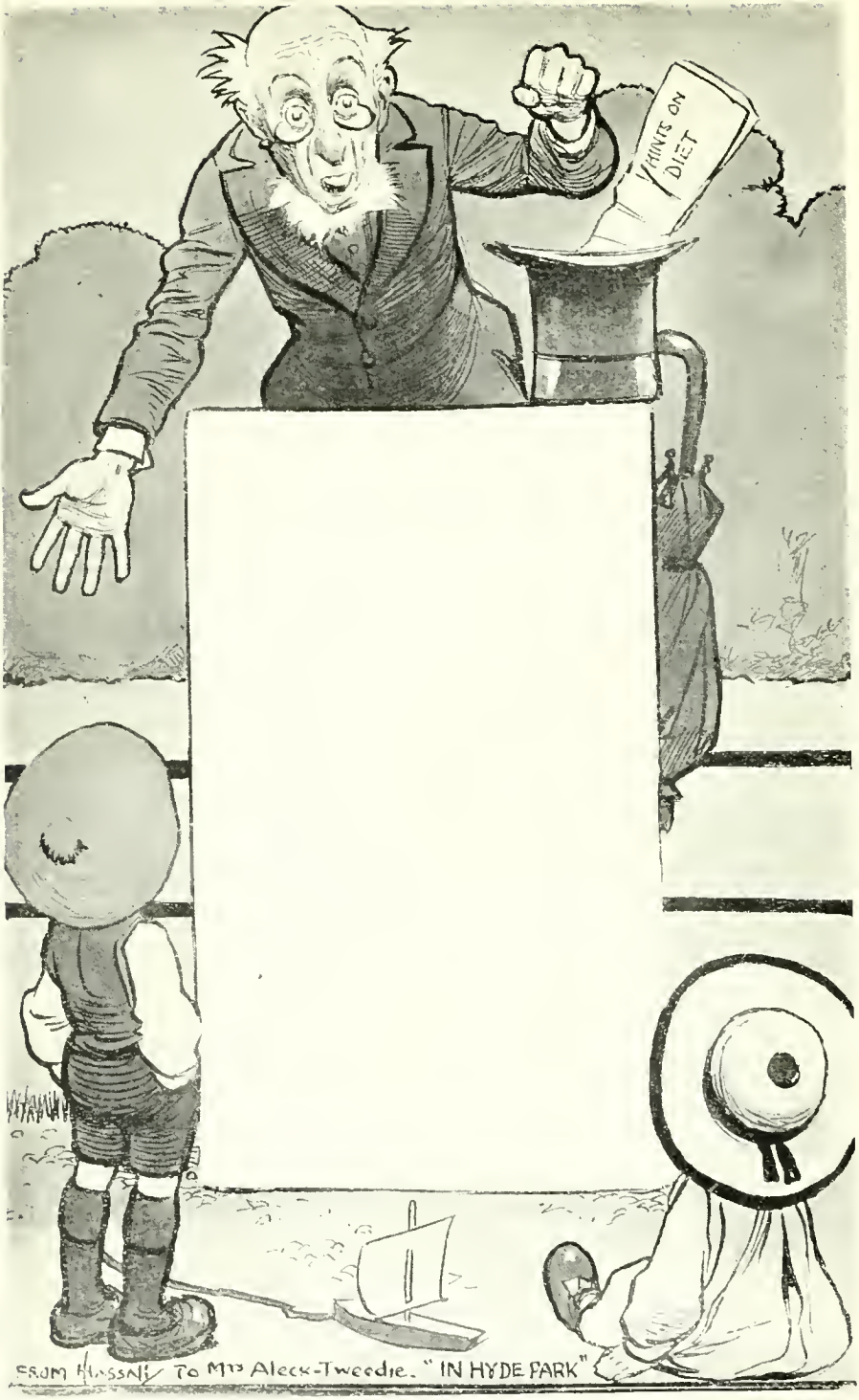
In these same rooms Mr. Lloyd George afterwards lived for some years.

Next door is "No. 10," yet more important, perhaps, because it is the home of the Prime Minister of England. What a list of well-known names in the world's history are conjured up in that category: Pitt, Fox, Wellington, Canning, John Russell, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Salisbury, Gladstone, Balfour, Asquith.

The Prime Minister's house is much the same as its twin neighbour. One's first impression is that of stone flags and white-washed walls; long passages with distant doors, and a particularly unimpressive old-fashioned staircase.

Twenty-one years after the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, who occupied "No. 10" for so long, I happened to drive over to Hughenden from Chalfont St. Giles. On the grave of the great Disraeli lay one solitary little wreath of primroses. That was all. Only twenty-one years, and the man who was Prime Minister, had lived and entertained in this country village, who had indeed made Hughenden celebrated, had practically been forgotten.

Edward Carson
June 1915



DESIGN FOR MENU BY JOHN HASSALL.

Shortly after the publication of "Hyde Park, its history and romance."

(See text p. 9.)

[*To face p.* 140.

How soon a hero passes out of remembrance even in his old home. Twenty-one years, and yet only one wreath, and that a small one, from all his friends and tenants, decorated his grave.

London behaved better; the statue was, as usual, bedecked with flowers, and a year or two later "Primrose Day" was in full favour, when those who knew him not but admired his ideal of "Peace with Honour" sported the pale-faced bloom.

Hughenden has a quaint little church with nine glass windows in commemoration of the great statesman. There is also a tablet on the wall, with no pretension to beauty, placed by Queen Victoria in expression of her love and regret at the loss of the politician who had won her highest confidence.

Turning to another politician, this time a great lawyer, no man ever burned his candle more assiduously at both ends than Sir Edward Clarke, who concluded his busy day in his Chambers and the Courts—as hard a day as that of any lawyer in the four Inns—by sitting far into the night in the House of Commons. Nor was he a mere onlooker. Entering the House as Member for Southwark in 1880, he quickly made his voice heard in debate in a fashion so invaluable to his party that in six years he became Solicitor-General, a post he held for another six years. His constitution appeared to be of iron, for hard work seemed to agree with him. Broad, short, stout, with grey mutton-chop whiskers, Sir Edward was a prominent personality in London society for half a century. A man of the people, he not only rose rapidly to be a great lawyer, an author on law and psalms, but Solicitor-General, and if he had not left his political party he would probably have become Lord Chancellor. A good speaker, a swift shorthand writer, and generous almost to a fault.

At the age of seventy-four he drilled in a military uniform. In truth a grand old man (see illustration page 146).

Another distinguished Law Officer of the Crown whose name decorates the cloth is Sir John Lawson Walton, who

was Attorney-General in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government from 1905 to 1908. He died suddenly when fifty-five years of age, and the country lost a man who seemed clearly marked for the Woolsack.

Like Sir Edward Clarke, Sir John Lawson Walton was a great believer in hard work, and never spared himself. When he took a brief into Court, he was not likely to be found tripping through insufficient knowledge of his subject. While quite young at the Bar he was junior to Lord Russell of Killowen in a libel action which arose out of a speech by the Earl of Durham at the Gimcrack Club. The feature of the case was the close acquaintance of Lord Russell's junior with sporting affairs; there seemed to be nothing of which he was ignorant. Yet he was known not to be a racing man; in fact, he had never been on a racecourse. Some one asked him afterwards to explain the phenomenon.

"Oh," he replied, "I've been studying *Ruff's Guide*."

And very hard he must have studied it.

In Court, Lawson Walton was imperturbable. He appeared for Sir Charles Hartopp in the famous Hartopp divorce case, and in his speech referred to the close friendship of two men, which, he said, reminded him of Jonathan and—— "Jonathan and——" he repeated, and then stopped. Most men would have been disconcerted, but not so this one. Tapping Sir Charles Hartopp on the shoulder, he asked:

"Who *was* the other man?"

Sir Charles replied, and Mr. Walton went on without a smile:

"David and Jonathan."

Sir W. S. Gilbert, always fascinated with the table-cloths, which contained the names of so many people he knew, once suddenly espied Lawson Walton's round, bold signature.

"Ah! you know him?" he said. "I wish he had been here to-night. I want to meet him as a friend. He defended me in a case. I was much interested in the trial of a friend of mine which he was defending—his examination was so clever, his manner so charming, and

capacity for dealing with the difficult subject so-delicate that he impressed me immensely, and I left the Court mentally vowing that if ever I wanted to be defended in any case, Lawson Walton, who had lost his case, should be my man. Two or three years passed, and when I had this case of my own coming on, I immediately employed Walton. The jury did not agree in our case, but I was delighted with the way he conducted it, and, indeed, wrote and told him so after it was finished."

John Lawson Walton might have claimed to be John Burns's political godfather, for he was to have stood as Liberal Candidate for Battersea in 1892, but stepped aside for Mr. Burns, who had played a prominent part in the settlement of the great dock strike just brought to an end. At that time John Burns proclaimed three hundred pounds a year was enough for any man, but a few years later he pocketed three thousand pounds a year without any particular demur, and did so for many years afterwards.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WOOLSACK AND TWO JUDGES

STANLEY BUCKMASTER'S rise was meteoric. A strong personality, married to the daughter of my father's solicitor, Mr. Lewin, of Wimpole Street, his indomitable pluck was early rewarded by professional luck.

One never forgets a kindly action, and Mr. Buckmaster—as he then was—once rendered me a great service. It was in 1910, when I wanted to dispute a will. Law is expensive. I was working hard to augment a small income at the time, so I hardly dared start on a lawsuit.

"Who is the greatest authority on this sort of thing?" I asked.

"Stanley Buckmaster," was the general reply.

So to my old friend Stanley Buckmaster I wrote, and well I remember his charming letter telling me to send the will to him, and he would give me his professional opinion for what it was worth.

"We are both professionals," he wrote, "and it is always a pleasure to help in such cases."

When the Coalition Government was organized in May, 1915, no appointment amazed people more than the elevation of Sir Stanley Buckmaster to the Woolsack. A first-class lawyer, a poor politician in the sense that he had never taken a prominent position in the House of Commons, the Censor of war news, which censoring he fulfilled strictly according to War Office behest; he suddenly jumped at the age of fifty-four to one of the greatest positions the country has to give, with a salary of £10,000 a year, and £5,000 a year pension for life.

"Lucky dog," his contemporaries cried.

"Ridiculous," his enemies snarled.

The swearing-in of the Lord Chancellor is an interesting function. Sir Stanley Buckmaster, dressed in black knee-breeches, with buckled shoes, and a much-gold-braided robe, went through the time-honoured ceremonial of taking the oaths of allegiance and duty on his appointment as Lord Chancellor of England. It took place in Appeal Court II., which was crowded with K.C.'s and members of the Junior Bar.

An imposing number of legal lights assembled. The Master of the Rolls (Henn Collins), the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Reading (formerly Rufus Isaacs), and Sir Samuel Evans (the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Court) preceded the new Lord Chancellor into Court, and he was followed by the six Lord Justices, who were provided with seats. Then came the Judges of the Chancery and King's Bench Division, all of whom had to remain standing.

The ceremony is quaint. The mace was brought with the big purse containing the Great Seal, which no Lord Chancellor is ever allowed to be parted from. He always has to find someone to take his place and guard it jealously in his absence from London. The Master of the Rolls —who presided—handed Sir Stanley the Testament and the Clerk of the Court read out the oaths, which the new Lord Chancellor repeated in a loud voice as follows:

"I, Stanley Owen Buckmaster, do swear by Almighty God that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign King George V. in the office of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and I will do right.

"I, Stanley Owen Buckmaster, do swear by Almighty God that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King George V., and his heirs and successors according to law, to all manner of people after the laws and usages of this realm without fear or favour, affection or ill-will."

"My Lords, I move that these proceedings be recorded," declared Sir Edward Carson, with his fine Irish roll.

After some bowing, the ceremony was over. It had not taken five minutes.

The robe of the Lord Chancellor is massive, if nothing

else. It is made of beautiful black silk with enormous quantities of gold embroidery, heavy and of prodigious wealth. From the white wig the hair rises straight from the forehead and hangs over the shoulder in front. A big lace frill below the collar gives a certain Cavalier air to the otherwise judicial appearance. These fine old robes give a majesty to even small men, but there is no doubt about it that the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor of London, and a dozen or more elevated personages, have to suffer in hot weather from the weight of their dignity.

The rôle of Lord Chancellor probably arose through Roman influence and the medium of the Church. Law was administered by ecclesiastics in early times. After the Norman Conquest the English Chancellor became a judicial officer of high rank and adviser to the Sovereign in State affairs. As he had to look after charters he was given a seal—the Great Seal—and in 1576 it was devised that the Chancellorship could be handed over with the Great Seal without writ. The Lord Chancellor takes precedence of every temporal Lord, of anyone who is not a member of the Royal Family, and of all bishops except the Archbishop of Canterbury, so important a person is he. To slay a Lord Chancellor is treason.

I had seen in a picture paper a photo of Sir Stanley Buckmaster (as he then was) leaving the Law Courts as Lord Chancellor, so I wrote and asked him for his photo in the robes. He replied:

"I would sooner face a German gun than a photographer, and the idea of being photographed in my robes has never come near me and never will. If this disappoints you it is my only regret. The most interesting thing about the office is that it was held by a woman—Queen Eleanor, when her husband went to the war. The result was disastrous, as feminine justice did not appear to agree with the proud stomachs of the City. You will find it all in the *Lives of the Chancellors*."

As Campbell's prodigious work is in ten volumes, with later supplements, those who wish must dig out the details of this interesting fact for themselves.

Nothing daunted, I wrote to the Press photographers,

[Photo by]

THE LORD CHANCELLOR

[Lord Buckmaster

SHIPS IN SUNSET MENU-CARD.

By Robert Allan, R.W.S. *(See text p. 8.)*

[*To face p.* 155

and they sent me the picture which I had seen and the great gentleman did not know existed. To a chaffing letter, he replied:

"That you have discovered one of my photographs is a feat only to be achieved by an accomplished explorer. Are you quite sure the photograph is of me?"

Of course I am, and here it is.

Sir Samuel Evans, another great lawyer and another Liberal, succeeded Lord Gorell as President of the Divorce Court, and has made his name by being the one and only judge to try and personally to decide endless cases arising from ships' prizes. In fact, to him, single-handed, has fallen one of the most difficult tasks of the whole war. No one worked harder or more conscientiously; he did not even get a "weekly evening off" like the commonplace servant. He reformed the Prize Court Laws.

Rather in a spirit of mischief I had asked him one night at dinner a year or two before if he could draw anything, not expecting that the learned judge could be a draughtsman.

"I can draw a cheque and I can draw a cork," was the reply, "and I believe I can draw my own head." But he laughed so at the latter remark, that I rather doubted the truth of the assertion; but he did it, and quite a good caricature of himself too.

Like so many men in official posts in 1914, Sir Samuel Evans is also a Welshman. For Welshmen have become as inevitable at every corner as Scotsmen were formerly. His career was somewhat electric. Born in 1850, educated at a Welsh University, he went to the Bar, became a Bencher of the Middle Temple, Recorder of Swansea, Solicitor-General, entered the House of Commons, and then a judge at the age of fifty-one. He took unto himself a handsome American wife, and they are both devoted to their little daughter, who, hand in hand, walks proudly forth with her father every Sunday morning.

Comparisons are dangerous—praise is often invidious, but if I were asked who was the most brilliant all-round brain I know, I should answer Lord Moulton. As a judge

and as a man of science he stands high, as a man of all-round information he stands higher still.

Many men are so stuffed full of learning they are deadly dull, and appear to know nothing. Others are superficial and do not know anything. Lord Moulton of Bank—or, as he was better known, Fletcher Moulton—is neither the one nor the other. He is a man with a great brain and singular charm of manner, and his dinners are renowned. He dines out six days a week, and gives a dinner-party at home on the seventh to oblige his *chef*, who demands such concessions from his master just to keep his hand in.

He was one of many old friends at the great Naval Review for the Coronation of King George V. in 1911, and well I remember a couple of hours pleasantly spent on deck of the P. and O. *Mooltan* between Fletcher Moulton—as he then was—and the Hon. Andrew Fisher. One hardly expected the Federal Prime Minister of Australia, representing a Labour Government, to be such a refined personality. Such, however, was the case. A tall, thin man, with extraordinarily dark, piercing eyes, intent and keen in expression, and steel-grey hair, is a noticeable figure wherever he goes, and such indeed is the Rt. Hon. Andrew Fisher, who bears a slight resemblance to Ramsay Macdonald. Born in Scotland in 1862, he was seven years old before the family went to Australia, where he began life as a miner, and still retains the Scotch accent of his parents. A few days after our P. and O. trip he was giving his sister away in marriage to a policeman in one of the provincial towns. After seeing the wonders of the Royal Naval Review, five miles of ships four deep, making twenty miles of craft in all, after admiring the fairy-like scene of those men of war illuminated at one flash like a spectre in the night, we steamed away round the Isle of Wight. Sitting beside him one night at dinner I could not help noticing his quietly unostentatious manner; he was moderate in what he ate, drank only aerated water, and did not smoke. To his moderation he attributed his success, and he did certainly look a young man though nearly fifty.

"I do not believe in anyone in office having much money," he said, "large incomes are not essential, and the less we

have to do personally with them the better. We just want enough to get along, and that is all."

"You are a great Socialist," I said, laughing, "so was I in the days of my youth, but the older I get the more conservative I become."

"That is a very ordinary tendency," he replied, "but although I am a Socialist, madam, I am not an anarchist."

"But you want to take everything away from us, and give us nothing in return," I replied.

With a merry twinkle he answered, "But I will give you an old age pension of ten shillings a week."

"How do you compare Canada to Australia?" I asked.

"There is no comparison," he replied, "we are now some years behind Canada. I have been there twice, and I know it. The population of the whole of Canada is now about the same as London. The population of Australia is only four and a half millions. So we have room for everyone, and I foresee in the next twenty-five years immense wealth and prosperity in Australia."

"Now do you honestly think that the average workingman is better off in Australia than in England?" I asked.

He replied, "He has more chances. Not the loafer mind, he has less, for we do not provide for the loafer as you do, but we pay nearly double to the man who really works."

"But his expenses are double too," I rejoined.

"In some ways, yes. But his opportunities are so much greater that he can rise, and the man who is earning a hundred a year to-day may be earning five hundred a year next year."

"To what do you attribute your rise in life, and how you got there?"

"To my friends," was his honest reply. "The way to get into office is to make men believe in you."

Five years later Andrew Fisher came to London as High Commissioner in place of Sir George Reid.

The gloomy old Tower of London seems a funny place for a luncheon-party, but many are the delightful parties I enjoyed there in the days when General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., was Keeper of the Regalia.

With the name of Gough the word "General" is usually to be found as a prefix and V.C. as a suffix, for never was there a more distinguished family in the Army, or one more tenacious of military discipline and valour. The Gough in question entered the Bengal Army in 1853, won his V.C., together with a medal and three clasps, during the Mutiny of 1857, and, serving through the Abyssinian and Afghan campaigns, added two more medals to his collection. He was created K.C.B. in 1881.

Sir Hugh was the dearest old man imaginable; we met continually at private houses and public functions, and he often dropped in on Thursday afternoons—for the Tower hours end early.

Passing in through the gate and crossing the bridge which spans the moat, one dived through the portico, and on the right by the Traitor's Gate was the domicile of Sir Hugh and Lady Gough. It was not a grand or a pretentious house in any way, for it was literally tucked into those massive walls. From their windows they had a beautiful view over the river, and from the kitchen regions they had a little private passage which led to the Round Chamber, containing the most wonderful jewels of our country.

On velvet cushions in the great centre case lie various crowns, each denoting a bit of British history.

The Tower, with all its great historical associations and its massive edifices, has one terrible blot on its escutcheon —a hideous, modern-of-modern buildings has been dumped down in its midst. It is an effrontery in such a setting, and even a German bomb would be welcome if it would destroy that structure, which rasps upon the eye and asserts itself with poignant force amidst the otherwise beautiful pile of buildings.

Not only are the Goughs military, but Lady Gough herself had a brother in the Body Guard, and endless warrior relatives. They knew everyone, they went everywhere, they were always charming and delightful, and they gave interesting entertainments in the precincts of the historical Tower of London.

It is impossible for anyone to enter the Tower at night without the password. Even Sir Hugh and Lady Gough

returning from a dinner had to give the watchword before their little brougham could pass the gates. On one particular occasion she and her son had been out to some late function, and had forgotten to ask for the magic sign before leaving. So strictly are these rules adhered to that, although Lady Gough and her distinguished military son were well known to everyone at the gate, they could not be admitted without the watchword. Accordingly, one of the guard proceeded to their residence, hauled poor Sir Hugh from his bed, and insisted on his coming down to *identify* his wife and son. Then, and only then, were they admitted. This sort of thing may sound silly, but yet how supremely wise is the precaution. Spies and other evil things could not exist were firm rules made and kept in certain walks of life outside the military.

CHAPTER XIV

SCIENTIFIC RAYS AND FIVE KNIGHTS

THE unknown often spend their time in trying to get their names into newspapers, the well-known usually endeavour to keep their names out. The first contingent hopes for advertisement; the second fears the endless correspondence that will ensue from publicity.

The name of Henniker Heaton, like that of Rowland Hill, will always be associated with Penny Postage. While dear old Sir Rowland originated and established it in the British Isles in 1840, reducing the cost of sending a letter from a shilling to a penny, Sir Henniker almost seventy years later extended Penny Postage to every English-speaking land, thus widely increasing intercourse and advertisement, both social and industrial, all over the world.

Later, a strange thing happened. Hardly had we become accustomed to sending our letters to Canada, Australia and South Africa with our pence when war added many colonies to our possessions, and within a few months of the death of Henniker Heaton we had annexed German Togoland. At the dawn of the eighth month of the war our Penny Postage was largely increased, and had taken the place of many German stamps.

The following appeared in the Press in March, 1915:

"Letters for the territories named below, it was announced yesterday, will now be accepted for transmission at the imperial rate of 1d per oz.:

"Samoa, New Guinea (except Dutch New Guinea), Bismarck Archipelago (comprising New Britain, New Ireland, New Hanover, Admiralty Islands, etc.), the island of Nauru in the Marshall Islands, the islands of Bougainville and Buka in the Solomon Islands, the districts of Lomeland, Mashahöhe, Kette-Krachi, and the part of the

Mangu-Yendi district forming the Dagomba Country in Togoland, Basrah and Koweit." The Cameroons were added eleven months later.

These were followed, month after month, by more British possessions. How joyfully Sir Henniker would have clapped his hands at this sudden and dramatic increase of his Penny Postage area.

Sir Henniker was a self-made man, who married the daughter of a wealthy Australian newspaper proprietor, and devoted the rest of his life to Parliament, to overhauling Post Office mistakes, and giving teas on the Terrace of the House of Commons. Always genial, always kind, he was a popular person in Society. He was like a full-blown rose, but a terribly thorny twig at the General Post Office, through which he succeeded in engineering many reforms.

Turning from one widely-travelled man to another, from big, burly Sir Henniker Heaton let us pass to small, fair, large-headed, tiny-bodied Sir Rubert Boyce; one of the most brilliant little men of his day, and one to whose energy and determination the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine owed much of its success.

All success brings enemies, all reforms inspire hatred.

Rubert Boyce was one of my strangest visitors. He appeared at any hour and in any way. I well remember the telephone bell ringing beside my bed at seven o'clock one morning, and a weird voice asking, "Are you there, Mrs. Alec?"

"Yes," I sleepily replied, "who is it?"

"Boyce," he called; "I have just landed in town from the West Indies, and am speaking from the railway station. May I come along and have a bath and breakfast?"

"Certainly," I replied; "delighted to see you."

By the time I got down to that festive meal I found the little gentleman, one of the most diminutive people imaginable, already waiting. He had had his bath and a shave, had changed his clothes, and was all smiles and friendliness. He probably had breakfast in my house more often than any other meal, for it was a little trick of his to come up from Liverpool by the midnight train, tumble out of the sleeper at Euston, and telephone as above.

Unconventional, of course, but Boyce was unconventional. Even his hair stood straight up on end like yellow tow, in a way that no human hair ever stood before. He wrote the most atrocious hand, but he did at length learn to sign his name respectably, as the result of his correspondents' many, many mistakes over his signature. On the cloth it was quite well done, and he laughed cheerily as he pencilled the letters one by one, like a child, saying, "There, there—now are you satisfied, Madam?"

His name is quite close to that of Robert Allan, the brilliant seascape artist, whose drawing of a ship has its own stern pointing towards the "Boyce." Below is the signature of another small but wonderful personality, J. M. Barrie.

Sir Rubert Boyce was a man of infinite charm; he had a remarkable career, and many good stories could be told of him. I suppose it was about 1898 that it was arranged that we should go to Morocco for a trip. One afternoon a funny little man, small, nervous and shy, sat himself down beside me in the drawing-room and said:

"You spoke the other day of going to Morocco. Do you know, I have never been anywhere in my life like that, lacking money or leisure for any such pleasures; but now that I am giving up my assistantship to Sir Victor Horsley and have been appointed Professor at Liverpool University College" (later a full University) "I have, instead of mere scholarships, an assured income, small but certain, which to me opens up a vast new world. You have always been so good and kind to me that I venture to ask if I may join your party. It will be everything to me—the opening up of a new life, and to go with someone who has travelled so much would be lovely."

That funny little man, who, though nearly thirty at the time, looked like a schoolboy of sixteen, was later the famous Rubert Boyce. Gladly I assented, and for eighteen years afterwards Boyce was never tired of saying that he had made his *début* under my wing, and thereby changed the whole vista of his life.

We went by P. & O. to "Gib.," where we arrived, if I remember rightly, on New Year's Eve. Those on board had been much amused to see a tall woman like myself

in a huge fur coat walking up and down the deck with a tiny little boy in a tightly-buttoned blue serge suit, without a top-coat and hatless, his untidy hair blowing about in the breeze. Much was I chaffed about my "funny little boy," whom, I always had to explain, was really a learned Professor, a good deal older than he looked, and likely to become a very eminent person. The passengers laughed, but the prophecy came true.

Arrived at "Gib." we were sitting down to dinner at the hotel when it was discovered that Boyce was absent. No one knew where he had gone, and not until the meal was almost over did he appear. Into my ear he murmured his apologies, and finally owned that having left all his sponges and collars on board, he had had to sally forth at once to buy others.

So far so good. A few days later we arrived one afternoon at Tangier. The same thing happened. Boyce again disappeared. Knowing that he had already replaced his missing wardrobe, we wondered what had become of him. He returned later, confessing that he was so unaccustomed to travelling and so absent-minded that he had this time left his razors behind in the hotel at "Gib.," and had been running round Tangier inquiring in the Moorish bazaars for such a perfectly impossible thing as a razor to shave with.

At breakfast next morning there was again no Boyce, and as repeated messengers failed to retrieve him, one really began to feel a little agitated.

We were armed with letters of introduction to Morocco, and it had been arranged that our party should lunch that day with Walter B. Harris, the well-known *Times* correspondent, at the farther end of Tangier Bay. We were to start about twelve o'clock, and of course everyone was to ride, that being, in the absence of roads or vehicles, the only possible means of getting about. Little did we guess that our advent had been heralded in the early hours of the morning by a personage being flung, a mangled, tangled mass, over the wall into W. B. Harris's garden.

The little man subsequently explained that, rather than make an exhibition of himself by starting to ride for the

daylight, and then to dine with him at the station, where there is a very good restaurant, so we sent all our small things over to the private room, and started off to the Cathedral. I was delighted to see it again after so many years. Do you remember it was the first European Cathedral we saw after Notre Dame, that first year when we came down the Rhine. How magnificent it is, outside and inside—the long, stately vaulted aisles, so high and so still. There was no one in the church at that hour, and we had a delightful half hour. We walked all around the outside, and then went back to the station to dine—and a very good dinner it was, in the same room where we breakfasted when we started for Russia, now nearly two months ago, when all seemed so vague, and rather a plunge into the unknown. We shall certainly have souvenirs for all our lives.

As we were finishing dinner the Chef de Gare came to say that a "lit-salon" was reserved for us, and he would have all the "kleines gepack" put into the compartment, and tell us at the last moment. The train starts at 10.30, and we get to Paris at 10 to-morrow morning, so we thought we would go out again and drive about a little, as we had so long to wait. We had a nice turn in the moonlight—the Cathedral looked beautiful, and we crossed the Rhine and drove some little distance on the other side of the river to have the view of the city. Now one or two Frenchmen who are here are talking to W. They have brought us tea, and I am scribbling this to you.

It is delightful, Dear, to think that to-morrow at breakfast I shall be telling you all this, and Baby sitting up in his high chair, looking at me hard out of his round, blue eyes. There is *one* good thing in getting home, I needn't write any more letters.

To G. K. S.

PARIS,
31 RUE DUMONT D'URVILLE,
July 5th, 1883.

We got back this morning at 10 o'clock. The journey was very comfortable—there is nothing like those French "lits-salons." Our departure from Cologne was rather amusing. The Chef de Gare summoned us at the last moment—all the passengers had taken their places, the doors were shut, officials careering up and down the platform, and *yet* the train didn't start. Various heads were put out of the windows, and one or two irate gentlemen inquired what they were waiting for, and why didn't we start. Then we appeared strolling leisurely down the platform, with a small suite of gentlemen, officers, etc. The adieux were again a little long, and really one man was bursting with rage, and not at all mollified when he heard it was an Ambassador returning to France after the Coronation; "he supposed Ambassadors could be as punctual as anybody else, and when an express started at 10.30, it was 10.30 for everybody."

We were very pleased to find Hubert and the coupé waiting for us at the Gare de l'Est, and Baby and Nounou in the street at the door of the porte cochère.

Well, the Moscow Coronation is over—I wonder what the next turn of the wheel will bring us.

men reach the top they forget who helped them and have no time even to say, "Thank you." The most neglected women in the world are the wives of successful men.

A life of loneliness continued for little Boyce until he was about forty years of age. He had attained a certain amount of fame, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, he was quite well off, he had been given a Knighthood, and held a brilliant position in Liverpool University, when he married a beautiful girl. Well I remember one day walking away from a luncheon at his quaint little home in Sefton Park to the train, when he said:

"It all appears too good to be true. She is so beautiful, her mind is so charming, her thoughts so pure, that it seems more good luck than ought to fall to my share to have won such a wife, and when our little child is born my cup of happiness will indeed be full. Women have influenced my life a great deal. My mother, my wife, and your friendship—to these three I owe everything I have attained."

His happiness was exuberant, and I parted with him feeling that at last he had got his deserts. Barely had I reached London when a telegram announced that a little girl had been born. This wire was followed almost immediately by another, to say his wife was dead. Poor little man. One short year of matrimony, and the baby girl, the motherless child, was all that was left for him to care for. No child ever had a better father. She became his constant companion, his joy, his happiness, his friend. He talked to her, he taught her, he encouraged her to think and observe; he refused all education for her, and, like my own father, would not allow her to learn from a book until she was seven years of age.

Boyce's devotion to his child was beautiful; but his wife's death killed him. From that moment he worked too hard. He lived in a frenzy, he tried to forget. He did enough work for ten men. One day, when he had been making a public speech, he hurried from the room to fall to the ground unconscious almost before he got clear of the audience he had been addressing. It turned out that he had been suddenly stricken by paralysis. Most men would have died. Not so Boyce. Excellent nursing,

a sea-voyage, and six months' rest restored him, and although he always afterwards dragged his leg, and walked with a stick, and was crippled in his left arm, he resumed work as energetically as ever. But he was still only forty-seven when a second paralytic stroke carried him off, and cut short the magnificent work he had been doing for the understanding and elimination of those mysterious diseases which are so fatal in the tropics.

Life without health is a curse; life with wealth is bearable; life with health and wealth is enjoyable.

His was a remarkable mind. In his training of his child he was following the experience of his own youth, for his education had begun with what he saw around him. Seldom in his life did he read a book, and yet he knew something of everything. He travelled much, with every sense keenly alive, he met the greatest intellects of the day, and he had a wonderful capacity for drawing in any scrap of information which came his way; indeed, the ease with which he assimilated every kind of knowledge was undoubtedly his greatest gift.

It is interesting to recall that he was given the curious name of Rubert because Robert was a family name and, as an elder child who bore it had died, his mother substituted a "u" for the "o," and called him Rubert.

The following note shows Boyce's appreciation of his adopted University of Liverpool:

"30, Sussex Square,
"Brighton.
"July 15th, 1869.

"DEAR MRS. ALEC,

"Your knowledge of me and, above all, your good nature, will, I trust, be the means by which I venture to hope to be erased from your 'black book.'

"I would have replied much sooner to your very kind congratulations had not sickness sadly stricken me in the midst of my prosperity and kept me a prisoner down here, denying me even the use of pens and paper.

"I have made the acquaintance of Liverpool and am satisfied. Its kindly inhabitants, its brogue and its bare

feet strongly suggest my native country, so that it is just like going back to my long-lost Cork. Whether the inhabitants preserve the traditional character for goodness, I will be better able to judge after the introductions which you kindly promised me. And rest assured that any invitations coming through you will at once make me come out of my shell. As a matter of fact, a shell does not suit me: I am only a make-believe hermit, just like the Hermit Crab, borrowing shells to live in for convenience whilst growing, but now only too glad to discard them.

"They are very good to us at Liverpool, and are giving us plenty of money for the Lab., so that we will have something to show you when you come and visit us.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"RUBERT BOYCE."

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ronald Ross, of mosquito fame, came to dine at Sir Rubert Boyce's in Liverpool, to meet me. He had not long retired from the Indian Army (1899), and had come home to devote his time to science. A nice, jolly-looking man he was, with a cheery smile. Four years later he received the Nobel Prize—the second year it was given—and pocketed eight thousand pounds.

"I never had so much money before in my life," he laughed. "Eight thousand pounds all in one lump worries me so that I hardly know how to invest it."

He gave a grand account of the ceremony at Stockholm, when the prizes were given by the King. What struck him most was the wonderful linguistic capabilities of all the Swedes he met.

"I was talking about you two months ago in Paris," I said. "Yes, about you. It was at a dinner-party, and the host asked me if I had ever heard of Ronald Ross. 'Ronald Ross the mosquito man? Why, of course I have.'

"'Is he really considered first-class? Would he be the man for me to send out to Ismailia to inquire into the incessant fevers there?'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'the very man!' And, Major Ross, I understand you have been and have just come back?"

He looked at me amazed as he said:

"Yes, but I went out for the Suez Canal."

"Precisely. It was its President, Prince d'Arenberg, who asked me those kindly questions, knowing how intimately connected I am with science."

Another case of the smallness of the world.

Major Ronald Ross in his "idle army days"—for, like Captain Robert Marshall, he owns they were idle—wrote novels, real blood-curdling novels, and he laughs over them now as he says: "I'll take to them again as a solace for my old age."

But Ronald Ross is much more than a sensational novelist, for he has a keen sense of poetry, and some delightful lyrics of his appeared at times in the *English Review*.

When I was in Liverpool on another occasion Major Ross—as he then was—introduced me to a man in an ice-box. This poor man was dying. There was little or no chance of his recovery, everything had been tried, no cure was known for his particular disease, and he was asked if he would allow himself to be experimented upon, in other words if he would consent to live in a temperature just below freezing-point in the hope that the cold would kill the germ. The man readily agreed. He lived four weeks in a little room—a sort of refrigerating chamber, where his only companions were some guinea-pigs and mice, on whom the same experiment was being made. He entered keenly into the scheme, he watched every phase of his own disease, and carefully noted every feeling and symptom for the doctors. He was quite an interesting and intelligent patient, and after a chat with him I felt I had left a perfect hero wrapped up in fur coats in cold storage, and yet, after all, he was not giving his life to Science, his life had already been given to the disease. He was aiding Science, but it is the doctors who give their lives, men who work in contact with dire germs, any one of which can rob them of life and limb at any moment, men who go into haunts of disease, who penetrate terrible countries full of plague, sleeping-sickness, and every conceivable horror, who think nothing of risk so long as they can alleviate suffering and help the generations to come.

As a youth, Science, Medicine and Art would have claimed

me for their own. My heart goes out to those three splendid professions—I know not which for choice. Yet, being a girl, trimming hats and designing dresses or embroideries were forced more readily to my hands.

Even great scientists become frivolous at times, and I well remember a hot summer's night about the year 1913 dining with Sir Ronald and Lady Ross at their new home in London. There were two large drawing-rooms with parquet floors, and as the pretty daughters were particularly fond of dancing, they generally succeeded in making their father play waltzes for them, for Sir Ronald is a musician amongst other things. But occasionally they wanted to have boys and girls in of an evening when the Professor-gentleman was tired, or had important work on hand; so at last they coaxed him into the belief that if he could not play for them, he had better buy them a gramophone. Accordingly, a gramophone was bought, and from that moment the scientist, set free from the piano, took to dancing energetically himself, and very jovial were the little evenings spent in Cavendish Square. On this particular occasion there had been a small dinner-party, and Sir David and Lady Bruce were of the number. General Sir David Bruce was a very important man. He was not only high up in the Army Medical, but a great authority on sleeping-sickness, and was leaving in a few days for the interior of Africa to fight the tsetse fly.

Before, however, he started off on this tremendous expedition into the wilds of the sleeping-sickness country —an expedition on which his wife was to accompany him— I asked him if he could possibly find me any stamps to add to my collection. He promised he would, and what is more, did as he promised.

Months rolled by. I received a little note posted on the homeward journey which said, "I shall be in London on such and such a date, and your stamps are in my pocket-book, so let me know when I can come and see you and lay them on your table."

Little people with little brains forget these sort of things, but big people with big brains find nothing too little for them to remember. Big, handsome Sir David walked

in, none the worse for his journey—during which, amongst other things, he had been staying with my old friend, Sir Frederick Jackson, in Uganda—and, done up in neat little packets, he brought complete sets of stamps from each of the States through which he had passed.

It is a difficult thing for a man to begin life again in the fifties, but that happened to Sir Patrick Manson—and he did it successfully too. He was one of the leading doctors in China—perhaps *the* leading medico, and as his children were growing up and required schools and Universities, he decided to retire upon the very comfortable little income he had saved, live in London, and amuse himself with Science, which had always been his hobby. He and his family came home, took a house in Queen Anne Street, did it up thoroughly, furnished it sumptuously—and even before the bills were paid a thunder-clap had fallen on China. His lands and his houses were in the hands of the Boxers, and his hardly-earned savings were gone. Nothing daunted, he put up his name-plate on the door to announce the fact that he wished to recommence his practice in London. His old patients rallied round him; he became a great authority on Tropical diseases, and in a few years had built up a splendid practice, and was on the staff of the Colonial Office as Medical Adviser.

As years rolled on Patrick Manson worked against great odds, for he was a terrible sufferer from gout and rheumatism, and when he retired for the second time he went to live in Ireland. Why? Ah! there's the point. Why? Because he was able to buy a beautiful stream at a somewhat modest price, where, crippled or no, he could cast a fly, for the love of fishing was in his soul.

To the men mentioned in this chapter the world owes much. The Panama Canal, in sooth, could never have been rebuilt by Americans but for the work of Ronald Ross and Manson. The secrets of sleeping sickness have been laid bare by David Bruce, the terrors of yellow fever have been lessened by the work of Rubert Boyce, and my York Terrace neighbour, Professor Simpson, has revolutionized the terrors of plague.

CHAPTER XV

SOME DABBLERS IN THE INKPOT

"MARCH 5.—Dollis Hill a refuge from my timidity, unwilling at seventy-seven to begin a new London house." So wrote Mr. Gladstone in his diary in 1887, not long after he had quitted Downing Street, at the close of his third premiership.

Dollis Hill, which is not far from Willesden, was then a residence of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and often lent by them to Mr. Gladstone, who delighted in the seclusion thus obtainable so near town. When the Earl of Aberdeen went to Canada as Governor-General in 1893, the house was let on lease to the late Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, the well-known journalist and newspaper proprietor. Three years afterwards Sir Hugh invited the members of the representative societies of journalists and authors to meet there.

Many and delightful were the entertainments the Aberdeens had given at Dollis Hill; indeed, on looking back one recalls no couple who have entertained more in various quarters of the globe. One of the great Liberal leaders in this country, Governor-General of Canada, Viceroy of Ireland, the Earl of Aberdeen has always been before the public eye; while Lady Aberdeen has always played an important public part. She inaugurated the first International Council of Women in 1899. At that time it was my hap to see a great deal of her Ladyship, as I served on the same committees, convening and taking the chair of the Agricultural section. She was a splendid speaker, a great organizer and an imposing personality, while he was small of stature and quiet in manner, nervous

and sensitive, but a tactful and discreet speaker, and always ready to do a kindly action.

Driving to Dollis Hill from London, one could not help reviewing in remembrance the same road at the end of the eighties. I used to ride with my father on Saturday afternoons in my schooldays to a farm near the "Spotted Dog" for delicious egg and jam teas. From St. John's Wood to Dollis Hill was then the country; but when Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid sent out his invitations (1903) it was already town right up through Kilburn and Brondesbury. Willesden Lane was no longer a lane, but terraces of houses, the very gardens of Dollis Hill were fringed with bricks and mortar. Exactly opposite the gate is an old farmhouse which my father once nearly bought; that house has a history, for it was the favourite haunt of the notorious highwayman Jack Sheppard, whom I described somewhat fully in *Hyde Park, its History and Romance* (see page 160), the love of which sort of thing was no doubt imbibed in those childhood rides round London, for environment has a great influence on life, almost as great as heredity.

To that lovely park of one hundred and fifty acres, with its strange little house and beautiful view, it was Gladstone's custom to drive in his funny one-horse shay—a sort of old victoria, with a still older steed—accompanied by his wife, directly after lunch on Saturday, returning to town on Monday morning in plenty of time to attend the House of Commons. A tree which he planted about 1890 still flourishes there, and the famous tree beneath which he and Mr. Chamberlain discussed the Home Rule Bill spreads its branches over the lawn.

Sir Hugh's was an interesting garden-party, the place looked bewitching on a hot but clear July day, and the host, in his long grey frock coat and little red foreign decoration, was very affable. It was Sir Hugh who started the first London halfpenny evening paper, viz., *The Echo*, and pioneered the co-operative house-building movement which in 1861 gave Edinburgh workmen the ownership of self-contained dwellings.

Towards the close of the party we had one or two speeches, the first coming from Sir Lewis Morris. Anything more

unpoetical than his appearance could ill be imagined; he was nervous, too, although what he said about poetry was both elevating and charming. The ever-genial Arthur A'Beckett, the veteran of *Punch*, also made an amusing and witty little speech, describing the host as the essence of an *English* gentleman, and then recollecting himself and Sir Hugh's broad accent, said "*Scotch*—no, *British*, I mean."

Sultan M. Khan, of Afghanistan, also of the company, took off his turban and stood in the midst of that literary world quite unabashed, as well he might, for he spoke charming English with a delightful delivery. He, a representative of the East, "appreciated being among the men and women who influenced nations, who educated and elevated them; but," he added, "I must remind you that in days gone by we had our authors and our poets, our authoresses and our poetesses, for there was a day when literature and learning came from the East."

Turning later to Sir Hugh, he remarked, "Over Europe, I have received and been received by Kings and Queens, Statesmen and Ambassadors, but there are none more charming than the writers—fresh, piquant, and stimulating." The Sultan Khan, with his Eastern imagination, having seen much of life—and *death*, for his illustrious Master is said to have beheaded 185,000 subjects without trial—spoke of the gathering as a new and altogether beautiful experience.

At this moment up came an old friend, one of the most interesting personalities for many years in London society and English journalism, Sir Edwin Arnold, author of *The Light of Asia*, a poem now a classic; a man with a shaggy head, a piercing eye, a large nose, and a curious poetic temperament. He possessed a remarkable mind full of interesting stories, with great gifts as a *raconteur*. He worked tremendously hard. Every night of his life he dined out for relaxation, and about half-past ten or eleven o'clock would slip off to Fleet Street to write his leader for the *Daily Telegraph*. He had always been at the office earlier in the day, to plan out the issue for the following morning with Sir Edward Lawson (afterwards Lord Burnham), Mr. John M. Le Sage (who in 1913 celebrated

the completion of his fiftieth year on the paper), and the late George Augustus Sala. Over and above his newspaper work Sir Edwin was making speeches, writing essays for magazines, preparing books, and doing a hundred other things, and all the time attending endless social engagements.

A Little Joke by Harry Furniss.

A great blow fell upon him at sixty-five. He suddenly became almost blind and paralysed, and yet, so tremendous was his will, that when too blind to write he dictated, and when no longer able to walk he crawled on sticks, or

was trundled in a bath chair. He wrote on, contributing a weekly letter to the *Daily Telegraph* up to the last, that is, to his death in 1904.

One night, nine years before, when I sat next him at dinner at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hancock, in Queen's Gate, our conversation was somewhat varied. He was full of a recent political appointment to St. Petersburg, and laughingly said : " I am ashamed to say I dictated my leader for to-morrow morning's *Daily Telegraph* while I was dressing for dinner."

" Without any notes ? "

" Oh, yes ; thirty-four years of that sort of work makes one have notes at one's finger-tips. But I must own I never remembered a date in my life, and have to leave spaces for the office to fill them in for me. Statistics and dates are as impossible for me as facts and names and stories are easy."

Someone spoke of the elections that had recently taken place.

" I have no vote," Sir Edwin said. " That is to say, I have the right to vote in eight different counties and places, including my University, but I have never registered one of them, so am voteless. The fact is I do so much political work on the *Daily Telegraph* that outside it I am glad to leave politics alone."

The daily Press, with its recurring calls for a man's whole attention, becomes a hard taskmaster, as this letter shows ; although the incident is forgotten, it appears to have occurred at some evening party my husband and I gave to which he forgot to come.

" May 1st, 1893.

" Oh, my dear Mrs. Tweedie, I was so sorry and so disappointed ! A most important summons came to me from the *Daily Telegraph*, and I passed all the evening and night at my desk there. Then the sudden emergency drove out of my head the intention to telegraph or send a messenger ; and your kind note this morning doubles my regret and remorse. I did not need this mention of your delightful company to feel these. I wanted sincerely to see you again,

Could you by and by give me some line to say you forgive and understand?—*tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.* Sometimes politics are despotically absorbing.

"Yours ever very sincerely and penitently,

"EDWIN ARNOLD."

Japan was the one subject which roused all his enthusiasm. Once his attention was drawn to that country he would talk for choice upon little else. Proposing a six weeks' halt there on his way home from America, he stayed for sixteen months, and even then left the islands of his fascination with reluctance. No thought of a treaty between Great Britain and Japan was in our minds in the nineties; but Sir Edwin's hearty appreciation of the people, expressed in many articles and books, no doubt prepared this country for cordial relations. During his residence he mastered Japanese sufficiently to mingle with the people and enjoy their society. And as he said a few weeks after his return, "I addressed a school of Japanese children in their own native tongue five months after my arrival in the country."

"You have the gift of languages," was my comment.

"No, but I have will and energy. It is a lovely country. They are interesting people; the women are pretty and the men courtly. Everything in Japan is charming," he continued, "except the weather, and that is every bit as bad as in England. The Connaughts were there for seven days, and on six of them it rained—nothing out of the ordinary for Japan, I can assure you. Japan is moderation in everything. No one is in a hurry; they drink in moderation, they eat in moderation, smoke in moderation, and so on *ad infinitum*, the weather excepted, and they have absolutely no fear of death. Travelling home through Paris, we took a little Japanese to show her Notre-Dame, and I asked her if she would like to see the *Morgue*, after explaining what it was.

"'Yes, very much,' she replied.

"We went. She looked calmly at the seven corpses lying there, walked round them, and smilingly said: 'They look much like our dead.' And that was all. Death to her had no horrors; people must die, what matter how? On leaving the place we saw a boy hurting a dog. Her distress

was great—this was the other side of the picture—cruelty to the living animal was repulsive to her."

"What about the women?" I inquired.

"Japanese women have no education and no rights. It suits the Japanese, but it does not suit every nation. British women ought to be on exactly the same footing as British men."

Sir Edwin Arnold had pronounced opinions upon literature as a calling, and also upon literary men.

"No, I hope they won't get the money for a Carlyle monument," he said one day. "Carlyle, in my opinion, was a very much overrated man. He got many of his best thoughts from Germany, and he behaved badly to his wife. A man who plagiarizes and cannot get on with the wife of his choice—or any other woman, for that matter—does not deserve a monument. If it were Nelson, now, I would subscribe handsomely; for no greater hero ever lived. When I was at the Naval Exhibition with my daughter, we passed some old rags hanging on the walls, with a label beneath denoting that they were the sails of the old *Victory*. Standing before them, we spoke about Nelson, and Kate said: 'Father, why don't you write some verses about them?' So, there and then, we sat down in front of the relics, and I dictated my lines on Nelson. These she wrote down, word by word, on the back of an old envelope, and I hardly touched a line of them afterwards."

"What do you think of Ibsen?" I inquired, being just back from Norway, where I had seen much of Ibsen, Björnson, Grieg and Nansen.

"Ibsen? Well, I think he is a fraud. Ibsen is a powerful writer in a filthy strain. Poetry is a cloak to enable one to proclaim kindly sentiments, and to elevate. Ibsen does neither of these things. We all know the world is bad, but we don't want, or should not want, to read and gloat over its badness in our hours of relaxation. He has written volumes, and yet he has hardly ever written one line to raise mankind. He is the fashion because people must have some novelty, and alas, many like to read him merely to study the horrors of immorality and depravity. No; Ibsen is doing vast harm, his cult is a mistake. Life is black enough; we

don't want it painted yet blacker, more wicked or more dreary. If a man cannot try to elevate, to ennoble, by his writings—of course he may not succeed—then he should never write at all."

"Do you regard literature as a promising profession?"

"Poetry, Literature, and Art are inspired; and consequently no one should have to depend on them for their living. When they do so their work is forced, and loses its chief charm. Many young people have come to me in my day, to ask how they were to live by literature. 'Don't,' I have replied, 'but if you must dabble with a pen, get regular employment on the staff of a paper. Build bridges, doctor the sick, rear chickens, do anything as a profession; but leave literature for inspired moments, not as a means of gaining your daily bread.' Only one of my sons, and I have four, has followed my profession."

It was my ill luck to lose my copy of *The Light of Asia*, lent to some person who presumably coveted it for the charming inscription on the fly-leaf. Sir Edwin kindly came forward, writing as follows:

"225 Cromwell Mansions.
"May 28th, 1894.

"DEAR MRS. TWEEDIE,

"The stealer of your *The Light of Asia* cannot but appear to me a person of vast discrimination; and I shall be happy to repair his sin by another inscription. For myself, I never by any chance keep a copy of my own books.

"I am very glad to see your nice, bright book prospers.

"Ever sincerely yours,
"EDWIN ARNOLD."

He was devoted to music, and believed the poet and the musician to have much in common. "I have written all my poems with music ringing in my ears; but I can do nothing musical myself," he remarked regretfully.

Amongst dozens of letters from Sir Edwin Arnold is a little note in which, in that strange, blotty, untidy handwriting of his, he says:

"Yes—dear Mrs. Alec-Tweedie—I did say that many—perhaps most—of my best lyrics have been written not to

fit some previously-chosen metre, but in unison with and in obedience to some half-heard strain or rhythm seeming suddenly to come to me. I have almost never sat down to make verse ; the verse makes itself, and has its own ways and times, and its own music.

" Ever yours truly,

" Edwin Arnold."

Among my recollections of Sir Edwin Arnold is that of delightful dinner guests in the winter of 1893. He sat on my left, and on his other side Miss Elizabeth Robins. Sir Edwin was in his happiest mood, and talked of his lectures delivered in seventy different towns in America, at each of which he had read his own poems for about an hour and a half. He was glad the tour was over, however, for it had thoroughly worn out his nerves. But fortunately the gods had sent an attack of influenza, which, with the ministrations of a nurse who had talked metaphysics for a fortnight, left him so weak that he willingly gave up even lectures that brought in one hundred pounds a night. He told a quaint story concerning the first lecture. The audience, he knew, would be a critical one, and so with a view to being clearly audible he said to a friend :

" Go and sit in the back of the hall, and if you miss a word that I say, take out your handkerchief and mop your head."

All went well until near the end of the lecture, when out came the handkerchief. Sir Edwin raised his voice. A few minutes afterwards out came the handkerchief again. He once more raised his voice. Still but a short pause, and again the handkerchief. With one dying effort in his loudest key, the lecturer sat down exhausted. As the people were leaving the hall, his friend came up to him and said, " Excellent, excellent, my dear fellow ; but why did you speak so loud ? "

" Why ? because you kept moving that handkerchief, of course."

The poor friend collapsed. He had become so absorbed in the lecture as to forget all about the prearranged signal, and had used his handkerchief freely as the room got warmer.

"What do I like best?" Sir Edwin once repeated in answer to my question: "not philosophy, literature, poetry, not politics; but—unblushingly I say it—the society of your sex. It has been my privilege to have two dear wives, my misfortune to bury them. It is to my mind a privilege to love a good woman. I like two kinds of women; the one all adorable and lovable, the other all intellectual and inspiring."

Sir Edwin Arnold travelled all over the world, delved deeply into the religions and mysticism of the East, and yet came back with no superstitions. He believed that everyone received his reward according to his deserts. A kind act, he held, was always repaid in some form. No one was merely lucky; there was no such thing as luck. Rarely was a pen out of his hand, but he never had writer's cramp, only a little sympathetic pain in the left hand. One day in New York he was asked to write an article.

"All right," he said, "but my fee is one hundred pounds" (five hundred dollars). The American editor was surprised, but agreed to pay it. Off Sir Edwin went to his hotel and found a typist.

"What do you get an hour?" he asked the girl.

"Two dollars an hour" (eight shillings).

"All right, I'll make it five, but you must write as fast as you can. Ask no questions, and I will dictate and smoke."

In two hours the article was done, but the typist candidly admitted she had never written so fast before.

"I can dictate for Press," said Sir Edwin, "as fast as anyone can take it down. It is no trouble to me to dictate; indeed I rather like it. Sometimes if I'm tired in the evening I get one of my boys to write for me, and I think out my leader from a sofa."

In days before cremation had become popular he had frequently expressed his preference for it.

"Everyone ought to be cremated," he said. "But I feel I shall probably die at sea, and the next best thing to cremation is to be consigned to the watery deep. Often I have watched the cremations in India, and felt how far ahead of us the natives were."

"But what is to be done with the ashes, for choice? A niche in a church, or burial in the ground?"

"Well, some people like urns and ashes of departed men to haunt their lives. I prefer the ashes buried."

Sir Edwin did not die, as he had anticipated, at sea, but in Bolton Gardens, South Kensington. Thus in the year 1904 closed a vivid, poetical, and notably strenuous career. Probably the seeds of his strong Oriental predilection were sown in his boyhood, when his father, a Sussex magistrate, sent to his room a basket filled with Eastern travel books. It is significant that the poem with which he won the Newdigate at Oxford was on *The Feast of Belshazzar*. During his arduous scholastic labours at Birmingham he gave himself to the study of Sanscrit, thus paving the way to his appointment to the Sanscrit College at Poona, his Fellowship of the University of Bombay—and doubtless to that great popular achievement, running eventually to nearly one hundred editions and many translations, *The Light of Asia*.

He and his wife lived amidst the whole storm and stress of the Mutiny. Four years later, in 1861 that is, on returning to England, he embarked upon his close and prolonged connection with the *Daily Telegraph*. In 1897 he was married for the third time, his bride being a Japanese lady named Tama Kurokawa.

Another poet of distinction who was much about in London society at the same time as Sir Edwin Arnold was Sir Alfred Lyall.

It is curious what little things remain in one's memory. A chance glimpse of his name upon the cloth conjures up a sick-looking man. He always appeared as if about to die. The pale skin was so tightly stretched across his face that he seemed almost inhuman. At the age of fifty-three he retired from his high position in India (1888) and came back to live in England. It was perhaps five years later that I first saw him; then most active in the public service, deeply engrossed in all Indian affairs, especially connected with the Council of India, always fond of reading and of meeting interesting people.

The Lyalls gave delightful dinner-parties in Queen's Gate. My heart always failed me, however, when a glance round the room revealed so many elderly folk. Everyone seemed so old and so grey that I, then a young married woman, felt I ought to run away; but soon becoming used to their weight of years, I found that this poet and his wife had collected about them many of the most amusing men and women of the day. Sir Alfred, with his interest in everybody and everything, was particularly sympathetic, and perhaps his sallow skin and deep-set eyes helped to draw out his hearer.

Sir Alfred Lyall's life has been written by his old colleague, Sir Mortimer Durand; very clear is the remembrance of Sir Mortimer and his beautiful dog at the British Embassy in Washington. One meets many charming and accomplished men in life, but one does not meet many such charming quadrupeds. Big and handsome was the beast, shapely and shaggy, and it was always ready with a kindly greeting at the foot of the stairs at the Embassy. Sir Mortimer was followed in office by one of the most prominent men of the day, namely James Bryce. Later he became Viscount Bryce; but as he was then a man of seventy his name will descend to posterity as James Bryce. This does not mean that he did not do excellent work after receiving his title, for he did. It was bestowed in recognition of his services at Washington, where the United States loved "Ambassador Bryce."

When he left the Embassy he undertook another of his world-wide rambles. Shortly after his return, he gave an address to about a hundred Chinese students at the house of a delightful and interesting American couple—the Millhollands of Prince of Wales's Terrace.

This was about two years before the Great War, and shortly after the fall of the Manchus. Bryce warned the students not to go too fast, showed them how as a great and ancient country they must not try to assimilate the ways of the modern West too quickly, or they would fail. He regretted at the moment not being a young Chinese himself, so that he might participate in the making of a new nation. The deep interest of those Chinese students

was wonderful. They literally hung upon his words, and two of them who spoke afterwards did so in excellent English and with excellent matter. For my sins, and probably to the discomfort of everyone, I was hauled on to my feet to talk about Chinese women, about whom I knew as little as the average Chinese woman would know of us.

I saw a good deal of the Bryces in Washington, a few weeks after Wilson was elected President. On my leaving that beautiful city for Brazil and the Argentine the Ambassador presented me with his book, *South America, Observations and Impressions*, on the fly-leaf of which he wrote:

"To Mrs. Alec-Tweedie.

"The intrepid traveller and vivacious portrayer of men and manners.

"From the author of this book,

"James Bryce.

"December 6th, 1912."

At the second Royal Geographical Dinner at which women were present—I was off the coast of Brazil when the first one took place—we were twenty-five women to about two hundred and fifty men. Geographers are not particularly brilliant speakers; their material is right enough, but their delivery is bad. There was one exception, however, and that was Lord Bryce. He had just returned from Palestine; in fact, since I had seen him in Washington eighteen months before, he had come home by Japan and China, had spent some months in England, had trotted off to Palestine, and was with us once again. He was very cheery, and certainly his speech—glibly describing, without a single note, some of the highest peaks and greatest deserts in the world—his flow of language, and his invariable correctness of detail struck everyone who heard him as amazing. His white forehead, with its slanting brow and head, his intensely shaggy white eyebrows, his large nose and pointed beard give one at first the impression—heightened by the big drooping moustache—of a person who verily appeared to be more white hair than face. A nervous little man,

all on wires and yet a perfectly calm and collected speaker, keenly interested in every detail of life, he is one of the great men of the age.

Before leaving Ambassadors, let us have another Ambassadorial story. Two exalted personages were commanded to Windsor in the late days of Edward VII., who was a great stickler for uniform and etiquette. They both wore their Stars at the dinner; but after the festival an Equerry explained to the first:

"The King has sent a message that you are wearing your Order too low." (It is the custom to wear them higher at home than abroad.)

To the other gentleman, who had been "recalled," he said:

"Your Star is in the right place."

"Thank God for that," the latter rejoined. "It is the first lucky Star that has crossed my path for some time."

Just as Lord Bryce was a member of the House of Commons who rose to the House of Lords, so did Sir Henry Fowler, who had two daughters. No woman ever had a better chance of studying the idiosyncracies of Society than Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Born at Wolverhampton among thoroughly commercial, hard-working folk, she came to London when her father took his seat in the House of Commons, and with his rise in the political world, and final seat in the Upper House as Lord Wolverhampton, there opened up for his daughters many social opportunities.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler was one of those women who thoroughly enjoyed being in a vortex of gaiety surrounded by mankind. She would not care to live such a life always—who would? Yet she appreciated the bustle and excitement, the gaiety, wit and repartee, of London, and was herself such an excellent conversationalist that whoever took her in to dinner was sure of a pleasant evening. She managed to write five books in four years while her father was in the Cabinet—no mean accomplishment for anyone, and a real achievement when the books were so clever, trenchant, and amusing as were the volumes produced by this brilliant novelist.

As to the idea of burning the midnight oil over a book, she simply laughed at it.

"I can stay up for a party," she said, "but I never think of staying up to write. I do all my scribbling in the morning or early afternoon, and never dream of taking up my pen in the evening, or sitting up with it far into the night. I suppose my way of writing is much the same as other people's; but I am quite sure that my handwriting is considerably worse than most."

Speaking once of her various works, I asked her which book had given her the greatest pleasure to write.

"I really believe each gives me more pleasure than the last," she replied. "Indeed, now that I have tried my hand, I write for the pure joy of it, and I love every moment that I am shut up in my sitting-room with my manuscript open in front of me. Ideas pour into my mind faster than I can put them down; I never write unless I feel that I simply cannot help it; if there is the slightest effort involved, I just put the book away."

Soon after Miss Beatrice Harraden's book *The Fowler* was published, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler met her at a party. "I think it most unkind of you," she laughed, "to write a story about a detestable man and call it *The Fowler*. I've a great mind to write a story about a detestable woman and call it *The Harridan*." But she did not do it.

"Some years ago," wrote Mrs. Felkin, "I was staying at an hotel in Scotland, and a very disagreeable old man—one of those who feel it their duty to set the world right in the most unpleasant way possible—said to me: 'What do you think that ridiculous John Murray is saying? He is going about the hotel telling everybody that you are the Miss Fowler who wrote *Isabel Carnaby!* Of course I've made a point of contradicting such an absurd report, but did you ever hear anything so foolish?'

"'Never,' I replied; 'but I *am* the Miss Fowler who wrote *Isabel Carnaby*, all the same.' You should have seen his face!

"One Sunday—after my marriage," she continued, "I was having tea at the Master's House in the Temple. We were

talking about the follies of literary people, and a fellow-caller (to whom I had been naturally introduced as Mrs. Felkin) said, 'À propos of those, I heard such a capital story the other day about Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.' Mrs. Woods hastened to interrupt him: 'Before you tell the story, let me tell you that this is Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.'

"The young man told *a* story, but I shall go down to my grave wondering what *the* story was, and mourning that I shall never hear it!"

Mrs. Felkin continued: "An enthusiastic young girl was gushing to me over my novels. After about half-an-hour's chat with me she went on, 'And I think the conversations in your books are so clever and brilliant! Tell me, do you ever talk like that yourself?'

"I took a well-deserved back seat at once!"

* * * * * *

To turn from a present-day to an early Victorian writer.

My first recollection of Miss Braddon is that of her husband kissing me. That sounds rather like an Irish bull, does it not?

Nicholas Trübner, the publisher, had a Christmas tree every Christmas Eve for his daughter Lina, where the literary and diplomatic world forgathered. His wife was the daughter of dear old Monsieur Delpierre, the Belgian Minister, and a niece of Lord Napier of Magdala. Trübner himself was a great friend of my father, and as his daughter Lina and I were babies together, we began Christmas-treeing in our long clothes. One of the elderly folk at these baby Christmas trees was Miss Braddon. Her husband was Maxwell, the publisher, and he had a beard. I hated beards and I hated being kissed, and even to-day I remember kicking and screaming at the age of four or five because he insisted on kissing me, much to the amusement of Bret Harte and Charles Leland. What funny things one remembers.

Was ever a title better earned than the homely "Queen of the Circulating Libraries," bestowed by an appreciative, enormously wide public upon Miss Braddon? The atmosphere of the title is Mid-Victorian, and as a Mid-Victorian

the famous authoress should be judged; for she wrote always with a finger upon the pulse of her time. As the period developed, so did the popular novelist: steadily she grew more literary, less sensational, more rational and firmly poised.

It is curious now, with her long career and its unbroken success before us, to recall that her first great hit—the super-familiar *Lady Audley's Secret*—was, to begin with, an abortive attempt. It appeared anonymously as a serial in *Robin Goodfellow*, an unhappy periodical that perished of inanition at the novel's sixteenth chapter. No doubt persons addicted to the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy attributed the disaster to *Lady Audley*. Nevertheless, in the following year (1862 that is) the story appeared in proper novel form under its author's name. Its success was clinched, and Miss Braddon's name was finally established by the publication, at first as a serial in *Temple Bar*, of the riper, stronger *Aurora Floyd*. Her next outstanding success, *Henry Dunbar*, came a couple of years later. Her facility of production was truly phenomenal, her output continuing from those far, away days down to the appearance of her *Miranda* in 1913. How many weary, dreary hours, how many sickbed inmates, how many depressed, overworked men and women have been relieved by the labour of this long-toiling, conscientious artist. At her best she could please and entertain the literary, at her worst she was a fine story-teller, a highly-skilled weaver of plots.

Of the countless thousands of pounds made by the dramatization of her novels, Miss Braddon never received a penny. Like Mrs. Henry Wood, she was robbed by the callous custom of her period; and although she died a wealthy woman, her fortune was not all made by writing.

Miss Braddon was a fine horsewoman, a great reader, an especial admirer of Balzac, Dickens and George Eliot. To her, *Adam Bede* was among the first half-dozen novels in the English language. She married her publisher, John Maxwell, and died in her seventy-eighth year at her beloved home at Richmond, where she had lived for fifty years.

Miss Braddon was a wonderful woman, a tremendous worker, and a consistent student of, as well as practitioner in, one of the most difficult arts. She was always surrounded by friends, was always cheery and gave of her best. People who never talk pleasantly are paid out for their want of courtesy by being plied with questions. If we do not give something of ourselves to our friends, they naturally demand it of us. Though never good-looking she had a particularly happy smile, and although not addicted to society in its larger sense, she thoroughly enjoyed her friends, just as they enjoyed her.

Heredity came out in the next generation—keenly encouraged by their mother, both her sons became writers, and W. B. Maxwell promises to be as well known, if not as prolific, as Miss Braddon.

CHAPTER XVI

SCRIBBLERS WITH THE PEN

EVERY professional man or woman is invariably supposed to earn several times as much as he actually does earn, and he smiles and acquiesces as part of the game. Men appreciate successful people and employ them accordingly.

What rubbish it is !

People who take themselves seriously are most depressing. They write the dullest books, paint the dullest pictures, play the most discordant music, sing the most tuneless songs, wear the most unkindly clothes. A flippant soul is a far better companion than overweighted seriousness. One of the cleverest men in Britain and one of the best-known women novelists have never been known to smile. Both are profound.

A successful novelist is E. Phillips Oppenheim : it was melodrama, scientifically treated, that made his name. He is a weaver of plots, thoroughly up-to-date and having a strong melodramatic flavour. Men have revelled in his novels, of which one, sometimes even two a year have rolled from his lips—yes, lips, for pen he never touched. Every scrap of his work was dictated, generally while he was lying on a sofa or sitting in a garden.

In his youth he devoured the old writers—Sterne, Addison, Swift, Lamb—read and re-read them again and again. Sometimes in the intervals between business hours he would speculate upon the possibility of his ever doing anything so wonderful as to write a book himself, and he was a man of over thirty before that end was attained. Once the floodgates were loosened, romance

gushed forth for years, and strange to relate, he kept up his standard, and gradually crept to success.

This man of genial personality married a most charming American wife on the proverbial twopence, and together they trod the ladder of success. A dear little house at Sheringham, in Norfolk (Eng.: as our American friends would add), a small flat in town, and a motor-car were all the outcome of his versatile brain; but, alas! how few writers ever attain such substantial gains. He worked like a galley slave, with golf and bridge for recreations.

Another writer of interesting personality who achieved sudden fame—though not fortune—in this case with one book, was Sarah Grand.

Literary agents make big fortunes, publishers make big fortunes; but no author has ever been known to earn a big fortune yet. A few have made large sums by plays—but almost never by books. Tens or hundreds of pounds are the rule, thousands almost never. 'Tis a poor trade, book-making, except in the racing-ring. There, 'tis said, the turtle doves who call "Two to one bar one" and shriek themselves hoarse over the job make their piles—while their vulgarly piquant and venturesome lives serve to fill many an amusing volume.

Madame Sarah Grand's history is interesting. She wrote the novel of the year. Everyone discussed *The Heavenly Twins*. She found herself famous, and yet she was sad. Success does not necessarily bring happiness.

"I don't know how I came to write *The Heavenly Twins*," she said. "Like Topsy, it grew—an outcome of youth, I should say, when one is keenly alive both to pleasure and pain, and still believes it possible both indefinitely to prolong the one and relieve the other. I had such faith in the goodness of mankind at that time, I fully believed that ignorance accounted for the awful needless misery so rife in the world, and that it only needed to be exposed in order to move multitudes to bring about a better state of things. That was a quarter of a century ago, and only lately (1913) has the worst of the subject begun to be publicly discussed with a view to doing something. In the meantime I have been one of the best-pelted

women in the world for my pains. The stories that have been invented to my discredit would fill a volume, and if it had not been that I have powerful friends who have known me all my life, and approved of my every move, I should have been retired from Society misread. The crowd wearies me. Away from my books and my work I am always bored. 'There is no joy but calm.' I never want to know how 'the wild world frets and fares.' Give me an arm-chair and a book, and a few tried friends to fall back upon, and let me sit by the sea in the summer sun, or by the fire in winter; that is my heart's desire. 'The joy of eventful living' has no charm for me, and my solitary ambition is to be able eventually to write a book. My productions so far are only essays in authorship. I am still trying my pen," she wrote.

"You, who are so active, will have no sympathy. But what am I to do? I really cannot, cannot lay myself out to be interesting in any way. On thinking it over, the one predominating trait I discover in myself is settled indifference. My interests are all impersonal. I cannot say that nothing moves me, for my affections are strong and deep and steady; also I see the humorous side of life and can laugh, but all this is compatible with an absence of all desire. And yet I have the happiest recollections of your delightful parties. You bring out the best in everybody."

Madame Grand is an excellent, witty and humorous speaker. She is also—outwardly, at any rate—one of the most optimistic of women.

After a Women Writers' dinner one hot July night Madame Sarah Grand travelled back to her country home. She was rather late for her train, tore down the platform, jumped into a carriage, and off the train started. As she was pulling down the window a gentleman opposite assisted her in the operation, as gentlemen opposite have a knack of doing. It was very hot, she was very tired and loosened her opera cloak a little to receive the refreshing breeze which often blows up after a stifling day. She and the gentleman talked, they became quite friendly, and by the time they arrived at her station he politely opened the door, got out to let her pass, and with a low bow remarked:

"Madame, to-morrow I shall buy and read *The Heavenly Twins*."

"Indeed," she said, very much surprised.

"Until now I have eschewed doing so, thinking from what I heard of the book its writer must be a horrid woman; but, Madame Sarah Grand, you have taught me otherwise. Good night."

More bewildered than ever at this strange identification, she went home, and standing before her mirror when she reached her room, she suddenly noticed a little white badge which she had received at the Women Writers' pinned upon her dress. Since the end of the nineties the Women Writers (who number about two hundred at their annual dinner), find their name-card has attached to its back a small safety-pin, and each woman is requested to pin that card upon the front of her dress where it can easily be seen for purposes of identification, and also as a form of introduction to one another. It is a splendid idea, adds much to the *plaisanterie* of the evening, and one only regrets that at every big function every guest does not wear a card on his or her *back* (where it could be more distinctly read than in front), so that one might identify one's friends instead of injudiciously cutting them, as one is so prone to do through inadvertence and lapse of years. The gentleman had evidently noticed the little card, on which was written in round, bold writing, "Madame Sarah Grand," and as he told the story in his own village, that story grew and grew until it became an accepted truth that great women writers, obsessed with their own doings, went about labelled and ticketed with their own names.

She married when about sixteen an army officer with two sons, the eldest being a boy of ten. As she herself laughingly said, "I used to play cricket with my stepsons in the morning, and assert my authority over them in the afternoon." Not all men as they grow up care to live even with their own mothers, and certainly few stepsons care to live with their stepmothers as did the stepsons of Sarah Grand. Does not that speak volumes for the womanliness and love and sympathy of Madame Sarah Grand? She is one of the most domesticated women possible. She has a kindly face, with

dark hair and penetrating eyes ; she is quiet and reserved, she is nice-looking, and when she talks enthusiasm overspreads her countenance and makes her positively handsome.

How many women have taken to work through adversity ? Until near the end of the nineteenth century it was considered almost immoral for a woman to work, and twenty-five years after, with the nation at war, it was considered quite immoral not to do so.

So wags the world.

Loss of money, disagreements with husbands, disappointment in children, have been the cause, the stimulus of much of the best work that women have done. This is probably because few women were educated to work before 1900, and much that was in them lay buried all unknown until the necessity arose for maintaining themselves and their belongings by their own energies. Then it is that women unfurl. Happiness is an acquired art ; and if, instead of allowing themselves to feel bored, people would mentally insist to themselves that they were enjoying life, the enjoyment would be there. Unfortunately, one point about bored people is that they invariably bore others, while a good point about happy people is that they make others happy.

The entrance of some folk into a room is like a blast from a cold storage depot when the door is opened.

It so happened that at one May dinner in '99 I had among my guests two women who are supposed to be about as strong-minded as any in England. The one was the author of *The Heavenly Twins*, the other Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, the originator of " The Royal Charter for Hospital Nurses." They had never met before, and much enjoyed a chat. Suddenly when I came near Madame Grand to introduce to her Professor von Herkomer, she said :

" Oh, do tell me the time, for I have come away without a latchkey."

" Ten minutes to eleven," replied the Professor.

" Ten minutes to eleven ? " exclaimed the supposed strong-minded female. " Good heavens ! I must fly. I am stopping at the Pioneer Club for the night " (for she lived at Tunbridge Wells at this time), " and I know the doors of

this advanced home of advanced femininity are shut punctiliously at eleven, after which there is no admission except by a latchkey."

It was a strange anomaly that a member of the strong-minded brigade should come out to dinner and rush off in an agony of fear lest she should be locked out.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick was almost as amusing. She had spent the whole of the afternoon on her knees on her drawing-room floor with basins and tubs washing her precious collection of Lowestoft china, which she never allows anyone to touch but herself, and of which she is as proud—as well she may be—as a young mother of her first baby. As women's work does not fill all her time, nor do domestic duties weigh her down, she indulges as a hobby in the collection of Lowestoft with coats of arms upon it.

Strong-minded female number two came and went in a four-wheeler, a London speciality which disappeared a few years later.

"I can't stand a hansom," she said; "whether it is the years of nursing when I was Matron of the London Hospital, or all the operations I have attended, I do not know, but I simply dare not drive in a hansom."

How the world would smile if they only saw how very human and domesticated these supposed "strong-minded, emancipated, shrieking females," really are. Two nicer-looking women, or women more becomingly dressed, it would be difficult to find.

A veteran whom America loved to honour was Dr. Horace Howard Furness, critic and man of letters, the author of the *Variorum* edition of Shakespeare's Works, who died in 1912. To him more than to others had been granted the gift of growing old gracefully, and what was more, of delighting in old age with something of the glow and enthusiasm of youth.

As students, he and my uncle, Dr. E. K. Muspratt of Seaforth Hall, Lancashire, had worked together in Munich; and on my first visit to the United States in 1900 I gladly availed myself of an invitation to stay with him at his lovely cottage-like home near Philadelphia. He was then seventy,

and on seeing him again four years later I noticed no difference in him. His home was full of treasures, old clocks and bureaux, books, engravings, with many of the things taken over to the States by his own ancestors centuries ago. In fact, it was like an old English home. A home of culture, taste, refinement and intellect. A large, wide balcony all round the rambling low "Colonial" house added to the charm of the place in summer, and to its picturesqueness at all times. No one had told me that Dr. Furness was deaf, and when he met me in the porch with a huge trumpet I nearly fainted; for speaking trumpets always strike terror to my soul. But a moment's conversation with the doctor completely drove out such feelings, for one could chat away with him and forget the odious implement.

"The greatest curse a man can suffer from is deafness," he said. "It is a curse to himself, but what is worse still, it makes him a curse to his friends. It came to me at forty, so I gave up law for literature. But now I really look upon it as a blessing, for I am saved hearing many disagreeable things, and people are so nice to me."

For years and years the following was the day of this tremendous worker: Up at 8.30, bath and a careful toilet, Breakfast about 9.30, and then to his library. No luncheon or any food till 6.30, when he dined; then work again until 3 a.m., at which hour he turned out the lights and went to bed. Five and a half hours' sleep was all he allowed himself for thirty years, and he kept physically strong on a couple of meals a day. On two days a week he journeyed into Philadelphia to attend committees and charities and such affairs.

He adored his wife. It was one of the most beautiful kinds of reverence imaginable. It was a Tuesday when she died, and Dr. Furness, in kindly thought of her memory, never from that time broke his fast on any Tuesday until his evening dinner hour. For over a quarter of a century his wife's place was laid at the table opposite himself, and no one allowed to occupy it. The empty chair, the unused covers on the table, were a pathetic reminder of his great sorrow, for to him her death left a void that was never filled, and was a subject on which he never spoke. He lived every Tuesday again with her in memory. Year in year out

the sacrifice was made. There must have been something of the monk in this dear old man, with his scourging and self-sacrifice in remembrance and honour of the dead. His wife was ever with him, a hallowed memory, a poetic dream.

Short, thick-set, strong, muscular, he was a man of notable physique for his years. Loving a joke and well able to tell one, full of fun and kindliness, keenly interested in everything, a tremendous reader with a retentive memory, he was well up in the literature of every country. His was altogether a remarkable personality—remarkable because of his power of work and his disregard of food or sleep; he rarely touched meat, and took but one glass of wine a day, but smoked several cigars. Sentiment was to him a veritable religion.

We were sitting alone in his library one evening in 1904, when he said:

"I think the next volume must be *Antony and Cleopatra*. I have often thought of it, but it is a very long play, and not perhaps of such general public interest. But it contains Shakespeare's most wonderful character. Men have described kings and queens, courtiers and beggars, jesters and charlatans, but no man has ever quite mastered the vagaries of woman, the little flirtations and quips. In this, Shakespeare's Cleopatra is a masterpiece."

"Do you imagine," I asked, "that one man really wrote all these plays, or that he was helped by others, while time has added a line here and a line there?"

"Yes, I believe one man wrote them all; besides, other men have written two pieces a year, and several have produced many more plays in a lifetime. This craving to unearth Shakespeare's personality," Dr. Furness declared, "I disapprove of. It doesn't matter whether he had the frailties of man or not. He had a magnificent brain, a prodigious conception, and he turned out work that for centuries has made people think in all lands. It is the work, the result, that is of consequence.

"But to return to Cleopatra. I have only just finished a volume, and am tired, so I am tidying up my library, re-cataloguing some of it, clearing off my correspondence, and getting straight generally before I begin another.

My son, Horace Howard junior, has undertaken *Richard III.* and has been at it off and on for the last two years. He is getting quite into the way of it. I look over the work and give him a little help or advice, but he is all right, and the volumes I don't live to finish he will be able to continue, I hope. It is dreadful to be seventy-four and feel one's life work is not nearly done."*

This was a complaint against age unusual with him.

"*Antony and Cleopatra*," I observed, "is seldom acted nowadays."

"Very seldom. It has about forty scenes. That didn't matter in Shakespeare's time, when there was no scenery to shift, but with the present elaborate stage display forty scenes are prohibitive. And then the play is very 'naughty,' and for that reason is not adapted so well for public representation.

"Talking of display," Dr. Furness went on, "reminds me of a story the elder Booth once told me. He was billed to play *Hamlet* in some town not very far from New York. All the company arrived by a certain train, but the baggage was missing. The next train was due about seven, and they carefully calculated that if everything and everyone was ready, they could just manage the performance. Carts were waiting at the station, and the actors in their dressing-rooms, when back came the stage manager to say the baggage had not arrived. Here was a dilemma. *Hamlet*, and not a rag to wear, with an impatient audience already seated in front. While the company were discussing what to do the audience became noisy, and at last Booth persuaded the manager to go and explain matters and to add, 'Those who wish to leave the theatre can do so, and get their money back at the doors. For those who prefer to remain Mr. Booth and company will do their best to give a rendering of the play.'

"'I never acted so well in my life,' said Booth. 'I felt the whole thing could so easily become ridiculous that I was on my mettle, and my cutaway tweed jacket and cane for a sword kept me up to the mark. It was a horrible

* His son is nobly finishing this work with skill as great as his father's.

strain. Every movement was new; there was no cloak, no chain, nothing—but it was the theatrical triumph of my life, I am sure of that.' "

The anecdote recalled to my mind an operatic performance I had once seen in Munich, when the women wore Scotch caps and kilts *outside* their own skirts, only they did so intentionally, knowing no better; whereas the Booth party dressed ridiculously because they could not help it.

The Shakespearean library—one of the most famous in the world—was the largest apartment in Dr. Furness's house, and had staircases on either side to the galleries above. The walls, twenty-five feet high, were completely lined with books. The lower cases contained rare volumes, and were closed in with glass frames made by the father of President Roosevelt. Each of Shakespeare's plays had its own separate bookcase, in which were grouped the many editions which Dr. Furness possessed and the literature relating to that particular play—volumes large and small, in almost every living language. Each case was labelled, for the great scholar was nothing if not methodical. He had several writing-tables, each for its own particular play and notes, and he kept his literary work and his private correspondence apart. His library was not so big as Lord Acton's at Bridgnorth, although arranged somewhat on the same lines. I spent many hours and days in this noble Furness library, which looked charming at night, with its thick Turkey carpets and comfortable chairs, for although an historical library—one of the great libraries, in fact, of America—it was homelike to a degree. There were statues and masks and pictures of Shakespearean parts, and I never saw a house with so many clocks. Among them was a four-hundred-day clock, at that time a rarity.

A small photograph of great interest showed three old men sitting at a table, and underneath were the words: "Three friends who never grew old to each other."

The signatures attached were those of W. H. Furness, S. Bradford, and R. Waldo Emerson—the first-named being the father of Horace Howard Furness.

Opposite was a worn sheet of paper, with faded ink, headed:

DRURY LANE THEATRE

Pay List, 9th February, 1765, at £69 11s. 6d. per day; £417 9s. 0d. per week.

Some of the items of payment will be of considerable interest to leading actors and actresses accustomed to the large salaries received by favourites of to-day. They included:

	DAY			WEEK		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
James Lacy Esq	2	15	6	16	13	0
Dad: Garrick Esq	2	15	6	16	13	0
Mr. Yates & W	3	6	8	20	0	0
Music Band	8	16	3	52	17	6
Mrs. Cibber	2	10	0	15	0	0
Mrs. Pritchard	2	6	8	14	0	0
Mrs. Clive	1	15	0	10	10	0

Dancers received sums as low as twelve shillings per week, although the principals were better rewarded. Grimaldi, the famous clown, drew six pounds. Other items were:

	£	s.	d.
The Candlewoman		12	0
The Barber	1	4	0
The Sweepers		3	9

This chapter touched at the outset upon Dr. Furness's joy in old age. It cannot be better illustrated than in his own words, spoken at a banquet to the young men of Harvard University in Philadelphia, in February, 1908.

"Old age has its charms; they grow more attractive the further we advance. There are many pleasures in old age: for instance, no one ever scolds an old man for his forgetfulness. Nay, the warm blood of compassion mounts to the cheek. The sharp outlines of the past grow blurred, the future is impenetrably veiled. But O Heavens, the radiant mist of memory remains."

Dr. Furness was a dear, courteous, kindly old gentleman. He wrote me so many letters that, although my rule is to tear up correspondence, I have one or two remaining still in his firm, beautiful handwriting, penned from an old man to a woman half his age.

Strangely enough, the last letters he ever wrote included one penned to me. It was on the 11th of August, 1912.

I had written to tell him of my approaching visit to America that autumn. He had twice entertained me under his hospitable roof at Wallingford, near Philadelphia; the charming, gracious, dignified home already mentioned

"DEAR MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE,

"It is pleasant news indeed that we are to see you here again, in October or November.

"In one respect it is unfortunate that I cannot throw my doors wide open for a visit from you. I have taken under my roof my son-in-law, Dr. Jayne, with his two motherless children and their governess; and also before long my granddaughter and her husband and two little children—my great-grandchildren—and nurses, etc. These, together with my youngest son Dr. Willie, fill my house choke full.

"Their presence is a pure delight to me—but it precludes a single room for a guest even overnight. *I am only too happy to foster the idea that they are all taking care of me—which at eighty I need no more than at forty.*

"Give my kindest regards to your mother and my old-time love to your uncle Edmund, whose photograph in his scholastic cap and gown is hanging here before me.

"Until we meet, and ever after, believe me, dear Mrs. Tweedie,

"Yours cordially,

"HORACE HOWARD FURNESS."

The underlined are strange words, for he died forty-eight hours later of pneumonia.

Turning from a Shakespearean writer to a poet, no woman ever attracted me more than Alice Meynell. So quiet, so simple, so gentle, so serene, she seems to belong to the days of dimity curtains, lavender bags and white cotton stockings.

If she had not been a woman she might have been made Poet Laureate. Women are getting on; but no, they cannot be Poet Laureates yet, though in 1915 the first statue of a woman (outside Royalty) was put up in London—to wit, that of Florence Nightingale in Waterloo Place

—and in the midst of the great International War, with thousands of women tending the wounded and dozens serving as doctors, this insignificant representation of the woman who initiated and evolved the nursing system, as we now know it throughout the whole world, made its appearance unheeded. No one unveiled the statue of Florence Nightingale. A workman just pulled back the sheet, that was all the honour done to this great nursing pioneer. Florence Nightingale was the pioneer of nursing, and Alice Meynell was the first woman poet to be in the running for the Laureateship.

Below is one of her typical little notes :

" 2a, Granville Place, W.
" June 2nd, 1914.

" My Dear Mrs. Tweedie,

" Let me thank you most cordially for your kind thought in sending me a message at last night's dinner. I needed a friendly word, I assure you, and you were sweet to send it me.

" Believe me ever,
" Your grateful admirer,
" Alice Meynell."

On the previous night a complimentary dinner had been accorded her as being one of the greatest poets in England —" the greatest," said J. L. Garvin. I only read of the dinner the same day in the train, so on reaching home at 7 p.m. wired a few congratulatory words. The room was crowded, the success assured, and her position as a writer of beautiful verse acclaimed. Dear, gentle, kindly Mrs. Meynell.

Totally different to Alice Meynell was the Austrian Baroness Bertha von Suttner.

Strong, forceful, majestic, fearing neither God nor man, a woman of great single purpose—and that Peace—she was President of the Austrian Peace Society, Vice-President of the International Peace Bureau at Berne. The third time a Nobel prize (worth many thousands of pounds) was given to a woman, Baroness Bertha von Suttner was the recipient for furthering the cause of International Peace. Her notable publication, *Die Waffen Nieder* (Lay down

your arms), in 1890 was a full exposition of what had come to be her life's quest. In 1912 she gave a hundred and fifty lectures in America in six months—with war raging in the Balkans—on the necessity of lasting peace. Two years later her country was plunged into the most terrible war, and all peace talk fell before the lust of combat.

"Vienna.

"October 20th, 1913.

"DEAR MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE,

"You are a wonderful woman; so much energy, so much beauty, so much *esprit!*

"I hope that your publishers will send me a copy of your new book on America, to be reviewed by me in a German paper.

"I do not know whether we shall meet in London or in Vienna. But wherever and whenever the meeting occurs it will be a vivid pleasure to me.

"Yours truly,

"B. SUTTNER."

This letter was written in English. She died a few months later, just before the Great War, and was saved much pain—for her belief in Peace persisted to the end.

A woman's bright smile is like a glint of rainbow in a dull sky. It cheers and charms.

A good woman is one of God's greatest blessings, she sweetens all around her and leaves the world the better for her being.

CHAPTER XVII

A FEW OLD FRIENDS

THE following amusing letter is from one of the oldest of my old friends, Frankfort Moore, the conspicuously popular author-dramatist-journalist, whose *Jessamy Bride, A Damsel or Two*, with a dozen other works, hardly need recalling to mind. He made his home in a highly picturesque environment, the precincts of the ancient and historic Lewes Castle in Sussex, where he lives literally among the walls under the shadow of the old gate and its portcullis.

Irish, delightful, cheery, always full of good stories and good humour, a tremendous worker is Frankfort Moore. He writes anyhow and at any time. The back of an envelope or the butcher's bill, his shirt cuff, anything does for his novel work—which *is* novel—and he never dictates. How different is the workmanship of different workers. Although a busy person, he occasionally finds time to indite a letter to an old friend. This is a chaffing reply to a supposed letter which I had never written.

"Lewes. May 20th, 1907.

"My Dear Mrs. Alec,

"How sweet of you to write me such a letter full of news—the only letter that I have received for over two years! I assure you that we have not forgotten you nor any of our other friends in London. It seems to me almost miraculous how within three months after leaving London I find myself acclimatized to a place like Lewes—about the last in the world where I ever expected to settle. But you could have no idea how settled we do

feel. Doris has not been in London since last October, and any time that I go up it is simply in response to a summons of my faithful agent.

"I replied to the toast of 'The Town and Trade of Lewes' at the last Mayor's banquet, and really I seem to be doing nothing else but qualifying to do greater justice to this inspiring theme. I am as far removed from any library as is Quiller-Couch at Fowey, or G. B. Burgin at Highgate, to say nothing of Douglas Sladen at West Kensington. The progress of the peas, the pruning of the roses, the filling out of the grapes—these things engross me now. I have really made this 'property' of mine delightful, and I am doing something to improve it every day. The house is quite large and even more convenient. It has a bathroom, and hot and cold water laid on in the housemaid's pantry. Could anything be more convenient, not to say unusual? Then there is the electric light—a thing you know nothing of in London, and the water supply is more than adequate.

"Then we have views of the Downs half a mile away, and of the Castle Keep ten yards away. Part of the old gate and the Barbican are within our own garden. We have an Elizabethan billiard-room, a dining-room forty feet long to accommodate a family of sixty, and a nursery that is too small for a family of three! And so here we are.

"Seriously, I was delighted to get your letter, a breath of the Town I have forsaken. I am glad to know that you are all prospering. Every week I read something of yours either in *The Queen* or elsewhere. There is no literary person so well known as you are here. I find myself looked on with something akin to respect when I boast that I know you. I should like to have a long chat with your mother, who, as you know, was always my particular friend. I shall never forget the pleasure I had hearing her read out *Monte Cristo* to your boys. All my knowledge of Alexandre Dumas is derived from that reading.

"By the way, Chevallier Tayler, the stepfather of the lovely little girl who was of the party, is illustrating my novel now running—crawling rather—through the pages of *The Treasury*. I have four serials going just now,

and have signed contracts for as many more, together with a series of eighteenth-century sketches. But I do not seem to have as much time for writing as I had in London.

"The next time that I go up to town I will ask a policeman to direct me to York Terrace. Meantime, when will you come to us for a week-end?

"With all regards and renewed thanks for your kind inquiries, I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"F. FRANKFORT MOORE."

The letter drew fire and, having kindled the spark, had to be faithfully answered.

Frankfort Moore has a perfectly delicious garden. It is quite small, but he has arranged the untidy wilderness so cleverly amongst the moat and the castle walls of Lewes that it gives the effect of great expanse, and with its trees heavily laden with blossom standing on three different terraces it looks high, rambling and picturesque. Old sundials, quaint vases, and marble steps are so dispersed that each corner is a little picture, and in its wild exuberance is as paintable as Alma-Tadema's London garden, which lends itself to Greek art, leopard skins, goldfish, and sandalled feet.

On one occasion I happened to have just read Frankfort Moore's book, *The Fatal Gift*, and referring to it he said:

"About 1887, when I was a-courting, I took the young lady to the street where the famous Miss Gunnings had once lived in Dublin. Their story had always interested me, and I wanted to show her the home of these famous Irish girls. The street had deteriorated considerably; their old home was a dirty second-hand furniture shop, but, funnily enough, in that very house I bought the most beautifully carved bedstead I think I have ever seen in my life.

"Ten years later, in London, having collected a good deal of information about the Gunnings, I finally made up my mind to begin *The Fatal Gift*, and one day I sat down and wrote my first chapter. Putting it away at lunch-time, I came downstairs and noticed a parcel sticking out

of the letter-box. It proved to be a very untidily done-up parcel from a strange lady, beginning, as so many unknown correspondents do, with, 'I hope you will pardon the liberty I am taking,' and then continuing to the effect that as I had evinced such an interest in the eighteenth century and written the *Jessamy Bride*, she thought it would be worth my while to go further and write the life of the famous Miss Gunnings. 'By way of inspiring you to this work,' she said, 'I enclose you two pictures of these famous girls, because I feel that when you look into their faces you will be moved to write a novel about them.'"

Surely this was an extraordinary coincidence that, the identical morning he wrote his first chapter upon them, portraits of the Miss Gunnings should come from an unknown source, suggesting his doing the very thing which, after years of cogitation, he had just begun.

Frankfort Moore once told me a neat little story against himself, to the effect that he was one day in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and hearing that every book published was represented there, he boldly asked for a book of poems by F. Moore. He waited palpitatingly, and after some minutes the keenly desired book was produced; with a leap of the heart he recognized it in the official's hands—but alas! only to discover, a moment later, that its leaves had never been cut.

He had another neat little story, its hero being this time another person, an extremely well-known *littérateur*, "whose only extravagance," he said, "is his pipe, and his only luxury a motor-car, in spite of all his fortune. I once went to a cricket match in which literature was to play art. The scribbler, who shall be nameless, got up our side, and off we went to a country cricket ground. After the game Mr. Scribbler ordered a kind of *high tea* for our eleven at a rustic inn—a meal of the egg-and-bacon species, but quite nice—and the little man was highly pleased with his own arrangements.

"When the meal was over he placed himself in front of me and said: 'I've reckoned it all up, and will settle with the landlady to save you trouble if you'll give me the amount of your share, which is two and twopence.'

" ' Two and twopence—of course, with pleasure.'

" So out I solemnly handed two shillings and twopence.

" Then he went on to Conan Doyle ; the same performance followed, and two shillings and twopence was solemnly handed over. He laboriously went round to each of the eleven cricketers, collecting these two shillings and twopences, and yet his income was probably more than the lot of ours put together, and twenty-four shillings would have squared the whole bill and saved him a mighty lot of trouble."

No one burst more suddenly or more unexpectedly upon the public than a certain compatriot of Frankfort Moore's, commonly known as " George Birmingham."

" Who is he ? " folk asked. " What is he—or she ? " people inquired ; so let the gentleman speak for himself :

" My inner biography is strangely uninteresting.

" I wrote my first story in 1891, because I wanted ten pounds very badly. I got it.

" I wrote on an obscure point of Church History because I had spent five years studying it and wanted to tell other people what I had found out. Nobody cared.

" I wrote my next story, a novel, *The Seething Pot*, in 1904, for the same prosaic reason for which I wrote my story thirteen years before. I wanted money again, this time to educate my family.

" I went on writing because I found it an extraordinarily interesting amusement, and adopted a *nom de plume* because I cherished a hope that I might remain unknown. It was a futile hope. Half a dozen people caught me in the first three months. Yet I thought I was very clever when I chose *Birmingham* for a pen name. I never suspected that anyone who even knew Ireland would trace my book to a rectory in Co. Mayo. I selected a name which is fairly common among the professional and shop-keeping classes in the county, and which therefore would not strike people as a pseudonym.

" I don't get types anywhere. I just write them out of my head.

" Nothing will induce me to tell you, or anyone else,

what I think is good for a clergyman, further than this —I know it is exceedingly bad for them to talk and write about themselves, and the moral decay of my character consequent on this confession will lie like a load on your conscience."

It was at that dear old West Coast of Ireland rectory I first met James D. Hannay about 1907. It was Hallowe'en, and we all ducked for apples together, and burnt our fingers over snapdragon with his children.

"George Birmingham" was, at the time when his notable novel, *The Seething Pot*, first made a stir in the land, rector of a remote parish—that of Westport, Mayo. He is now a sufficiently famous personage. Without doubt, moreover, the humorist who has given us *General John Regan* and many another vivid Irish comedy and study has done more than make us laugh; he has illuminated for us the better phases of Irish Nationalism, while satirizing with effect the meaner features of its political side. Canon Hannay has indeed a unique capacity for viewing the Irish problem as well from the Ulster-Protestant angle as from the standpoint of the convinced Nationalist. Thus, himself no politician—but speaking with the voice of a genial and fair-minded popular author—he brings to bear an influence at once mollifying and enlarging upon the extremists of both sides. His books are humorous sketches of political Irish history and romance.

Canon Hannay's pastoral work also has been serious and distinguished, and his personal popularity extended well beyond the limits of the parish that he ruled for so many years. He became Canon of St. Patrick's, and is domiciled in Dublin.

One day in October, 1913, I heard from Canon Hannay that he was going to the United States to see his play *General John Regan* produced, and might he come and have a chat.

"Wellington Club, S.W.
"October 9th, 1913.

"My Dear Mrs. Alec-Tweedie,

"A thousand thanks for all the letters of introduction. They give us a sensation of going forth among

strange people with decent clothes instead of being naked and unprotected. I shall use them exactly as you direct.

"Very many thanks about the book *America As I Saw It*. I shall be quite prepared to fight for your character and reputation, but I imagine there will not be the smallest need for any heroic action of the kind. I have hitherto lived the kind of dull life in which nothing has ever happened. Perhaps the future may have some adventures in store for me.

"I hope you will be in London when we return, so that we may talk over our adventures.

"I am,

"Yours very sincerely,

"JAMES D. HANNAY."

His personal success in New York was instantaneous, so he need not have felt so anxious about it.

No man has "edited" more miles of typescript and proof than Hugh Chisholm. It took him about eight years to build up the *Encyclopædia Britannica* published for *The Times* in 1910. There were about one thousand two hundred contributors, of whom only twenty-seven were women, and among them I had the honour to sign my name.

Think of seeking out the right people to write the right articles, apportioning the right number of words to each item, carefully seeing that nothing overlapped and that every subject received its allotted space. Truly a monumental piece of work: accomplished by a charming man, a delightful gentleman and a sound scholar.

Referring once to the *Encyclopædia*, Mr. Chisholm said:

"There was one incident in connection with the editorship of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which is perhaps typical of views that I have heard from others as to my not looking the part. On my first visit to New York I had an introduction to Mrs. Schuyler Van Ruesslaer, who asked a number of literary people to meet me at dinner. One of these, a lady, telephoned in reply that she was so sorry she was engaged, as she was very anxious to see omniscience in the flesh, in the person of the Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But she was quite certain

what I must look like—a sort of combination of Darwin, Homer and Herbert Spencer, with a bald head and a nice long white beard!

"The other side, a less complimentary one, is indicated in the answer made by Miss Green, the late J. Pierpoint Morgan's librarian, when Mrs. Gertrude Atherton asked her if she might bring the Editor of the *E. B.* to see her, and if she would show me the library. Miss Green replied that she would much rather not: she never could stand having to be polite to such a literary, dry, wizened old man as she was sure he must be, who would contradict everything she said and be entirely devoid of all sense of humour! Mrs. Atherton thought this too good a joke to withhold."

Mr. Chisholm has still to live down the disappointment caused by his failure to look the part of the elderly, learned Editor of such a prodigious piece of work, covering eight years of selection and toil.

Nice people have a nasty little way of never looking the part. Real talent never obtrudes its line, only the mediocre crave for limelight, paint and dressing-up.

There has been no Royal Academician in recent years of more striking appearance than the late Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, who, with Watts, was the first artist to have conferred upon him the rare distinction of the Order of Merit. Sir Lawrence, whom everybody knew as the painter of wonderful pictures of ancient Roman life, was a short, wide, man with a strange breadth of brow, a pleasant round face adorned by moustache and imperial, and eyes that reflected a fund of amusement. By birth he was a Frieslander, and he would have been a notary in his native country had not the call of art been even more insistent than the wishes of his guardians. He was thirty-three when he came to England, and though he learned our language thoroughly, and rarely made a grammatical error, he spoke to the end with a very strong accent and a peculiarly jerky manner, in quite a foreign style.

Du Maurier, of *Punch* fame, and Alma-Tadema were strangely alike. They were always being mistaken for each other, and a good story is told of how on one occasion

a lady, after explaining to Du Maurier how absurd it was they could ever be mixed up, asked him if he would kindly sign a photograph she had bought of him.

"Delighted," replied Du Maurier, stepping forward to the writing-table; but then, taking up the pen, he exclaimed: "But, my dear Madam, this is not my photograph, it is Alma-Tadema's."

Sir Lawrence had a strange misfortune in his first London home. He took Townsend House, on the north side of Regent's Park, in 1870, and he had begun to transform it into a very artistic place, when one unhappy day a barge laden with gunpowder exploded on the Regent's Canal, and Townsend House was almost ruined. Nothing daunted, he returned to the site with renewed energy and started to make it one of the most beautiful and artistic houses in London. The music-room was of gold, and the studio ceiling, which was in Pompeian style, had medallions painted by himself.

In 1882 he bought the French artist Tissot's much larger house in Grove End Road, and after two or three years' prodigious labour, during which was spent a large part of the fortune which his paintings had by this time brought him, he transformed this also into one of the most wonderful abodes that any artist since Rubens has inhabited. An authorized account of this building stated long ago, "It is its creator's purpose that this residence shall be essentially a worker's house. There are to be no superfluous rooms, such as drawing-rooms and merely fancy apartments. All there is, is to be of use."

And so it was, since the main rooms were three studios: but assuredly never was use more carefully combined with beauty and exquisitely finished detail.

The first thing he did was to build the garden studio, and there he painted his famous picture of *Readings from Homer* while he superintended the rebuilding of Tissot's old home. Tadema's house is like an ancient Chinese puzzle box—it is all doors and cupboards and looking-glasses and queer corners. Every room is of unconventional shape, and an excrescence in one becomes an indenture in another. If it has a fault it is the want of light in the

writing-room, for the windows are either of coloured glass, or merely round medallions of onyx through which the light gleams. Tadema was the only English painter to receive a much-coveted architectural prize—the King's Gold Medal for Architecture, presented every three years. And beyond doubt he was as much an architect—his pictures prove it—as a painter.

The rebuilt house in the Grove End Road was also a veritable museum. Entering the door, one is confronted by a tall row of brass steps—about twenty of them—which shine like gold. The effect is magnificent, and at the top is a splendid door with a huge brass plaque, which by pressure of a tiny button opens on to the studio. Alma-Tadema also had a mechanical mind. These extraordinary doors of his—sixteenth or seventeenth century, Roman or Dutch—hardly ever have handles and always swing in the most amazing manner at the slightest touch. He, with a carpenter-man whom he employed all the year round, made them. Together they chose exquisite pieces of wood—he never allowed anything to be stained—and inlaid panels of different grains, which the man polished and moulded by hand. He constructed the doors of this charming house, which, with its brass stairs, its Dutch windows, its tiles from Naples or Holland, make the home in itself—as said before—a veritable museum.

Two salient features of the place are the Dutch room and the chief studio. What stories that studio could tell of musical entertainments and interesting people. The one end looks out on to the garden. The other end has a magnificent and really enormous Byzantine apse—wide, solid, majestic—of silver. The whole ceiling is also of silver, and the walls are covered with Chipolino. Tadema was very anxious to have this great scheme carried out in silver as a change to the other rooms he had done with gold and old Japanese papers, but it was quite impossible to discover any silver that would not tarnish; so going one day to the shop where they printed wedding invitations he said to the man:

"What do you use for printing the silver lettering on wedding and funeral cards? because it never tarnishes."

"Aluminium," was the reply.

This gave him the idea. Home he went, aluminium he bought. He had it beaten out in the same way as gold leaf; beaten out into little squares of two or three inches, and laid on by his frame-maker so that the entire studio arch is of beaten silver.

The Dutch rooms he brought over from Holland wholesale, including the sixteenth-century bed with its trappings, the delicious little windows with their finely clamped wooden shutters. He took to pieces a Dutch cabinet to form the side of a wall, one of the ends being utilized as a door for the dining-room. The old Dutch bedroom was Lady Tadema's studio. Here she painted many of the pictures of Hollandish interiors which made her name.

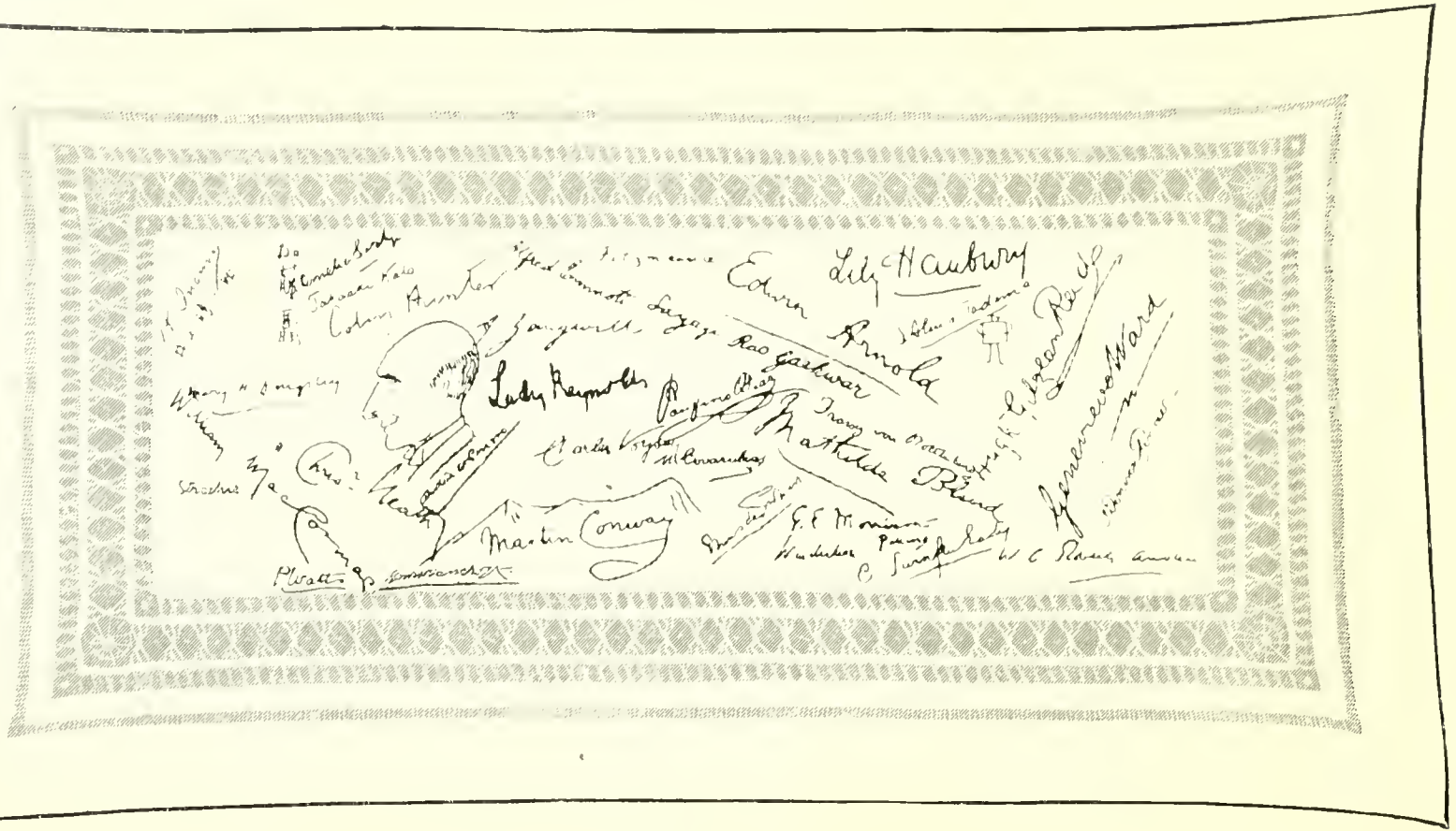
The garden is a dream. It is quite a small place and arranged to give an idea of space and vista and mystery.

One May Day the white cherry blossom was kissing the lilac just bursting into bloom, the double peach was dropping delicious pink leaves upon the path, daffodils and tulips of every colour were thick upon the beds, bulbs innumerable held a prominent place, for was not Tadema half Dutch? The pond or basin was full of gold-fish and carp, and, in fact, there was no corner of that garden that was not a little picture in itself.

Two sketches by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema.

No wonder the artist loved it. Every stone was planned—if not laid—by himself; and it will be lamentable indeed if this strange home of a versatile genius is not preserved as a little museum for the Nation, replete as it is with treasures chosen by the artist-architect, and worked under the direction of his own brain.

Sir Lawrence was a dear. When he was sitting beside me one night at dinner I asked him with bated breath if he would draw something on the cloth. "Delighted," he said. Whereupon he proceeded to draw a square box in big lines. This box, in two or three more lines, turned into a portrait of Arthur Bourchier in the rôle of *Henry VIII.*, which that clever comedian was then playing.



CLOTH VI.

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CHAPTER XVIII

PLAYWRIGHTS

TRULY Playwriting is a funny game. Often enough it brings fortune to the man who throws the dice successfully ; and yet, more often than not half the audience neither know his name, nor care one jot who toiled to write the acts they are enjoying. It always seems strange to mention a playwright as though he were a sort of wheelwright or other labourer.

Not ten per cent. of our dramatists are known to the public, and not even ten per cent. of those have more than one successful play to their names. It seems a mighty awkward tool to handle, this dramatic butterfly net, through whose meshes the dainty insect Good Fortune so often escapes.

No one knows whether a novel, a thing that offers itself squarely and directly to its public, will catch on or not ; still less can anyone forecast success or failure for a play, a thing presentable to an audience only through the highly specialized medium of the actor, stage-manager and scene-painter, who each and all say the same thing about the stage : " It is a game of chance."

True, when the chance comes it brings good luck to all concerned ; but the supreme difficulty is not merely to fit the glove to the particular actor, the piece to the particular company, but the whole spirit and drift and atmosphere of the play to the mood of the moment. One exception, however, *H.M.S. Pinafore,* did create its own public, and so sailed into safe harbour with a fair wind.

No one knows the fickle tide of dramatic authorship better than Louis N. Parker : once a success, then for long years a failure, then again in the forefront of popular

dramatists. A man of many talents, too, is Louis N. Parker, and sufficiently cosmopolitan; born in Calvados, France, he was educated in various places. Then we hear of him as Director of Music in Sherborne School, a post that he held for nineteen years, and in 1898 he was created Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music.

In the following words he gives his own first experience as a playwright.

"When you are a master in a Public School you must do something with your leisure time. In 1886 I had built myself a charming little stage in a barn behind my home in Sherborne, Dorset. Then the question arose as to what play was to inaugurate this new theatre. After reading the entire *corpus* of English and foreign dramatic literature, whether of the present or the past, I came to the conclusion which all managers seem to arrive at, namely, that no play was quite good enough for his theatre. So I set to work and wrote one.

"I had never written a play, but that fact did not alarm me. I had never played the fiddle, but I was quite willing to try. And when the play was written (while shaving, so to speak) it seemed to me so beautiful that I gladly borrowed five pounds to have it printed. A copy was lying on the stationer's counter when the manager of a travelling company happened to come in, bent on getting the stationer to back a performance in Sherborne. He saw a new play by a local author, and without stopping to inquire what it was about he called on me. He was absolutely the first actor I had ever spoken to. I found him, as I have found all actors all the world over, a ravishing creature. He asked me whether I wanted to become famous.

"I said I did.

"Did I want to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice?

"That prospect also, I admitted, had its charms. I let him produce my play

"It was a wonderful performance. The manager himself played the villain in a velvet coat which he borrowed from me. There were thirty pounds in the house; record takings, I believe, for that company. To me it seemed an

enormous sum. The next day, while I was reading the criticism of my play in the local paper (unfriendly, I need hardly say), the manager came to see me again and borrowed ten pounds for the conveyance of his company to Yeovil. It is strange but true that I have never seen the ten pounds or the velvet coat since that far-off day, and I almost begin to think I shall never do so again.

"But that admirable actor, Louis Calvert, was temporarily a member of the company. Calvert spoke about the play to Ben Greet. Ben Greet commissioned me to write a pastoral play for him, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell was to act, and later produced my first play (*A Buried Talent*) at a Vaudeville matinée, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the only woman's part. That was her first professional appearance in London, and mine also. The Press was extraordinarily kind to both of us—and *here* we are.

"But *where* is my velvet coat?"

"Louis N." as he is called by his friends, clearly found Venice to be the right place for a rest-cure, for he wrote on October 18th, 1913:

"Hôtel de l'Europe.

"My Dear Mrs. Tweedie,

"I never got anywhere near Berlin, I am sorry to say. Meandered through Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, and Gratz, hither, and am now doing nothing, thinking nothing, and saying nothing.

"I am not thinking of plays. Or, at least, trying not to. The weather is heavenly, the people are heavenly. I see no newspaper but the *Gazettino*, which has four pages, of which three are of advertisements. *This is* the ideal life.

"Any theatres? Where? There are said to be some here, but they don't begin till 9 p.m., by which time I am in bed and asleep. But, then, I get up at 6 a.m.

"They say half a loaf is better than no bread. I am having a little bread and a complete loaf. My only excitement is to go and get swindled in old curiosity shops. I shall stay on here as long as possible. And now I have the added pleasure that I have been thought of by you.

"Yours sincerely,

"Louis N. Parker."

A few days after *Joseph and His Brethren* was produced in London, September, 1913, Louis N. Parker came to have a *tête-à-tête* dinner with me, when he related a queer little story.

After six years of pageant production he returned to London in 1909, tired, worn, weary. He sat down and studied his bank-book, to find the balance on the wrong side. For all through the years he had been doing pageants expenses had been going on at home, and he was in debt.

The weeks wore on, and no ideas came. Awful months ensued. He tried to work and could not, he tried to sleep and could not ; everyone seemed to have forgotten him and his work, and life was black. One distressful night about Christmas-time he sat alone. He pondered on his dear blue Persian cat that had died without reason, of another cat that had followed suit, and then his eye wandered to the cat-god of Egypt which he had bought in the museum at Cairo and which stood on the mantelpiece.

Curse that little god, everything had gone wrong ever since he possessed it ! Feeling desperate, he got up, exclaiming, " I will, I will ! " And seizing the cat-god, out to the street he went. It was three o'clock in the morning ; he wandered on and on till he found a quiet square and over the railings of that square he threw the brass cat image.

As he turned the key of the house door on his return the words " Pomander Walk " flashed through his brain. " A good title for a play ! " he said to himself, and to bed he went ; but not to sleep. By seven in the morning he was downstairs pen in hand writing the scenario for *Pomander Walk*—afterwards a most successful play.

Furthermore, the morning post brought a letter. It contained a cheque for six hundred pounds, which sum he had wiped out as a bad debt. Three days later Beerbohm Tree walked into his study and asked for a new play. And so one success followed another. In three months the debts were paid and he went to Italy for a holiday.

" Do you believe the cat-god was evil ? "

" I do not know what to believe. It may have been coincidence ; but whatever the reason, such were the facts." He was fifty-five years old when this new luck came.

Quick, sharp, concise, dramatic, and supremely in touch with a modern audience is Louis N. Parker.

A man of quite another type, a man who strives for literary effect and is not such a master of stage technique, is Israel Zangwill, who has had a strange and varied career. The latter's greatest book is perhaps *Children of the Ghetto.*

The story of the dramatized version rests upon a Jewish tradition relating to the unintentional marriage of a husband-elect—through a quasi-rehearsal of the ceremony with the younger sister of his intended bride. It is a somewhat gloomy and painful, though in its love-scenes a tender and brilliant piece of writing; but it proved too long for a London audience.

Entirely self-made, once a schoolmaster, this man has a touch of genius, and what one admires is his firm adherence to his own faith, his constant reiteration that he is a Jew, and is proud of it.

Talking of writing, he once said: "I write my great scenes at high speed. I work myself into a perfect frenzy over a situation; I cannot, or will not be interrupted when the thing is planned, and once I sit down to commit it to paper I must go on while the mood is upon me. I never rewrite the important scenes of a book, because I am quite sure, however much I touch them up, they would never have the same feeling in them, the same abandonment of self as they have when penned at this high pressure. I leave them exactly as written in the frenzy state. The rest of the work I re-write and correct most carefully. Perhaps I am too painstaking," he added; "but the less interesting and unimportant passages are the ones that worry me most."

One night when he dined with me in November, 1899, he entered the room exclaiming:

"I have just read an article of yours in yesterday's *Jewish Chronicle.* What an extraordinary thing that is that the Jews should be boycotted from the entire island of Borkum.'

On my asking him if he had ever heard of such a thing elsewhere, he replied: "No, but there are certain hotels in America where Jews cannot be served."

A fortnight later his *Children of the Ghetto*, dramatized by himself, was to be produced at the Adelphi, the entire company coming over from America to play it here.

"But were you wise to dramatize it yourself?" I asked, "seeing that as a rule an author dramatizes his own work so badly?"

"I think an outside man does it worse," he replied, "he loses the spirit of the thing."

"But surely," I suggested, "that is not of such consequence as losing the effect; and the outside man sees at a glance which scenes are really dramatic, and what to work up as a central interest for the stage. The author has his pet bits and sacrifices all for them. They may be literary, they may be poetical, but they are not always dramatic."

In a letter Zangwill wrote: "I well remember in the spring of 1912 your holding a drawing-room meeting at your house to discuss whether or not there should be an International Eugenic Congress inaugurated in London. Many interesting people spoke. Major Darwin was in the chair. I took part in the debate after Arnold White's address on Eugenics. In the course of my criticisms I had remarked that prediction was so impossible, that sometimes in a very large family the best came at the last, so that, if for scientific reasons the family had been restricted, humanity might have lost a precious asset. I instanced the case of brilliant Mrs. Kendal, who was the seventeenth (or is it the twenty-first?) child. As I was going away, a voice said to me: 'You wretch, to make us all laugh so and distract us from such serious issues.' On turning round I saw that it was Mrs. Kendal herself. I suppose nobody would believe that I did not know she was present when I paid her so pretty a compliment, but that was the fact, and it seems to me an extraordinary coincidence in this little scientific gathering that she should have been among the comparatively few people—a hundred or so—that could be squeezed into a drawing-room."

Let us turn to another well-known author-dramatist, F. Anstey (Guthrie), one of the kindest and most generous of men, and most humorous of people. He says:

"The original story, 'The Man from Blankley's,' appeared in *Punch* in dialogue form, in 1893. When it was published later in a volume, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote to me suggesting that it would make a comedy, and a year later Mr. Arthur Blunt (Arthur Cecil, the delightful actor in *The Magistrate*, *The Schoolmistress*, *Dandy Dick*, and many other plays), whom I met at Maloja, also urged me to dramatize it.

"At the time, however, the problem of the dinner-table seemed to me insuperable, for the following reason among others. I couldn't leave the dinner out of the play altogether, but, if I set my characters down at an ordinary oblong table, however placed, some of them must needs present either their backs or their profiles to the audience. That even my limited knowledge of the stage told me would be fatal, so I gave up the idea as hopeless.

"It was not till six years later that a way out of this dilemma occurred to me. Why not have a round table? In that case I should only have one person with his back absolutely to the audience, and the faces of the others would all be more or less seen. I made a plan of the seats to see how it would work, and it seemed fairly practicable. After that was settled, it was simple enough to do the rest, and I roughed out the dialogue in August, 1899, and wrote the First Act and a synopsis of the other two after I returned from Scotland in October. I then sent the First Act and synopsis to Mr. Charles Hawtrey, saying that of course I was aware that the lack of action in the Dinner Scene was a drawback, but I believed the novelty of a realistic dinner-party on the stage would counteract this.

"Mr. Hawtrey also believed this enough to encourage me to finish the play and let him see it, and when I read it to him in December he accepted it for production, which I don't believe any other actor-manager or manager in London would have done. The piece was produced in April, 1901, and played to excellent business for about 120 performances, when it was withdrawn, as Mr. Hawtrey was under an engagement to appear in America. In 1906 it was revived at the Haymarket, with Mr. Charles Hawtrey again as 'Strathpeffer,' and seven other members of the Prince of

Wales's cast, including Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Holman Clark, and with Mr. Weedon Grossmith as 'Tidmarsh,' when it ran for 275 performances."

Let us turn the table-cloth again, and an incident brings us to the well-known name of the author of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinero gave a party the day before the marriage of the latter's daughter, the pretty, graceful and clever Myra Hamilton.

On my arrival in the hall of the flats in Hanover Square where they then lived the lift was about to start; but seeing W. L. Courtney, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, just stepping into the hall, I turned back from the lift to speak to such an old friend, especially as we had not chanced to meet for some little time. The lift started, strange noises emerged—groans, calls—and suddenly looking round, we discovered that the lift had stuck.

In the aperture above the iron door was a strange picture—about a yard of legs, both of men and women, was on view. Above this curious spectacle the figures were cut off by the ceiling of the hall. The porter came to the rescue and tugged and pulled, but no, the lift refused to move. He ran to the regions below to inspect the electric machinery; but all appeared in order, and still the lift remained obdurate. It was an awfully hot day, and those poor people were stuck fast between two floors. They danced about, they jumped up and down, muffled calls descended, but there they stuck, poor dears.

For twenty-five long minutes they hung between ceiling and space: the lift absolutely refused to come down. At last, hot and perspiring, exhausted and frightened, they were tugged out feet first on to a chair; and very ignominious was their descent, very prolific the display of what is usually covered from public gaze.

It was a funny incident for everyone concerned except the actual occupants of the lift itself. We were highly amused, and Mr. Courtney and I congratulated ourselves at not being of the number.

You remember the wonderful revival of *The Second*

Mrs. Tanqueray and her brilliant emergence after twenty years of seclusion? It was a splendid performance: such admirable skill, such craft, such perfect rehearsing could not but make it so—and Mrs. Patrick Campbell herself was a refreshing triumph.

Letters from Pinero are rare—fifty-word telegrams are common. Why? Perhaps he will divulge the secret.

One day a lady came into my library and found me sewing.

"What on earth are you doing?" she asked. "Are you mending a table-cloth?"

"No," I replied, "I am doing Pinero's hair."

"Doing Pinero's hair!" she exclaimed, "you can't—he has not got any."

"Oh, yes, he has. He has a very thick little fringe round the back of his head, although his brains have succeeded in robbing him of the locks on top."

She laughed heartily when I turned round the little picture on which I had laboriously been stitching Pinero's hair in red cotton—a caricature he had ably drawn of himself upon the cloth. Here it reposes, surrounded by sketches or signatures by Sir William MacCormac, Sir Philip Watts, Sir Christopher Heath, Lord Strachie, Mary H. Kingsley, H.E. the Japanese Ambassador Marquis Inouye; Miss Cornelia Serabji, the famous Indian lawyer; Baron Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Japan; Colin Hunter, R.A., Rev. Charles Voysey, the founder of the Voyseyites; General Porfirio Diaz, late President of Mexico; Lord Fitzmaurice and Sir Squire Bancroft.

"A play is all details," Pinero once said to me, "and three or four hours a day is all the time one ought to give to the actual work." Pinero hardly ever alters anything at rehearsal. He prints all the *business* in the play, and adheres most strictly to those well-thought-out directions. Of course he was an actor before he was a dramatist, and that is perhaps why he knows so well when and how his actors should stand or sit or walk or move. A rehearsal to him is not an experiment; but the final representation of his fully conceived ideas. He is a great believer in logic—cause and effect are to him twin servants.

Further to revert to the table-cloths and the diners is to remember the tale of a coat.

One evening in June, 1908, I gave a little dinner-party. On my left sat the Marquis di San Giuliano, the Italian Ambassador, and on my right Lord Edmund George Fitzmaurice, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and son of the late Lord Lansdowne. He was a most delightful person, a wonderful French scholar like his brother, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, literary by taste, diplomatic by profession, and always a welcome guest.

It was a hot night. The last person to leave the house was Major Martin Hume. When he seized his supposed coat, he found it to be another man's. It was the last, and as thunder-rain was beginning to descend, he remarked that he had better put it on—and off he went.

Next day no one returned the missing coat, so I tried to trace it. At Lord Fitzmaurice's house the housekeeper opened the door.

"Did Lord Fitzmaurice by any chance bring home a wrong coat last night?" I asked.

"I know nothing about his Lordship's coats," she coldly replied, "but I can ask the valet."

Accordingly, in due course, the valet came—a tall, thin, gaunt, acidulated personage.

On my repetition of the question he answered:

"No, certainly not, his Lordship brought his own coat home, as usual," he vouched, evidently annoyed at the suggestion.

I tried to pacify the gentleman by saying if he had done so, it was, of course, only an accident, but it was desirable to return the coat to its rightful owner if possible.

"His Lordship is at the Levee," he continued, "and no strange coat is here."

I smiled and drove off. He evidently suspected an insinuation to the effect that his master had been on a spree the previous evening. The next corner was Grosvenor Square. Drawing up at the Embassy, I asked if the Italian Ambassador was at home.

"His Excellency is at the Levee," was the reply of one of three flunkeys in waiting.

"Did the Ambassador bring home a wrong coat by any chance last night? He was dining with me, and one was left by mistake."

"His Excellency only brought home his own coat, Madame."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, I'll go and look," said the polite person, and shortly after he returned to say, "No, there is no wrong coat here."

"I'm sorry to have troubled you," I said. And the man was so civil, although so dignified, that we parted friends. My next stop was at Mr. Robert Yerburgh's—thirty years Unionist Member for Chester—in Kensington Gore. There the butler knew me well.

"I don't think so, ma'am, but if I remember, Mr. Yerburgh had no overcoat on last night; anyway, I'll look."

This was my third but fruitless search for the coat.

Sir William Ramsay had not got it—he does not know his own coats, poor dear, but his parlour-maid does—and she declared they were all right. Finally, the straying coat was unearthed in Portland Place, whither Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, famous for his X-ray work, had complacently walked it home over his arm, as the night was too hot to put it on.

Eva Moore's name on the cloth is quite close to those of Amy Woodforde-Finden, Madame Albanesi and Ella Hepworth Dixon. W. S. Gilbert is dancing towards the tail of Maud Earl's dog, which is barking in a perky fashion at Sir James M. Barrie, while behind Thompson Seton's picture of himself, hair on end, with the inevitable bear's paw, is Sir Ronald Ross with his mosquito. Sir Joseph Swan's electric light acts as an illuminant to the names of Sir Edwin Arnold, Lord Devenport, Viscount Templetown, Sir Claude Phillips, Arthur Hacker, R.A., Hugh de Glazebrook, and Lady Bancroft, while Sir Forbes-Robertson's head is crowned by a lady, drawn by Frank Dicksee, R.A., and is surrounded by such names as Richard Harris, K.C., Sir Edward Carson, Lord Pirrie, May Palfrey

(Mrs. Weedon Grossmith), Sir William Priestley, Sir Luke Fildes, Sir Archibald Williamson and Louis F. Austin.

An amusing seal drawn by Linley Sambourne, famous for his beautiful handwriting, is hemmed in by the names of Stanley Buckmaster (Lord Chancellor), Sir Henry W. Lucy ("Toby"), Weedon Grossmith, Lord Furness, Sir Charles McLaren (Lord Aberconway), Sir George Reid (then High Commissioner for Australia), Anthony Hope Hawkins, W. L. Courtney, Sir John Cockburn, Arthur A'Beckett (for many years assistant editor of *Punch*), Lucas Malet (Mary St. Leger Harrison), J. MacWhirter, R.A., Colin Hunter, R.A. (whose little ship is sailing towards W. Joynson-Hicks), Louis N. Parker, Sir James Fergusson, Richard Whiteing and that bird-like singer, Evangeline Florence.

One of the best pictures is the portrait of Harry Furniss, drawn by himself. The lines are few and the likeness excellent. Out of the corner of his eye he is looking at Mortimer Mempes, Sir Alfred Lyall, Lord Shaw, General Sir Hugh Gough, Dr. Theodore Williams, Louise Chandler Moulton (the delightful poetess, of Boston), Cyril Maude, Winifred Emery and Cunninghame Graham. Dear old Tenniel's head of Britannia is surrounded by Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, Fridtjof Nansen, Hugh Chisholm, Gertrude Atherton, Percy Anderson (accompanied by two masks of Comedy and Tragedy), Sir Henry Bergne and Sir William MacCormac.

John Lavery, R.A., roughly drawn in a few lines by himself, closely resembles Sir Thomas Sutherland in appearance. His intimate neighbours are Sir Squire Bancroft, W. J. Locke, Sir F. C. Burnand, Sir Hubert Jerningham, Sir Victor Horsley, Lewis Coward, K.C., and Count Lützow, while below is the youthful face and heavy brow of W. K. Haselden, who is looking down upon Sir Walter Besant.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING CARD OF A FAMOUS COUPLE

A sketch by the artist of the expedition.

The last three snapshots of Sir Ernest Skackleton as he left England with the first boom of war, August, 1914.

[*To face p.* 227.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WORLD AROUND

NO better stimulus to conversation was ever put before guests at a dinner-table than an illustrated cloth. People as a rule have hardly taken their seats when they begin to comment on the names in front of them. They nearly always find the autograph of someone they know, often personally, and from that moment conversation begins and seldom flags.

Among noted travellers are Fridtjof Nansen, Ernest Shackleton, Douglas Mawson, Henry Seton Kerr, Martin Conway, Mary Kingsley, Everard im Thurn, and Robert Scott, who became one of the greatest heroes of our day. The name of the latter will go down to posterity for his wonderful deeds in the Southern seas, his terrible death, his extraordinary discovery, and the magnificent record of the expedition he left behind.

Captain Robert Scott was a particularly charming man. It was not my hap to meet him until March, 1910, when I sat next him at a dinner. It was only a short time before he was to leave for the South Pole, but we became great friends. Friendship is not the mere secretion of years, it is oft-times a quick, magnetic inspiration—deepened by time. He was a strong, manly personality; a sailor hearty and bluff. Just the sort of man one would pick out for the class of work he was about to undertake, because of his physical strength and mental grip. A typical British tar. We talked of his expedition and everything appertaining thereto, and apparently I wrote to him afterwards, for below is a letter dated March 23rd, 1910, followed by another a month later.

"British Antarctic Expedition, 1910.
"London, S.W.

"Dear Mrs. Tweedie,

"Thank you for your note of the 19th inst. It was indeed a great pleasure to *me* to meet *you*, as I had so often heard of you.

"We shall be most happy to have your books, and if you would be good enough to send them here, they will be added to our library in due course.

"With very best thanks,

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"R. Scott."

Below in his own hand he scribbled: "Please excuse typewriting, as I have a very large correspondence."

He was a man of strong purpose, but he did not write a particularly strong hand. It was rather like a schoolboy's caligraphy.

"April 30th, 1910.

"Dear Mrs. Alec-Tweedie,

"I am grateful and flattered at the receipt of your invitation. I will come if I am able, but I fear the chances are against my wishes, as I am kept extremely busy.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the books which you so kindly sent. They have been put in the ship's library.

"Yours sincerely,

"R. Scott,

"Captain, R.N."

He came, signed the cloth, was perfectly charming, and we met continually during those few months before his departure, so it appeared to me a real personal loss when the news of his tragic death in the Antarctic reached our shores. Robert Falcon Scott—it is a name to fire the imagination.

From the time of his first Antarctic expedition, in 1899—when he discovered King Edward Island, the Victoria Mountains, and surveyed the Barrier Cliffs—to the tragic close of the second more famous adventure, Scott was a favourite in Great Britain.

On November 26th, 1910, the *Terra Nova* left New

Zealand; fourteen months later, the polar party on ski—the party that was to make the supreme achievement—was full upon the trail. They had accomplished much already, obtained priceless scientific results through their long and arduous labours. They had suffered much. The goal was in sight. The great climax, the first conquest and capture of the hitherto unknown South Pole, was soon to come.

Sad indeed that, in this chief regard, the journey should prove an anti-climax.

"The worst had happened," says the great leader's diary of Tuesday, January 16th, 1912, "or nearly the worst. . . . About the second hour of the march Bowers' sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn; he was uneasy about it, but argued that it must be a sastrugus. Half an hour later he detected a black speck ahead. . . . We marched on, and found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge bearer; near by the remains of a camp: sledge trails and ski tracks going and coming and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the pole."

Baffled within sight of victory. The Norwegians had made the famous dash for the South Pole. Scott's party, of a slower and more scientific nature, reached the Pole. Food grew scarce as they turned back, and weakness more crushing.

Do we need to recall the diary's last entry, that of March 29th, with its unspeakable closing words:

"We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

"It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

"R. Scott.

"For God's sake look after our people."

Eight months later the bodies of Scott, Wilson and Bowers were found in their sleeping-bags, Scott's bag having the flaps thrown back. The wallet containing his three notebooks was under his shoulders, his arm was flung across Wilson. "The very gallant gentleman," Captain Oates, who walked out to court death rather than be a further burden on his companions, was never found—but he will never be forgotten.

Turning from Scott, one inevitably thinks of Shackleton and Mawson, both of whom tended to make the Antarctic a " fashionable resort ".

Sir Ernest Shackleton is utterly unlike the British tar or the Australian scientist, both of whom were big of build and retiring personalities. Sir Ernest is short and well-knit, energetic, and does not mind making speeches or being interviewed. One of the objects of Sir Ernest Shackleton's 1914 South Polar Expedition is to establish a wireless station in the Antarctic, the staff to be relieved once a year. The main purpose of the station would be to keep the civilized world acquainted with the meteorological conditions around the Pole. Theoretically the power employed need not be very great for long distance transmission, for during Captain Scott's Antarctic investigations it was discovered that the Aurora Australis (the South Pole equivalent of the Aurora Borealis in high northern latitudes), by " damping " the ether waves, somewhat counterbalanced the lessening interference of sunshine. If such communication with civilization can be accomplished, much valuable knowledge will be gained. He also hopes to cross the Antarctic continent, passing the South Pole *en route*.

Do poetry and exploration often go together, or is Ernest Shackleton an exception ? Anyway, his love of verse is immense, and he can quote thousands of lines. Speaking on the subject once his wife said, " The love of poetry is so strong in my husband that it gives him a certain idealism which, combined with indomitable force, makes him long to wrestle with nature in her hardest moods."

He has written some verses himself and, being blessed with a wonderful memory can while away hours on the ship's bridge by repeating poetry to himself. The story goes that for several mornings in the cold and early hours of dawn he had been regaling a superior officer with different stanzas. On the fourth morning he began again, asking: " Do you know Edgar Allan Poe's ' Thou art all that to me, love—a green isle, etc. ' " when the officer burst out with :

" Great Heavens ! Shackleton, haven't you dried up yet ?"

In Ireland Shackleton led an out-of-door life, and one of his exploits as a child was the cause of much alarm to a servant maid. Hearing that if one dug through the world one would come out in Australia, he proceeded to make a tunnel, which he seems to have driven some distance, not so much downwards as a little way under the surface. It chanced that he chose a spot near a cabbage patch, and the servant, who had gone to fetch some cabbages, to her horror found herself sinking into the ground, while from close by emerged an irate child half-covered with earth, scolding the frightened maid for destroying his tunnel.

At the age of ten there was a complete change in his life, his father, Dr. Henry Shackleton, having removed from Ireland to Sydenham, London, and here little Ernest went to his first school. He was not the only Irish boy there, and so he was christened "Mike" by the boys, the other Irish boy having received the title of "Paddy." The name Mike has always stuck to him since.

When Shackleton was a boy of about sixteen he had a vivid dream, in which all the spirits of the early explorers seemed to pass before him, and he wrote a poem on the incident. He had read endless books on travel and was steeped in the spirit of adventure—his journey with Captain Scott gave him a magnificent chance.

Shackleton was first heard of as the discoverer of the South Magnetic Pole, and he also ascended Mount Erebus, the most smothering volcano in the world, rumbling with heat and flame amid a land of ice and eternal snow.

Lady Shackleton is not a sculptor like Lady Scott, but she is a perfectly delightful woman, a splendid wife and indefatigable mother.

To turn from cold and Southern regions, let us peep at more sunny climes, not only climes but climbs.

Sir Martin Conway drew on the cloth the Himalayan peak that he climbed. Returning to England from his South American trip in February, 1899, he chanced to dine with me a fortnight afterwards, looking the very essence of health and strength, in spite of his four tremendous ascents in the Andes, the highest of which was Aconcagua, 23,000 feet.

"Who went with you?" I ventured to ask.

"Only my two guides," he replied; "the only real mountaineers in the world are the Swiss guides, and on each of my expeditions, whether to the Andes or the Himalayas, I have taken a couple of Swiss guides with me. I pay all their expenses and give them a cheque, and they really only miss one Alpine season. There is no difficulty in getting men to go—they like the excitement of it, and they know perfectly well that on their return with a certificate for the ascent of such and such a mountain, they can command about two hundred pounds a year as guides in future. I never take the same man twice. In the first place he would expect to be paid too highly the second time, and in the second he might consider himself master of the situation instead of me.

"I do all the observations, the mapping, heights, temperature, wind-pressures, photographing; they carry the kit, cut the ice-steps, a tedious and laborious process, and in fact do all the menial tasks—thus leaving me free for the scientific work."

"But I am never going on another expedition," he continued, "because I promised my wife when I left England that this should be the last. I must own that I am sorry."

One of the countries in which Sir Martin spent the longest time was Bolivia, about which he told a funny little story:

"Wherever I go," he said, "I like to get specimens of the native clothing, and that sort of thing, because they are useful for the illustrations of my books—indeed, they are necessary. But in Bolivia I had more trouble in procuring what I wanted than anywhere in the world before. It was literally weeks before I succeeded in getting a complete man's suit. It was not particularly beautiful, but it was extremely characteristic; and as I had a lot of silver ore to send home for the British Museum, I rolled this up in the suit, put it into a packing-case with various specimens, and addressed it to the Museum. Some months afterwards, on returning home, I at once went off to the Museum, and after hearing all about the specimens I inquired for the Bolivian peasant's dress. No one had heard of it.

"'Nonsense,' I exclaimed, 'I packed the things myself.'

"Another man was sent for, but still he knew nothing of the garment I had procured with such trouble and worry. Finally the unpacker was sent for, and when interrogated on the subject of the dress, he said: 'Oh, yes, there was an old smelly suit of clothes in the box, but as we are bound by the insurance to burn everything used in packing, such as shavings, paper, and so forth, and keep nothing overnight of an inflammable nature, I burned the old things.'"

Tableau.

Martin Conway tells how, for the only time in his life, he fainted. It was on an occasion in the higher Alps when he fell off a rock. He remembers falling, with a helpless sort of feeling of being unable to regain his footing; terror seized him, and then he knew no more until he awakened with a shiver, having passed through much mental anguish. So strong was the impression of horror, anxiety and misery, that even after opening his eyes and seeing his companions around him it was quite hard to believe he had not peeped into Dante's Inferno.

His wife is certainly a remarkable picture. Tall, graceful, handsome, she is a woman to attract attention in any room, but in consequence of her artistic attire she becomes absolutely remarkable. Conway was Professor of Art at Liverpool University when he met this beautiful American, and having married her, he retired from his Professorship, came to London, and made use of his pen in describing his travels; so that gradually he merged from the Art Professor and critic to the traveller and writer of many diversified talents.

For many years no name was better known in the East than Morrison of Peking—this great authority spells it with a "g," be it noted, consequently we home-folk should do the same.

He was correspondent for *The Times* for a long time; in 1896 he travelled as its "Special" from Bangkok, in Siam, to Yun-sian city in China, and in the following year

crossed Manchuria from Strerinsk in Siberia to Vladivostock ; at the time of the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty and the rise of Yuan-Shi-Kai he was sending home the most wonderful telegrams from Peking. *The Times* thought nothing of paying £50, even £100, for the one night's news, and as Morrison was the only person wiring such important information, these telegrams were copied all over the world.

It was rather curious that on three different occasions when he had been home for a holiday, I should dine with him the night before he left for the East. One of these entertainments was at the Chinese Restaurant, quite close to Piccadilly, where I was the only woman amongst ten or eleven men, including the Chinese Minister—who gave the dinner—the Chinese Councillor, the Chinese First Secretary, the foreign editor of *The Times*, D. D. Braham, Lovat Fraser, also of *The Times*, and Sir John McLeavy Brown, who was in close touch with China from 1861 as Student Interpreter, Head of Legation and Acting Secretary at Peking, followed by many years at the Chinese Legation in London as Political Adviser.

Dr. Morrison himself was not well and could eat nothing. He had just been inoculated against the plague, and after two days of bed was still feeling an ache at the back of his head. In point of fact, no fewer than seven thousand people a day were at that time dying of plague in China, and he was taking a medical scientist to their aid with him across Siberia. The great journey from London to Peking was to be accomplished in thirteen days.

When ancient China settled down a year later (about 1911) to its new state of Republican affairs, the Chinese Government asked Morrison to become their Political Adviser.

Here was an anomaly.

Born in 1863, he personally spoke little Chinese, though he had endeared himself so much to the officials that they invited him to be their Political Adviser ; that is to say, to stand between them and the political departments of all other countries of the world. The Chinese Government felt it was not able to negotiate or understand International politics, and that it would be well to have someone at their

back to help them through many difficulties, who was respected in his own country, whose name was of world-wide repute, and who emphatically conceived the New China not as a menace to the West, but as a peaceful participator in the world's progress.

This is what Dr. Morrison—a simple, honest, plain-living, but slightly over-sensitive man—said in regard to the Chinese offer :

" I'll be blowed if I understand why they asked me to be Political Adviser, except that I have always been friendly with the Chinese Foreign Office, and China wants to be friendly to Europe, and finding a British subject who knew a few things of practical use, they made me this offer."

Dr. Morrison is a manly man to look at, with a heavy jaw denoting strength and determination, broad forehead and large nose, but a small voice. He is of medium height, clean-shaven, and with unruly grey hair that it is his young wife's first endeavour to keep tidy. " I'm made to brush it twice a day," he laughed, when they were first married in 1913. His special hobby is the collection of old porcelain, and books upon China and the Chinese. Indeed, his library in Peking is a famous collection, in a fire-proof room, of every book ever written upon that country ; an assembly of treasures for which he has refused many thousand pounds.

To this library, when we met at the Chinese Restaurant dinner, he had just sent off fourteen cases of books. He had also sent off by sea with the baggage—here a little romance comes in—a lady secretary. The point was that secretaries always got married, and as it was an expensive job to send an amanuensis out, he appealed to a friend to find him someone suitable—that is to say, he asked for someone over forty, plain and unattractive, but of course with a command of French, German and shorthand. The friend complied. No sooner had the lady arrived at the Mission House near Dr. Morrison's own home than she became engaged to someone. However, she soon broke that off and became engaged to her employer.

We had chaffed his head off about this probability eighteen months before, and now the very thing was an accomplished fact—and she was only twenty-five, or in other words half

his age, extremely pretty and very charming. Once engaged, he sent her back to England by sea, again crossed Siberia himself, and was at once married quietly in London. Three weeks later the married couple started for China with a *new* secretary.

It was announced that the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt would lecture for the Royal Geographical Society of London on June 16th, 1914. The address was to be given in an enormous hall. Every Fellow was to be allowed to take two friends, and great expectations were aroused by the announcement, on the part of the ex-President of the United States, that he had discovered a new river in Brazil.

It was of particular interest to me, because I had met President Roosevelt in Washington, and only a few months previously I had been in Brazil.

Five days before the lecture urgent telegrams arrived at the Royal Geographical Society from Spain to say that Mr. Roosevelt's departure from London could not be delayed. The wildest confusion reigned.

What was to be done? It was the height of the season, every hall was taken, over five thousand tickets had been sent out, and the lecturer refused to stay in England the extra two days. The only thing to be done at the last moment—literally the very last moment—was to take a small hall at the back of Burlington House, cram in as many people as possible, and leave the rest to chance.

It was an awfully hot night, and it was also the night of the Royal Society Soirée, for which I had received a ticket from Sir Archibald Geikie for myself and an "official husband," so I had asked Lord Aberconway to dinner and to go on to both functions. We dined. We arrived at Burlington House in his car thirty-five minutes before the lecture was due—namely 7.55.

Horrors. The people were not only standing on the stone steps, but they were stretching down into Burlington Gardens. A seething mass of aristocracy. There were ladies with diamond tiaras; there were gorgeous opera cloaks; there were men going on to the Royal Society with ribbons and stars; in fact, a really smart function was

taking place in the street; but everyone was being worked up into a very bad temper. At last an official stepped forward on to the top step and called out, "The doors were opened at seven-thirty, and there has not been a seat in the hall since that hour." Here was despair.

However, nothing daunted, I seized "my man" by the hand, murmuring "Come this way." Accordingly we pushed—for that is the true, if indecorous word—along until we reached a side entrance, which I knew from personal experience led to the platform. Here was an iron railing behind which stood sundry policemen guarding a few yards of flagged pavement between the railings and the door.

"Can you possibly get me in?" I gently murmured. "I know many of the members of the Council, I know Mr. Roosevelt, and I am just back from Brazil."

Mr. Policeman went away to inquire. He came back, shook his head, and said, "It is no good, ma'am, there ain't any seats."

"Have the Council arrived?" I asked.

"No, ma'am, they're all dining along o' Mr. Roosevelt."

Lord Aberconway kindly put his arm along the black, sooty iron railing to protect my white satin opera cloak, and there we had to remain, during which time Earl Grey, Earl Curzon, and a dozen more Councilmen actually climbed over the railings to get to their seats. By the time Mr. Roosevelt arrived the whole of Burlington Gardens was full. Luckily I was able to follow in with an ex-President. When we had wandered down dark, mysterious passages—a quaint entrance for the former President of the United States—we landed on the platform, which was positively so crowded that my ex-President had to give up his seat to the Brazilian Minister, who, of all people, deserved accommodation, seeing that the lecture was on Brazil.

Roosevelt rose amid thunders of applause. That harsh, rasping voice of his, which is almost as aggressive as the prominence of his teeth, is quickly forgotten when one hears his words and watches the earnest enthusiasm of the man.

Roosevelt has a magnetic personality. He is a great man, an honest man, and a born leader, and surely he deserves to be re-elected President of the United States.

CHAPTER XX

GREAT AGE

EVERY age has its recompense—up to a certain point —and yet to me the most hideous thing in the world is the contemplation of old age in oneself ; for surely there can be no greater punishment than the persistence of life when independence of mind and body are lost.

Great age, what does it mean ?

Too often it means dreariness, loneliness, decay of faculty, the closing in of a tired soul upon waning memories. But happily there are exceptions, and we have the good luck to inhabit a country where these are by no means few or far between : for in Great Britain men and women are not seldom in their prime at seventy, and hardly past it at eighty.

It was Ibsen in Christiania who first opened my eyes to this fact when he said :

" I want to go to England just to see your old great men."

He might have added women too, among such men as Gladstone, Lord Roberts, Lord Fisher, Sir William Crookes, Viscount Morley, Viscount Bryce, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Halsbury, Lord Alverstone, Henry James, Lord Beresford, are Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Henry Fawcett and Lady Frances Balfour.

There is, too, Sir Archibald Geikie, President of the Royal Society.

Sir Archibald Geikie is a dear little man with a round head, most kindly eyes, and a distinctly strong Scotch accent. Retiring, quiet, a man of plain speech and gentle ways, he always gives the impression of being more at home in a

study than in a drawing-room, and better content feeding his mind on fossils than his body with the good things of life. A staunch friend of Darwin and Galton, an advanced thinker along every line, Geikie is a great little old man. He writes a good hand and a charming letter, as for instance :

" Haslemere.

" April 30th, 1914.

" DEAR MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE,

" Many thanks for your kind note. I had been counting on coming to the Royal Academy Private View to-morrow, but unfortunately an inflammation of the eyes which I brought back with me from Italy has developed in an acute form, and the doctor forbids me to leave home. I had promised also to speak at the Academy dinner on Saturday evening, but it is by no means certain that I shall be able to keep my promise.

" But if you chance to be free later on it would be a great pleasure to me to come to you as you so kindly propose. Will you let me make the proviso, however, that as I never take luncheon, I may be allowed to play with a biscuit while the meal is going on ?

" It would have given me much pleasure to be with you on the 10th June, and to meet my friend, Dr. Mawson.* But for many months past that day has been fixed for the celebration of the 700th Anniversary of Roger Bacon at Oxford, where, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, I have been asked to unveil the statue of the Philosopher which we are presenting to the University.

" Yours very truly,

" ARCHIBALD GEIKIE."

Time hurries on—event follows event—and Sir Archibald and I did not meet again until unexpectedly a little gentleman turned round to hand me a cup of tea at Bath in the spring of 1915, at the house of Frederic Harrison, and, lo, that little gentleman was Sir Archibald Geikie.

Frederic Harrison, despite his eighty-four years, was writing vehement articles on the classics for his son, the

* A reception I gave for the great explorer on his return from the South Polar regions.

Editor of the *English Review*. The great Positivist was still full of life and vigour, still maintaining intact his detestation of tobacco, sleeping his eight hours of a night, and sticking fast to his old practice of a full three-hour walk every day. He was likewise just as dogmatic, didactic, and encyclopædic as ever. Naturally Frederic Harrison showed pride in his son Austin's light literary touch, spread o'er ponderous themes; in Bernard's brilliant sunlight paintings and his just published translation of German atrocities; as also in the fact that Réné had joined the Royal Artillery. (Alas, he died from wounds received at Ypres three weeks later.) In talking, Mr. Harrison, as always, made great play with his hands. He wore a pointed grey beard, and, in spite of his years, used no glasses.

Frederic*k* Harrison had died. People had not noticed the gentleman's *Frederick* was spelt with a 'k,' and the wife of the gentleman without a 'k' received shoals of letters of sympathy on the death of her dear lamented husband. Four or five departed Frederick Harrisons had brought about these tokens of regret and regard; but still Mrs. Frederic was happily not a widow.

Unlike Mr. Harrison, Sir Archibald Geikie—so soft and gentle and Scotch and mild—wore steel-rimmed spectacles. When we met at the tea-party in Bath he was a clean-shaven, hale old man in his eightieth year, and was not only hard at work upon an article on *Horace* but about to tackle another on *Virgil*. This great geologist has always been a special admirer of Scott, whose writings he knew almost by heart, and he used to regret Gladstone's inability to care for more than one of Scott's novels, and that only a short one.

The geological professor is specially proud of his O.M. After its presentation to him Lord Esher said: "Remember, the King" (Edward VII.) "wants you always to wear it on every possible occasion—almost to go to bed in it. It is the only Order direct from His Majesty and his own particular personal gift."

A whisper in high circles revealed the fact that a wonderful new Super-Dreadnought, the *Queen Elizabeth*, had been

hurried forward at lightning speed. The German submarines, it was believed, were patrolling the Channel to catch her, and pessimists opined the great iron Queen would never get to sea.

Months passed, and though on February 25th, 1915, the Allied Squadron smashed the forts at the entrance of the Dardanelles, we heard nothing of the *Queen Elizabeth.* A month later Asquith made his famous reply to the German campaign of pillage and murder. The Allied Fleets were to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving the German Empire. At this time the designer of the silently-dispatched monster battleship was lying ill with pneumonia. What was the designer's name? A giant in his own line, but a name too little familiar to the man in the street.

To Sir Philip Watts, F.R.S., Director of Naval Construction since 1901, we owe the technical design of the most powerful battleship afloat, the salvo of whose main battery comprises eight fifteen-inch shells, each of a ton weight; to Lord Fisher at the Admiralty we are indebted for the ordering of the Queen Elizabeth class.

National success is achieved by individual effort.

No one worked more ungrudgingly than the naval architect, Sir Philip Watts, who years before had built for himself a charming house on the Thames Embankment, in which everything is upstairs. One goes upstairs to the dining-room, and still further upstairs to the drawing-room, where Lady Watts gives her wonderful musical parties.

The designer of Dreadnoughts is a mighty strong personage, both in mind and body. With his massive head, bushy brows and strong firm hands, he is a giant at work, and even when nearing seventy accomplished as much as two ordinary men—and accomplished it well. In physique he is broad, powerful, muscular and vigorous; in friendship he is staunch, in amusement—such as most people understand the word—he is hopeless. Amusement for him is another name for work.

On the other hand, Sir William Crookes—whom I look upon as a contemporary, although he was born in 1832,

and was a grey-headed man when I was a baby—was a perpetual visitor at my father's house, and ever since I had a home of my own he has been a constant and delightful friend. Like Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir William possesses the proud distinction of O.M. He is a dapper little gentleman with his white hair and smartly-waxed moustache, quite the antithesis of the ordinary scientific person, who is supposed to be shaggy and ragged, not to say unkempt. The idea is a fallacy, like many other ideas, but a difficult one to eradicate. Sir William Crookes looks more like the Colonel of a smart regiment than a deeply erudite scientist. But for the Crookes tube which bears his name Röntgen Rays would never have been discovered, and but for Röntgen Rays much human suffering would never have been alleviated. It is probably through his "Crookes tube" that Sir William made his name known to the larger public, although his important work in explosives, radium, and other matters is of world-wide repute.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this hard-working man—as the antithesis of Sir Philip Watts—is his love of society, and withal his capacity for enjoyment.

In his handsome home at Notting Hill, where I have taken part in so many delightful dinner-parties, he has a large laboratory, in which he spends every half-hour that can be claimed from his busy day. Committee Meetings, Analytical Boards, Explosives Commissions, and goodness knows what, all occupy his time; but if he has half an hour before dinner or an hour or two before bedtime, up he trots to his famous "lab." where so much excellent work has been done. (See picture facing page 226.)

To say that Sir William Crookes had dined out for years and years is literally true, and on the nights he had not dined out he had entertained at home. In the matter of dining out Sir William Ramsay ran him close, and Sir Rufus Isaacs (now Lord Reading), another hard-working man of my acquaintance, was not a bad third. They all said it was relaxation, that they must dine somewhere, and that they enjoyed the meal more in company with other people, when the brain receives fresh stimulus from talking on other subjects than "shop." These professional

men like to spend two or three pleasant hours in this way, and go back to their work afterwards, mentally and bodily refreshed. Some people might think it a strain, but undoubtedly it is more curative to get out of one's self, even if one has to make a little exertion to do so, than to sit and think and simmer in the same groove of thought, morning, noon and night.

One evening at dinner, soon after radium had been discovered, Sir William Crookes took his guests up to his "lab." to see the effect of the light from this new substance.

Having arrived upstairs, he asked, "Are you ready?" and suddenly switched off the electric light. There we stood in the darkness, until he unpacked from a black calico wrap a piece of something which shone like a glow-worm. Gradually our eyes became accustomed to the situation, and we noticed that it was quite possible to see faintly by the light of this clear spark. It was radium, then practically unknown.

"Now," said the Professor, "if someone will bring a diamond ring and put it near the light you will be able quite distinctly to count the stones and see their size." This someone did. Then lifting up the spark he held it in front of a lady. Upon her neck we saw distinctly her diamond necklace, every stone showing quite clearly and plainly, sparkling in the rays; but the pendant appeared to have a hole in the middle of it.

There were diamonds surrounding it and then a great, big, square hole.

"Good heavens," exclaimed her husband, "my dear, you have lost your emerald. Every diamond is visible, but the emerald is gone!"

A little shriek from the lady.

"What's that?" said the scientist, turning to look.

"My wife has lost the emerald from her pendant," explained the agonized husband. "Look, there is a hole where it ought to be."

The poor distraught lady was fumbling meantime to get hold of the precious gem to see what was the matter, but before she had time to unfasten the necklace, Sir William exclaimed:

"Oh, it's all right; the stone is there. Emeralds, rubies and sapphires do not reflect the light from radium. There is no hole in the pendant; it is simply the blackness caused by want of illumination."

A sigh of relief came from the owner, who thought she had lost one of the most treasured of her possessions, and then Sir William told a little story of how in his laboratory another lady had by this means discovered that one of the diamonds in her collar was a sham. The whole circlet shone in the light until it came to this one spot. There only a blank space appeared. The necklet had been mended in Paris a few months before at a shop they knew only as *voyageurs*, and they finally concluded that the real diamond had been taken out and a false gem substituted.

Radium had exposed the fraud.

At the end of the nineteenth century Sir William Crookes was much taken up by spiritualism; so much so, in fact, that his enemies—if so genial a man can be said to have any—succeeded in making people believe that he was giving up scientific work for the realms of fancy and romance. This was not true, and although he always remained a psychical researcher, like Sir Oliver Lodge, and attended psychical demonstrations, wild horses would not bring him to discuss the subject except with the elect few. He did not wish to be publicly associated with a thing that he still considered to be in its infancy, but which he himself believed in most firmly.

Great age. Yes, sometimes it is a wonderful thing. As another instance: one broiling June day in 1915, I was one at a triple lunch with two of the greatest "old ages" of the times.

Richard Whiteing was seventy-five.

Geneviève Ward—the hostess—was seventy-nine.

It would be difficult indeed to find two brighter minds. Mr. Whiteing had just completed his reminiscences, which were shortly to be published, and looked a veritable dear with his snow-white hair, snow-white beard and piercing eyes, his tall figure and alert gait. He cheerily told us how since his retirement to Bournemouth, a few months before, he had taken to bowls and was busy learning to

play the game by way of exercise, for he could not walk quite so many miles *per diem* as he used to do over Hampstead Heath with Sir Walter Besant, Du Maurier, and Frank Holl. Many are the authors, artists and others who have sought inspiration on Hampstead, although it is given over to 'Arry and 'Arriet, babies and donkeys, on Bank Holidays.

Geneviève Ward, small and majestic, full of fire, with her steel grey eyes flashing as she talks, had just returned from a great Shakespearian Festival performance she had given at Stratford-on-Avon, and two large laurel wreaths lay in her drawing-room with charming words attached.

Old age and youth are generally selfish (these two dear old people were conspicuous exceptions), while constant self-sacrifice is demanded of middle age.

Youth cares for nothing but self-enjoyment and the reckless spending of money; middle age cares chiefly for the enjoyment of others; old age does not trouble about anyone's pleasure, it is often so absorbed in its own little ailments or the constant dread of a pauper's death.

When we are young we think the world is made for us, when we grow older we find we have to make ourselves to suit the world—or fail.

CHAPTER XXI

"LET ME FEEL YOUR PULSE, PLEASE."

LORD LISTER'S name is written strong and firm upon the cloth: on its left are two pictures, one of a boat, drawn by Edward Fahey, by the mast of which is the signature of Colonel Sir Edward Ward—for so long Permanent Secretary to the War Office—and at the stern are the names of Lawson Walton (late Solicitor-General), Canon Shuttleworth and Bertram MacKennal, R.A., the brilliant Australian sculptor, whose charming little head of a woman I murdered in reproduction upon the cloth. Below is the name of Rodolphe Lemieux, the clever Canadian Postmaster-General in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government, and although a French-Canadian, a most brilliant English speaker. Colonel John Hay (for many years Ambassador to London, where all who knew him loved him, and who was later Secretary of State in the States) is near Mrs. Madge Kendal, Lord Gorell, Mr. Justice Horridge, Sir William Agnew, and a dear little head by Sir W. Q. Orchardson, a libel on himself by Solomon J. Solomon, Sir Edward Carson, Sir George Alexander, and that delightful and accomplished song-writer, Madame Liza Lehmann.

So many medical and scientific men nursed me on their knees that they have found a place in my book on my father, *George Harley, or the Life of a London Physician*. Sir William Jenner, Sir William Gull, Sir John Erichsen, Sir John Williams, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Andrew Clarke, Sir James Paget—all these were old men in my youth, and all have now passed away.

The morning of February 12th, 1912, brought the announcement of the death of another great medico-scientist

CLOTH VII.

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—viz., Lord Lister, the discoverer of that supreme benefaction to mankind, antiseptic surgery. My memory of Joseph Lister belongs mainly to the period antedating his wife's death, after which we met only at public dinners or things like Royal Society Soirées, for he practically retired from social life and never recovered from her loss.

Lister, like so many great men, was a Quaker. The famous surgeon always wore mutton-chop whiskers, something like Sir Edward Clarke's; no doubt started in the days when they were the height of fashion. He had the quietest and simplest manner, lived the quietest and simplest life, and was beloved by all those about him. His face lit up with a beautiful smile when talking, and the words "goodness" and "peace" seemed written across it.

On first coming to King's College he took a large house in Park Crescent, at the top of Portland Place, where he lived until his death. Mrs. Lister was the quaintest old lady. One day—it was in my childhood—my father told me this great man and his wife were coming to dinner. Being young, one naturally supposed greatness to be synonymous with magnificence. In walked the quietest, simplest, thinnest, most matter-of-fact pair imaginable. The lady did not look romantic, and yet the married life of this most united couple was one long romance. She died in Italy in 1893, before her husband had really attained the summit of fame in his own country. She was the daughter of the celebrated Professor Syme, of Edinburgh University, and was a clever woman who always helped Lister much in his work.

It seems strange to conjure up the personality of Lord Lister from memory's sleep. I remember so well sitting as a little girl in a white starched frock with a blue sash and a Leghorn hat, with my legs dangling from a chair, while my mother and Mrs. Lister chatted over tea on philanthropic work, scientific accomplishments, and events of the day. Satiated with cakes, and feeling deadly bored, I hoped, by swinging my legs backwards and forwards sufficiently, to induce my mother to get up and leave. Just then the door opened and in walked the great Scientist, who evidently thought the little girl looked weary, for

he invited me over to sit beside him on a sofa, and with his arms round me and my small self cuddled up to him, he told me all sorts of funny stories and asked me all sorts of questions. While these performances were proceeding I remember so well wondering with intense interest how many hairs it took to make a whisker, and if the whiskers grew pointed or whether they were cut pointed. He had no children of his own, yet he must have been very fond of children, for he was always charming to me, and always inspired me with a strange love.

As we children grew bigger we used to go down to the drawing-room before dinner-parties in Harley Street, and when the Listers came, as they frequently did, he and I often stood hand in hand until the guests departed for the dining-room, when he would say, "Good-bye, little lady," and I would beg him not to eat too many ices, as I should be sitting at the bottom of the stairs outside waiting for the tit-bits to be delivered to us children by the old coachman. Thomas was with the family some twenty years, and Thomas used confidently to remark:

"It is all right, Miss Ethel, there are some kidneys left," or, "there are three ices for you."

No dinner-party dainties ever tasted so good as those surreptitious meals on the bottom stairs at "25". The hot things were more or less cold, and the cold things more or less hot; that mattered not at all—they were more appetizing than anything enjoyed in after life.

The discovery of ether in America, supplemented by that of chloroform by Dr. James Simpson—who experimented on himself, as also upon my father when a student—materially increased the number of operations. The mortality attending them, however, gave Lister his first impetus, while Pasteur's discoveries in regard to the activities of micro-organisms acting as a challenge to his genius, first indicated the road of his great life work. In Glasgow, in 1865, he made the first public announcement of the method of his antiseptic treatment. Again and again the method was improved, notably through Metchnikoff's discovery of the "phagocytic" notion of the white corpuscles of the blood.

Nowadays even the man in the street knows that, through anæsthetics and aseptic surgery, science has robbed operations of nine-tenths of their danger and nearly all their horror; but no man can estimate, or even dimly conceive in imagination, the conservation of life and limb, the blessed restorations to work and activity, the enormous reduction of human pain and misery, that are the issue of these great lives devoted to what to many of us seems a mere dry thing—Science.

In this country we do not over-estimate our great scientific thinkers. Would it not be well to divert a little of our lavish wealth-worship into the cleaner channel of science-reverence?

When a little girl I thought our neighbour, a couple of doors away, a "Father Christmas man" with a black beard instead of a white one. He often walked out of a morning as I proceeded forth with my perambulator and my doll to the gardens at the top of Portland Place, where much of my childish life was spent, and I always took interest in the "Black Christmas Man". He used to pat me on the head in the same way that Mr. Gladstone later patted my sister Olga, now the wife of Dr. Francis W. Goodbody.

Years went on, and the great black beard that reached almost to the waist of Anderson Critchett grew shorter and shorter as I grew taller and taller. By the time of my marriage the beard had become streaked with grey, and had assumed a short pointed formation. More years rolled on. We constantly dined at the same houses, for he and his pretty, dainty little wife were to be seen everywhere, or we met on "first nights", and many a time they have driven me home, for which kindness to a working-widow I am deeply grateful.

As the years still rolled on I ceased to look upon Sir Anderson as an "Old Christmas Man" in any form, but as a delightful, entertaining and charming friend, and *exactly* my own age.

Strange it is how different are the spectacles through which we peer at different epochs of our life.

George Anderson Critchett, the well-known ophthalmic surgeon, was born in 1845, and knighted in 1901. Sir Anderson and Lady Critchett gave a big dinner-party on the first of June a year later. It chanced to be a Sunday and my birthday. On my arrival there was great excitement, for the Trees had just entered the room, and Beerbohm Tree was bearing a telegram announcing Peace after the South African War, which news had only arrived in London about an hour before.

"How on earth did you get it?" I asked.

"We have a tape at Her Majesty's Theatre," he replied, "and I have had it watched all day thinking the news might come in, so the moment it arrived my secretary tore off that piece of paper and brought it to me in triumph."

It was a most interesting dinner, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, the Sassoons, Alexander Wedderburn, K.C., Lewis Coward, K.C., of the Parliamentary Bar, and W. L. Courtney, of the *Daily Telegraph.*

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is so accustomed to an audience that even in private life he prefers more than one listener. His words are often brilliant, for he is an exceptionally clever man with an egoism—a "beautiful madness", one might call it. How many times did that brilliant couple move house in the first twenty years of their married life? The Trees must surely have known a dozen homes. Moving, like building, can become an obsession.

Tree was very proud of his arrangement to get Mrs. Kendal and Ellen Terry to act together. When they were rehearsing for *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in the Coronation year of Edward VII. the fair Ellen could not remember her part. She acted, went through the business, stopping now and then to murmur, smiling deliciously, "I think I ought to say something about?—about?—dear, dear, what ought I to say?" She was always sweet and delightful, but as years crept on she could not learn one single line, and often even forgot her old parts, which in Shakespeare is awkward, as the audience know the verse if she does not.

On the other hand Miss Geneviève Ward at seventy-eight could step upon the stage at a moment's notice and

play any of her old Shakespearean scenes unrehearsed, and even learn a new one with ease and splendid result.

The Anderson Critchetts always gave delightful dinners. I remember another one in July, 1901, to which the then Speaker (Mr. Gully), fat, jovial, bright-complexioned and white-haired, had been bespoken for three months. At that time Wednesday was his only free evening, as he went to the country for every week-end. Some years later other arrangements were made, and the House, sitting on Wednesday, made an off-day of Friday, thus enabling members who lived at a distance to run home to their families or business.

Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Luke Fildes, Sir Douglas Straight, Sir James Blyth, Sir Julius Wernher, Sir A. Pinero, Mr. Fred Terry, Julia Neilson and others were there.

Arthur Pinero, like Gilbert, was regretting that the English are debarred by temperament from letting themselves go with the French *abandon* of a Bernhardt or a Réjane.

"There are plenty of English actresses with lots of fire," he said, "but the difficulty is to kindle it."

I was chaffing him about writing a naughty play. "You are so clever that your plays would be just as brilliant without any mud."

"Oh, no, they would not," he replied. "The public has sweet domesticity at home. They want something to rouse them up and set their minds thinking when they are outside the theatre."

Thereupon we had a great fight, and I had to submit to his arguments that the theatre public liked not only to be amused at the moment, but to go home and have something to think over.

We were talking about a play of his for which a particular actress had been chosen. "Is she strong enough?" I asked.

"Do you mean physically or theatrically?"

"Both."

"Ah, that is the question. But it is unkind of you to ask me that, because I have my own unwhispered doubts and do not like to hear them put into words. I want a

woman of your height and weight. Will you play the part for me?"

"Certainly," I replied, laughing, "and I will begin to-morrow." So we left with this preposterous offer, the only stipulation being that I was to do just exactly what he wanted.

"No one dare wink an eye without my permission," he laughed on the doorstep.

But to return to our host the Oculist, who drew an eye upon the table-cloth, Sir Anderson has a curious glint of thought. Punning seems a gift—or shall we call it a disease—with some people. I have only known two really good punsters. The one Sir Charles Todd, Postmaster-General and Astronomer Royal of South Australia and the man who laid the cable to England; and the other Sir Anderson Critchett, whose puns were always immense. At an Academy Private View it was my hap to be wearing rather a thick veil with big spots, and as we came face to face he exclaimed:

"I hardly spotted you beneath that shade."

"Oh, you bad man, what is to be done to quell your puns? I shall have to punish you by staring at you through these glasses that you once ordered me. They would subdue anyone."

"No, not me, for I'm so accustomed to them, and I have supplied so many now being used in this room."

"Yes, you horrid doctors have always got your friends under the microscope, so to speak. You know whether they squint or are blind, and could wondrous tales unfold."

"Ah," he said, "but I always Play-fair." (It was directly after the great Playfair trial.) One could only turn on one's heel, and leave him as an incorrigible punster.

During Sir Anderson Critchett's period of office as Ophthalmic Surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital, a patient was admitted under his care who had developed double vision as the result of an accident. Sir Anderson prescribed full doses of iodide of potassium, one of the salts of potash, and a little later on he instructed his House Surgeon to apply galvanism. When, after the lapse of a few weeks, the patient was discharged cured the House Surgeon

asked his chief to which of the two remedies he would assign the greater credit. Sir Anderson said :

" I think they share it about equally, and we will cry quits, for while I took him by a salt (assault), you took him by battery."

More recently a lady at a dinner-party addressed Sir Anderson across the table, and asked whether he could estimate the characters of individuals by their eyes. On his seeking to know the reason for such a question, she said that she had almost decided on a school for her boy, but had hesitated through mistrust of the schoolmaster's eyes, and she wished to know whether Sir Anderson could have helped her had he been there. He at once replied :

" I should have preferred to judge him by his pupils."

CHAPTER XXII

HOMBURG AND HUMBUG

LOOKING back to Homburg what humbug it all was.

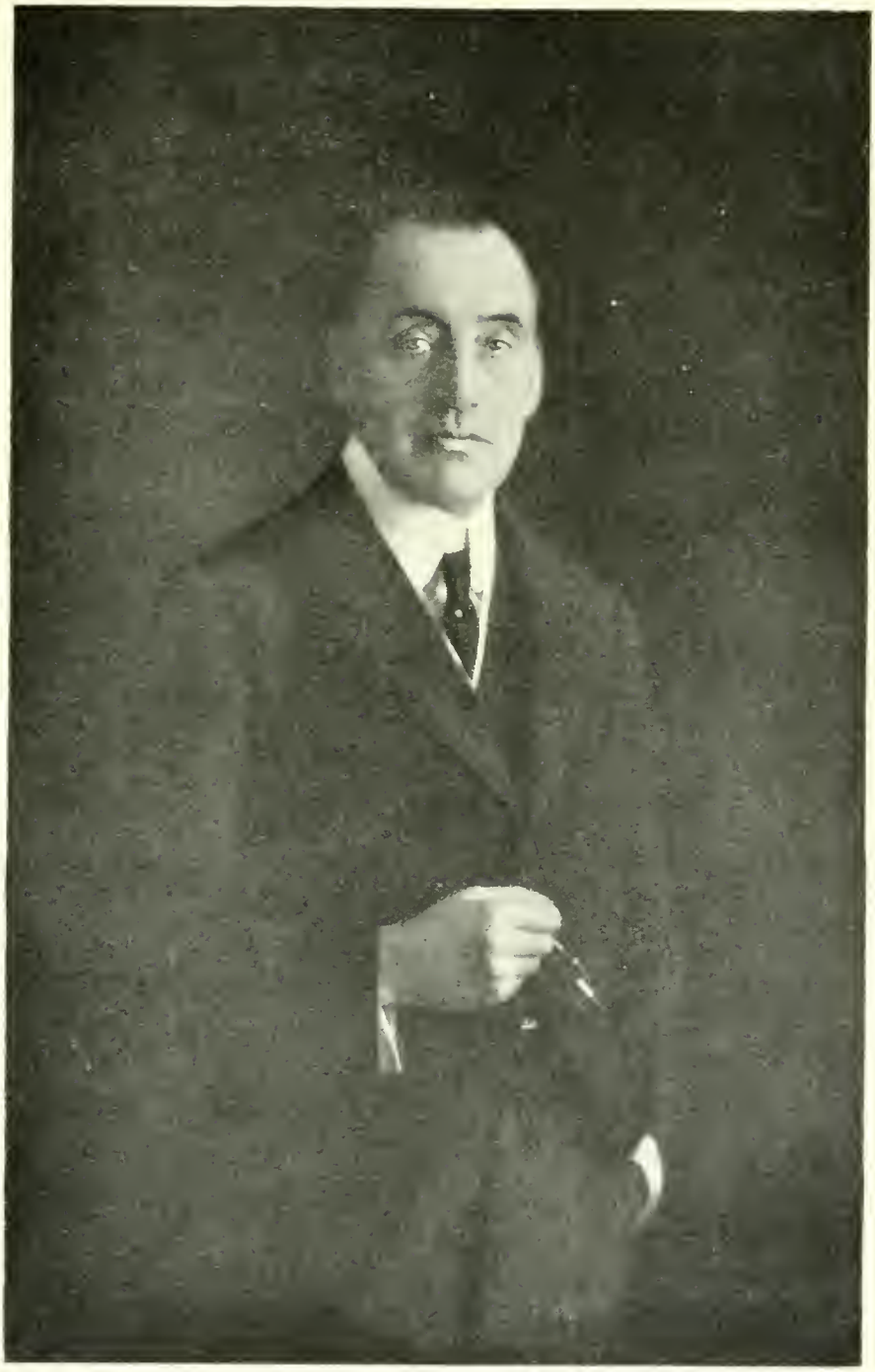
Homburg each August was an English town. The shopkeepers, the hotel-keepers, the doctors, the baths, all made piles of money out of the Britishers, and adored them. German officials were charming. English politicians, diplomats, and business men all fraternized with them. In fact, it was a German-English *entente cordiale*, or *Glückliche-Verbindung*, in which both parties were happy and prosperous.

Suddenly the Sword of Damocles—oh, no, of the Kaiser—fell, and the British within the town were practically prisoners, while many were actually arrested later at the frontier, among them a cousin of my own—Egerton Stewart Brown.

A certain little group went to Homburg year after year.

Of them were Sir Edward Carson, Lord Southwark, Sir Frank Lascelles, Sir John Hare, Butler Aspinall, K.C., and his uncle John Aspinall, chairman of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway (imprisoned in 1914, on a return journey by the Germans, although long past military age), Mr. Justice Horridge, Mr. Pretyman Newman, M.P., Sir John Brunner, Baron de Worms, Mr. Justice Astbury—with or without their wives. And the year I was there (1912) Cyril Maude and his two daughters, with W. K. Haselden, of *Daily Mirror* fame, were added to the number.

Life was very pleasant at Homburg. One rose in the morning between six and seven if one was good, marched down to the Spa, where everyone assembled between



[Piccadilly Arcade Studio.

With my kind remembrances to Lord and Lady Alice Cavendish.

Edward Carson

[To face p. 254.

CARICATURE OF THE AUTHOR.

By W. K. Haselden.

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seven and eight, and to the accompaniment of the band, drank water. Some water was nasty, other kinds were more palatable; but everyone carried his or her own tumbler with its little glass handle, and walked about chatting to friends while swallowing the fluid. All this sounds very romantic and charming, and when the sun shone it was a pretty scene, but as during the August of 1912 it poured from the first day to the last, we were all in mackintoshes and umbrellas, and in extraordinarily bad tempers.

Returning to the hotel for breakfast, we each had a little table. It was amusing to see the "course of true friendship" run smoothly or otherwise. Some people began the warmest comradeships on Monday, and by the following Saturday were sitting at different tables and cutting one another dead. Others, after eyeing one another with suspicion on Tuesday, were in the throes of wild embrace by Sunday. Probably more novels could be written round Homburg friendships than those of any other place. There was much bridge, much gossip, much lavish entertaining, much love and much hatred. Ritter's Hotel was a mighty comfortable place, and as there were radiators in all the bedrooms, we did not suffer from dripping clothes. Here they could be left to dry, whereas at other hotels people weltered in damp and misery; "for the rain it raineth every day."

Homburg rather played at the game, medicinally speaking, for drinking water, and sitting in black mud baths up to one's neck are easily counteracted as a cure by a dinner-party of regal magnificence at night. Still, the place is pretty, the walks are lovely, the society congenial, and the whole thing made a pleasant holiday.

King Edward VII. always found it so, and invented the *Homburg Hat, King Edward VII. Chicken*, and *The Homburg Fashion*, which latter, when translated, means that everyone pays for himself or herself: a mighty comfortable arrangement.

Thunder rumbled in the political sky all through the summers of 1912 and 1913. Home Rule was discussed in and out of Parliament. At Homburg in August of the

former year, I met my old friend, Sir Edward Carson. He looked very ill and worn—dog-tired. Why the simile to the dog one knows not, for his tongue was not hanging out, nor his tail hanging down.

"Yes, I'm half dead," he said. "It has been a busy Session for me. Illness and anxiety at home, and the Home Rule crisis in Ireland."

"Will Redmond get Home Rule?" I asked.

"That I cannot tell; but I shall do everything possible to frustrate him. I don't possess an acre of land in Ireland, and I have no direct interest there; but Irish blood runs warm in my veins, and I mean to fight with all my might for Ulster and our traditions. I'm a comparatively poor man, and yet this year I have turned my back on thousands of pounds' worth of valuable briefs, because I could not give my full attention to the Bar with this question burning so deeply into my soul."

"You *are* a patriot."

"That's a grand word, too grand; but I'm an Irishman who knows Irish history and her people, and such disaster and ruin as Home Rule would bring, must not and cannot be allowed. The thinking part of Ireland does not want it, the industrial part of Ireland does not want it. Political agitators do, because they imagine any change, as long as it is a change, is sure to do them some particular good."

It was really delightful to hear him speak. Those heavy eyelids quivered with emotion, that curious full-lipped mouth expanded, the tired man became alive with fire. Sir Edward Carson is an enthusiast and patriot to his finger-tips.

Sir Edward went to Homburg for years to a particular villa, and when he arrived he was always worn out—a mere bag of sleeplessness and nerves. He was never a strong man. He always worked hard, he lived at high pressure, as barristers who are also in the House of Commons must. He earned his living by day, and worked for his country by night. For him, truly, Homburg was a needed rest cure.

When quite a young man he was made Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1892, an honour followed eight years later

by his English appointment. When speaking about him some time since Mr. Justice Barnes remarked that he well remembered a case in which an unknown man got up to defend in the Law Courts. He spoke with a strong Irish accent, but conducted the case so admirably that everyone was asking who on earth the youngster could be.

"His name is Carson and he comes from Ireland," remarked someone, and it was not very long before everyone in the English Law Courts had heard of the capabilities of the young Irishman.

Sir Edward is a somewhat delicate-looking man, quiet, almost reserved in manner with strangers, but an excellent raconteur, and he has an endless store of Irish humour. He once told me:

"I was at Dublin University with Oscar Wilde, and, appalling as it was for a fellow *alumnus*, I had to cross-examine him—and the cross-examination sent him to prison. His was, in fact, the case which first brought me to the front. A barrister's life often compels one to swallow bitter pills."

Of Balfour, Sir Edward said: "I think him a most wonderful man. His quietness and strength make him the greatest of all leaders." John Morley's scholarship also evoked his admiration, as also did Joseph Chamberlain's brilliance.

Carson to me is a sort of hero. He is Irish and impetuous, humorous and witty; but, above all, there is his brilliant legal brain, and his patriotism is real and far more the unselfish patriotism of the Middle Ages than that of a busy man of our own period. He is faultlessly honest.

Photographs and Lord Southwark seem to run in double harness. No man surely ever took more snapshots in twenty years than the indefatigable gentleman formerly known as Sir George Knight Causton. He and his clever wife went to private views, ship launches, race-meetings, garden-parties; in fact, to every sort of society function, and never was this Member of both Houses of Parliament in turn without his camera. Those photographs would make fitting illustrations to these Table-cloths, but they are "not for publication." He did many snapshots of the

people at Homburg, all reminders of pleasant days and kindly friendships. Delightful were the dinners given by the good folk whose names are mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, all of whom met day after day, one might almost say, hour after hour.

A well-known habitué at Homburg was Sir Frank Lascelles, British Ambassador to Berlin for thirteen years, and consequently in close touch with the Kaiser. In fact, there is a famous story that the Kaiser was always calling upon Sir Frank, and that upon one of these occasions, as the Ambassador was not dressed, the Emperor insisted upon rushing upstairs to interview the exalted Briton in his bedroom.

The Embassy in Berlin, often the scene of gorgeous entertainments, can tell queer tales. At one time a most honoured spot, it became at the outbreak of war the scene of extraordinary indignity. The mob hooted at the railings, they smashed the windows, they hurled unpleasing epithets at the Ambassador, then Sir Edward Goschen. Thus the British Embassy in Berlin witnessed the first outfling of that frenzied wrath which culminated in Hymns of Hate, impotent cursing of England, cruel maltreatment of British prisoners, submarine brutalities, Scarborough bombardments, and the blood-curdling massacre of eleven hundred and ninety innocent lives by the sinking of the *Lusitania*, of which more anon.

There is a delightful old Bavarian custom of saying *Grüsse Gott* whenever one meets a peasant by the wayside. Everybody does it. It is just a pretty greeting to God, a bond of peace and goodwill between those passing by. That greeting, brutalized by a nation's passion, was later hurled from lip to lip as *Gott strafe England* (God punish or curse England). Thus does war change custom and ruin human kindness.

Sir Frank Lascelles strove hard and long for a friendly feeling between Great Britain and Germany. In fact, during our Homburg time he was labouring to build up an Anglo-German alliance. No one seemed more anxious for this than the Germans, and yet in two short years it all ended in a smoke of vindictive anathemas. So hard

did the ex-Ambassador work for this good end that a dinner was got up for him in London as Chairman by the British-German Friendship Society in recognition of his services. The Duke of Argyll was to have presided; but a telegram was received from Princess Louise from Cowes: "Duke has sudden severe chill; too unwell to attend dinner to-night."

It was the beginning of illness, and the Duke of Argyll died shortly afterwards.

I had a long talk on the night of Sir Frank's dinner with the German Ambassador accredited to London, Prince Lichnowsky, about whom we heard so much a few months later. He always appeared a delightful man, sincerely fond of our country (more than probably he was the mere cat's-paw of the German Government); in fact, a genuine upholder of the British-German bond of union, rather than a traitor within our gates. Certainly his speech in supporting the chairman had the ring of true friendship. He declared that, in Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles had won all hearts, and that he was well seconded by his sister, Lady Edward Cavendish, whose charm as a hostess made the British Embassy one of the most attractive social centres. Here his daughter grew up and finally married Sir Edward Spring Rice, later accredited as British Ambassador to Washington. In Germany, the Prince affirmed, they felt that Sir Frank understood them, and that the penetration of his sympathetic personality made clear to him that German ideals and aspirations were not in any way in conflict with the peace and happiness of others. That they trusted him implicitly went without saying, and His Excellency hoped that Sir Frank would not regard it as a reflection on his ability as a diplomatist if he said that he did not think their guest capable of deceiving anybody.

Was Belgium, one wonders, one of the nations comprised in the Prince's purview of the situation?

Nor could anything have been more honestly yet discreetly hopeful than Sir Frank's answering speech. His desire was to get rid of the suspicion and mistrust on both sides of the North Sea; he evidently thought both were friendly, and would ere long melt into a genuine mutual understanding. He was careful to lay it down that the

desired understanding must not be taken to indicate any hostility on our part to any other country than Germany.

Sir Frank Lascelles was a charming man, tall, gray and good-looking. When he and I met at Homburg one wet morning at the Elizabeth Brunnen, each held an umbrella, dripping wet, in one hand, and a tumbler of cold, cheerless, bubbling water in the other.

"How do you do, Mrs. Alec-Tweedie?"

I turned round, and there stood our former Ambassador to Berlin.

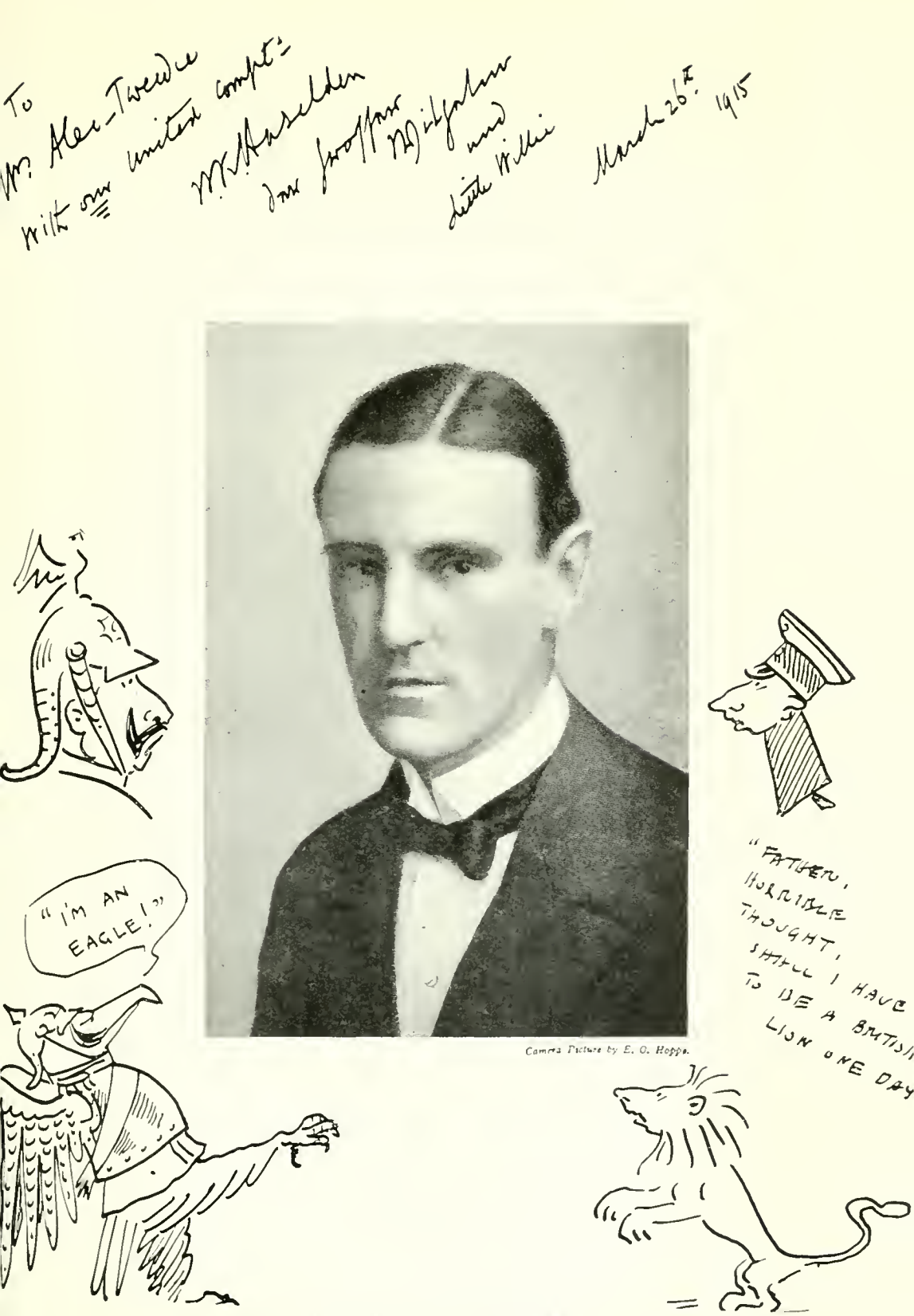
"The last time we met was at Harrow," he said, "where your boy was at school, and where I had been a schoolboy nearly half a century before, so I had to make a speech. Reginald Tower, Austin Harrison and Cunninghame Graham were there too, and we had a cheery time."

And so we walked back to the hotel unheeded, tumblers in hand, chatting pleasantly but drinking nasty water all the way. Everyone was so employed, and yet how funny it would seem to see men and women marching solemnly along Piccadilly in pouring rain at 8 a.m. sipping tumblers of water as they went.

Custom is merely a matter of geography.

I was sitting in the dining-room about to start dinner at Ritter's that night, when an amusing smile—for the face was all smile—rushed at me and nearly embraced me. It was Cyril Maude, followed by his two girls. They were on a motor tour through Germany, and they had turned up for a few days at Homburg. W. K. Haselden was there too, and we soon secured a round table, all sitting together—a very merry little party. Anything more like a schoolboy out for a holiday than Cyril Maude cannot be imagined. He simply loved every moment of the day. He talked and chaffed, told funny stories, and was perfectly delightful with his two girls, the elder of whom, Marjorie, has made quite a name for herself on the stage. Mrs. Maude, otherwise Winifred Emery, had had to leave the tour (not theatrical but motor) in Munich, and hurry home for the holidays of the somewhat belated but belauded son, John.

In the course of those merry days in Homburg, during



Camera Picture by E. O. Hoppé.

MR. W. K. HASELDEN.

The Creator of the Big and Little Willies.

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Cyril Maude.
Sir John Astbury.

Sir John Hare.
Mr. Justice Horridge.
Sir Frank Lascelles.

SKETCHES FROM MEMORY BY W. K. HASELDEN.

[*To face p.* 261.

which Count Zeppelin, nephew of the gentleman famous for Zeppelins, did much to make my stay pleasant, W. K. Haselden drew many caricature sketches. It was interesting to see him at work. For instance, on one occasion when Sir Edward Carson lunched with me, Haselden was at quite another table ; but before we had finished our coffee in the hall, he came forward with an excellent caricature from memory of the Irish leader, having merely studied his features while we were talking together during luncheon. That is the way he does his work. He never draws people at the time ; he just looks at them, takes in their salient features, then sketches them afterwards.

During the time he was at Homburg, Haselden did two pages—or more properly speaking, cardboards, for he draws about four times the size of the reproduction ; sketching on a large scale saves the eyes—of the leading lights of Homburg. They were all jumbled up together in an amusing fashion, and many of the likenesses were excellent. I got each of the people to place his autograph at the bottom of the cardboards, and Sir John Brunner was kind enough to buy them from the artist, frame them, and present them to the famous little golf club, where let us hope they still repose. It was an English golf club at that time.

Everyone who was in the picture thought everyone else's portrait excellent. It is curious how dull we are in recognizing the caricature of our own face, although quick enough to see the fun when somebody else's physiognomy is in question. Everyone who was in the picture felt aggrieved that he, individually, was not made more beautiful, and everyone who was out of the picture was greatly distressed to find himself not important enough to ornament its pages. A well-known Royal Prince was particularly distressed at not being included in the group. It was as good as a play. A huge blot of ink fell on the board, and a large female hat was an inspiration of the artist's to cover the flaw, beneath which he drew my features.

Haselden always had a note-book in his pocket, a pencil generally without a point, a pocket usually without a penknife, and a piece of india-rubber which never existed. He was fond of getting me to stand and talk to him while from

behind my back or by my side he was jotting down a few lines for future use. Little did he, or I, dream in those days that many of those casual sketches of German officers, uniforms, or Kaiser's statues—sometimes drawn with the black end of an old match—would appear in the inimitable series he finally invented as *The Big and Little Willies*.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Haselden's work is its refinement. He never draws anything vulgar. It is so easy to be clever if one is cruel, so easy to be witty if one is vulgar; but whatever he jibes at, or whosoever he hits —and after all he hits everyone in turn—it is always done in a refined and, if one dare use the term, gentlemanly way.

Haselden was originally at Lloyd's, where he went after leaving Charterhouse. At both places much of his time was spent drawing pictures on the blotting-paper. He hated Lloyd's, he hated any sort of office routine, and finally got out of it by drawing. Having spent most of his time in sketching the good gentlemen in the "Room," he went one day to call upon the editor of a little paper called *The Sovereign*, and offered him his sketches. The editor accepted one of George Faber, of Lloyd's. It was a success, and they asked Haselden to go upon the staff at the magnificent salary of £2 10s. a week.

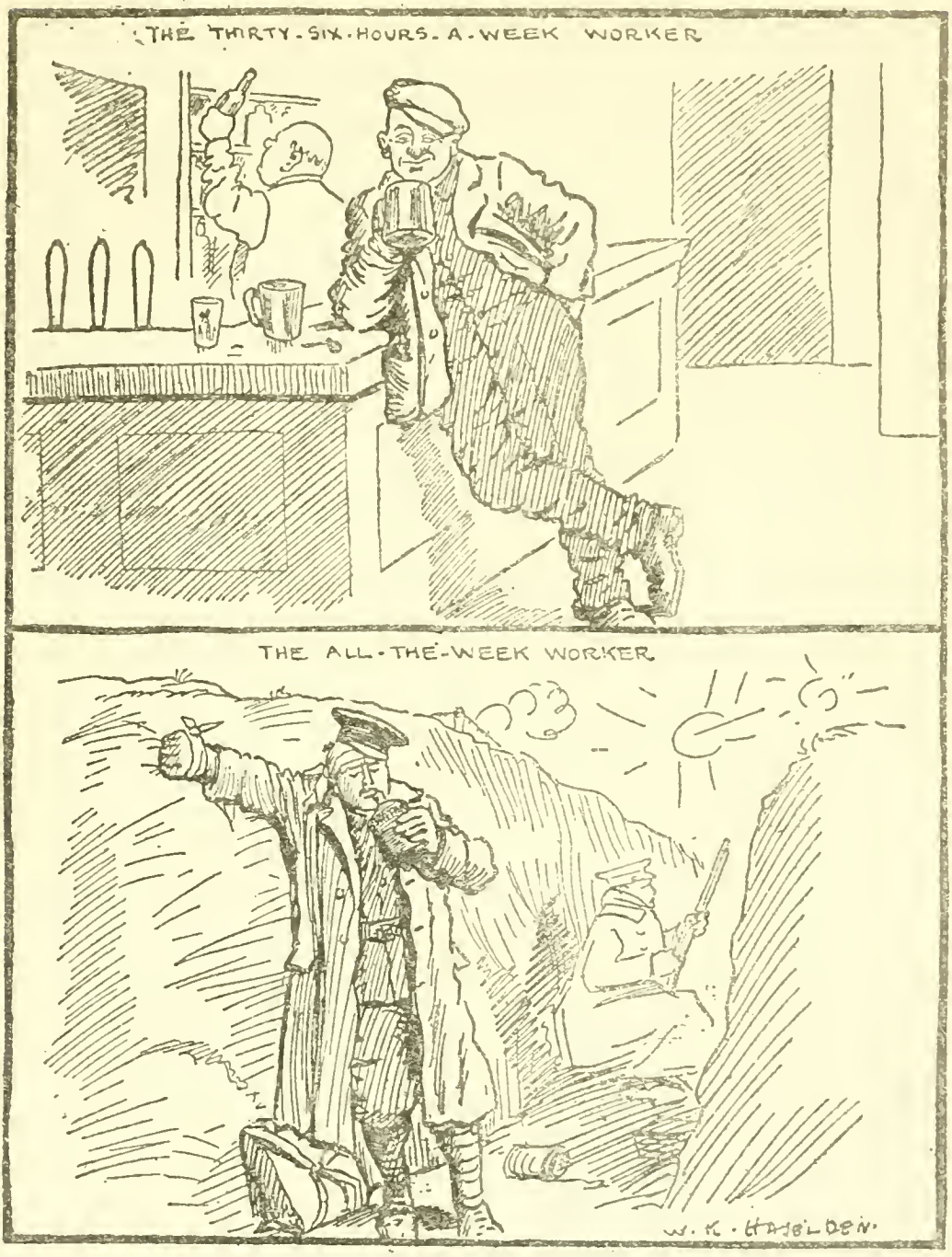
"My going on the staff must have been too much for the paper," he said, "must have been too much for the public to stand, for the whole thing collapsed in a few months."

By this time, however, he had got a small order to do a cartoon a week on a theatrical performance.

"From the year 1902 I have lived by my pen-work. The first year it was only odds and ends done for the *Tatler* or the *St. James's Gazette;* but at the end of that year I wrote to Alfred Harmsworth, and explained that I had been doing black-and-white work for different people, and some odd pictures for some of his papers. He replied that he had nothing whatever to do with the drawings in his papers; but that I could see his secretary, Mr. Somebody. Thereupon I called upon Mr. Somebody, took a book of cuttings and sketches, and left them for that good gentleman's perusal. He wrote and made an appointment, offered me a post on 'the staff' for the sum of £5 a week, and talked

largely of the ' biggest venture' in journalism that had ever been entertained,' and made me believe that something was

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A CONTRAST.



The drink question is becoming very serious amongst our workers at home. A minority of them are "holding up" necessary munitions or repairs by intemperate habits. Those who do this are simply fighting our brave men in the trenches as ruthlessly as the Germans are.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Kindly reproduced from "Daily Mirror." Drawn by the Creator of "The Willies" in an hour and a half.

about to appear that would startle the world. It finally turned out to be the *Daily Mirror* in its new halfpenny form

in 1903; and from that day to this—namely thirteen years—I have drawn for the *Daily Mirror* six days a week."

Haselden never went to any school of drawing, which he much regrets. He never studied Art properly, which he greatly deplores; he has only acquired knowledge by practice. For many years he drew the picture for the next day every morning, so that literally he worked from day to day. Occasionally, by doing two cartoons a day, he gets one day ahead. That is joy.

"You must feel distracted sometimes," I once said.

"You are quite right. I sometimes feel in despair for an idea, and then for a change of scene I get into the Tube, go to the City, sit in a cold, horrid, dirty little dark room, and in its gloomy surroundings come inspirations because I feel that I cannot sit there longer than necessary."

It will be remembered that W. K. Haselden, who joined *Punch* about 1905, draws the sketches that accompany Sir Owen Seaman's theatrical criticisms. After watching the play, he sketches the picture from memory later.

On the last day of March, 1915, I was to lunch with Mr. Haselden quietly at the "Berkeley."

At 11.15 a.m. a sad voice rang up.

"I haven't found an idea yet—no work, no play, no lunch. Can you think of anything?"

Back through the telephone went my shout:

"Riveters have been earning fifteen and sixteen pounds a week for war work. Declaring that they haven't got time to spend it, so they work three days a week for seven or eight pounds and are drunk the other three for pleasure."

"Splendid. That will do—— 'Berkeley,' two sharp."

He started accordingly at 11.30, got his work off to the office by 1.10—and at two o'clock turned up, with a bad headache, for lunch at the restaurant.

On the morrow the drawing appeared in the *Daily Mirror*, and Mr. Jennings had written his leader round it. Press pace is killing with a vengeance.

CHAPTER XXIII

ARTISTS

PERHAPS the greatest artist in Europe to-day is Sargent.

John Sargent, though American born, was educated in Paris and spent all his working years in London. Pre-eminently vital, massively dynamic as he is in portraiture, who can regret his divagation into the realm of sun-bathed nature? Has he not, ramping and revelling in sunlight, steeped himself and thousands of his admirers in an atmosphere of joyous radiance?

Not merely persuasive, but instant and peremptory is the appeal of these *plein air* Sargents. Caught in a moment, then with each succeeding sun-glint more firmly gripped, one draws deep into the consciousness the flashing figure-group, quarried mountain-side, stream bank or woodland glade that he has thrown so forcefully, yet with so scintillant a gaiety, upon his canvas.

It was my luck once, when languidly roaming through a provincial gallery, to chance unexpectedly upon one of these later Sargents. The languid atmosphere of the half-derelict place—a provincial gallery is usually about as lonely as a stretch of Dartmoor—sprang into breathing life, as does that of a drowsing political meeting fired by the opening sentences of a new and powerful orator.

It is wonderful that the glare in which Sargent paints does not affect his eyesight; but no—he says it does not disturb him in the least, that he enjoys the warmth to the point even of forgetting the glare. Tropical sun and arctic snows are a disastrous strain to most eyes, often necessitating black glasses for the rectification of a trouble that to many becomes

unendurable. The strain of sunlight upon snow is more terrible than a similar glare upon an arid plain: the very whiteness of the snow seems to cut and prick into one's eyeballs. I can speak from experience, too, after visits to both arctics and tropics; yet artists can paint under these disturbing influences—and none better than John Sargent, John Lavery, Joseph Farquharson and Ernest Waterlow.

These men of our own day, if they do not enchant us with the glorious visioning of Turner, do certainly enrich with something like "the glory and the freshness" of a dream the familiar matters of our workaday world.

The most impressive picture in one year's Academy was Sargent's famous portrait of Wertheimer. It was a literally obsessing, diabolically skilful picture. One to make the onlooker shudder through its sheer haunting actuality; and yet a masterpiece of art, surely one of the finest things ever done by this great master. There, living and breathing before the eyes, was the astute Jew, representative of a brilliant yet crushed and tormented race.

Tormented, at any rate of old, for Browning wrote in *Holy-Cross Day*:

> "By the torture prolonged from age to age,
> By the infamy, Israel's heritage,
> By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
> By the badge of shame, by the felon's place,
> By the branding tool, the bloody whip,
> And the summons to Christian fellowship."

Sargent is tall and dark and wears a pointed beard, and has far more the appearance of the robust gondolier of Venice than the pale æsthetic artist of the studio. He has never married. His mother, Mrs. Sargent, was the dearest old lady, and always wore a quaint Quaker bonnet. Her brilliant son of sunlight fame is not what one might call a funny man, but I once saw him in an extraordinarily funny position. It was at one of those delightful dinners of Mr. Farquharson's in Porchester Terrace. To my shame, be it said, I dropped my gloves. Of course, if I were a fashionable lady I should always be dropping my gloves under the table, but not being fashionable, I am like the captain in *Pinafore* and never do such a thing.

What, never? . . . No, never . . . except—on this occasion.

When we rose from the table the gloves were no longer on my lap, and seeing me looking for something, Mr. Sargent asked if I had dropped anything.

"Only my gloves, but the butler will bring them to me presently."

Before I could say another word the great painter had disappeared beneath the folds of the white, snowy linen. On my other side was the Chinese Minister, in his gorgeous Eastern robes, who, not wishing to be beaten, also plunged among the footstools.

Then the matter became a joke.

As only one lady divided the Minister from the host, "Joe" Farquharson likewise dived under his end of the table to reappear triumphant with one yard of black *peau de suède*, while almost at the same moment up bobbed the Chinese hat with its little red knob representative of the Manchus, bearing the other glove.

"Historical gloves," I murmured, as they were returned to me. "They had better be put in a glass case labelled, 'Rescued from the billowy depths of a Turkey carpet by two Royal Academicians and one Diplomat.'"

Of course it was all very silly and very trifling, but it caused a good deal of laughter, and, anyway, the parties engaged in the performance thoroughly enjoyed the fun.

Many artists have imprinted their names upon the cloth, with as many different types of workmanship, but nothing would persuade Sir Hubert von Herkomer to draw anything. As he was almost more brilliant as a draughtsman than a colourist, this was strange. Herkomer's greatest gift was his versatility. He was a musician, a wood-carver, a metal-worker, an enamelist, a poet, a dramatist, and in painting an untiring experimentalist; he called himself an architect, though his quaint house at Bushey was hardly the form of architecture that the general public would choose for its domicile. Anyway, he was a remarkable and extraordinary man, for this son of a wood-carver in a quaint little Bavarian village rose to such eminence as to receive not only

an English Knighthood, but also the title of "von" in Germany.

No one who has not lived his entire life studying the *Almanach de Gotha* would ever grasp the intricacies of that mysterious "von." It is a tricky affair and full of tortuous and slippery interpretation. It is by no means an indication that a man can be called *Baron*, and yet he is sometimes so called by courtesy. On the other hand in some families a "von" stands even higher than a *Herr Baron*, a title he stoutly repudiates, and a *Freiherr* (free born) has been known to stamp with rage on being addressed as *Baron*. So let us give it up and say "von" is capable of a multitude of significance and is little used in Germany outside plutocratic circles.

Herkomer painted—he covered acres of canvas—and like the old Masters he used to let his pupils colour in the background, the bits of clothing and trouser-legs; and trouser-legs meant a good deal in such a picture as the one he did of the Royal Academicians, in which, amidst literally oceans of paint, was evolved something like an archipelago of legs and boots.

He was a colossal worker, and always looked a sick man: especially in later years when he shaved the hair from his face and displayed the sallow skin and hollow cheeks that denote ill-health.

No artist of modern times worked harder than Herkomer, and no artist of modern times was so various, for he had something of the versatility of Albrecht Dürer and Leonardo da Vinci; indeed, in the matter of metal-working, he recalls somewhat Benvenuto Cellini.

Herkomer had something to say one night at dinner in regard to the function of a University. He considered a University the proper nursery of an opening career, not a place for specialization in any particular branch of study. As to what an Art School should be he gave the world a practical, most notable demonstration in his workshops at Bushey. To this famous school, from its inception in 1883 down to his retirement twenty-one years later, he gave his direction and teaching gratuitously: a priceless gift. In his own theatre at Bushey, too, this

man of talents, so many and so well-used, conducted his own dramatic experiments, producing, among a score of other things, *An Idyll*, both written and composed by himself.

Speaking of the peculiarity of sitters, Arthur Hacker once said :

" Well, I have always found them very amenable, and have made many friends among them, and good friends, too. It is difficult to be face to face with a man for so many hours without knowing him pretty thoroughly. Occasionally a sitter refuses to be ' drawn,' or there, perhaps, is not a great deal to ' draw.' I once painted a local mayor who would *not* talk. After trying him on every conceivable subject I was giving him up and about to portray him as the blank he seemed, when I hit on the subject of his local waterworks, and the sluice was opened ! Thenceforth when I required the eyes lighted with the fire of enthusiasm I had only to mention the magic topic and his soul stood revealed.

" I love a sympathetic sitter, one who understands and follows the work as it progresses—for I always show my picture from its first stages ; it interests the sitter. Once I was painting a lady who did *not* sympathize with my struggles. I was painting away and passing small talk, when she said, ' It must be so nice to be a painter.' I said it was, but asked why she thought so.

" ' Oh,' she said, ' it must be so nice to be able to do your work and think of something else all the time ! '

" When one is young it sometimes does one good to be sat upon. But one of the biggest ' takes down ' I remember, was on leaving Tangier with a bag of six months' hard work. Everything had to go through the customs, and the boxes of pictures and studies were taken before the tribunal of a dozen stately Moors sitting to assess the value of goods leaving the country. They showed their contempt for the Fine Arts, or my efforts, by valuing the lot at ten francs—perhaps they were good judges ! "

To Arthur Hacker I am indebted for a charming menu stand (see page 9) and a little portrait head of myself upon the table-cloth.

Of a totally different vein of inspiration is George Clausen.

Low in tone, high in Art, fond of the palette knife or his finger—for many painters use their fingers as much as their brushes; Dudley Hardy is a notable example of this—Clausen is an artist's artist, whose work is of the kind that will live. Never a dull plodder, always an experimentalist of strong mentality, he has gone a long way since his *Girl at the Gate;* has gained in range, power and vision. His frosty mornings, his sun-steeped noondays are strangely clever and arresting in effect, if occasionally lacking in the charm which belonged to his former more delicate handling. His landscape *In the Fields in June* was—especially in the matter of its immensely vivid foreground with its rustic figures—finely expressive of his later development.

A not less original experimentalist is his neighbour on the cloth—William Orpen.

William Orpen is a much younger man than any of the three who have preceded him in this chapter. As a vivid impressionist, he is more definitely of the modern school; a rapidly developing artist, moreover, whose challenging work should culminate in something even finer than he has yet given us. Orpen's portrait of the Archbishop of Liverpool was a powerful as well as a beautiful picture, and his work in the following year was conspicuous and remarkable. The darkest of backgrounds threw out his masterful painting of women, sharply pronouncing the strong high lights and delicate half-tones of the faces. His portrait of himself upon the cloth is an excellent likeness.

Alfred Parsons, another Academician, lived in the dearest little house on Campden Hill: a small house, a small garden, a small man—all cheery and bright and pleasing. His landscape work is well known, and his delineation of gardens keenly appreciated. He chose for his emblem upon the cloth a daffodil, drawn simply in a few lines, emblematic of the artist. On canvas Alfred Parsons is distinctly a careful and finished stylist.

John Lavery's head of himself is another brilliant piece of work, but I have written so much of John Lavery, a friend of twenty years' standing, in *Thirteen Years* that

I must refrain from saying more here of his splendid work, which is gaining strength year by year.

Sir Luke Fildes, a representative of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, said, "Yes, I believe everyone can be taught to draw—I don't say to be an artist, but to draw to a certain extent—and everyone ought to be taught a little, because it teaches them to appreciate form and shape, and be observant of their surroundings. Drawing is language, and I don't know what would have become of me sometimes in out-of-the-way corners in Italy had it not been for my pencil. I always sketch everything I want, and I always get what I want—stop, once my drawing failed me, and it was in this wise. I was walking over a Welsh mountain and was very hungry, when I found myself at a little cottage inhabited by an old woman. She did not understand me, so on the back of an envelope I sketched a loaf of bread: she beamed and off she went returning with the loaf. Perhaps she has eggs, I thought, noticing her fowls, so I drew an egg. She looked at it for some time and trotted off again, to return with a potato. What a compliment to my drawing! Then I sketched an egg-cup underneath it; but she shook her head, evidently never having seen the like, so I went in search of the egg in the hen-house, thus securing what my pencil had failed to produce."

Passing on to his splendid picture of *The Doctor*, then hanging on the Academy walls (1890), he said Mr. Tate had given him the commission five years before, and that when Mr. Tate called the previous autumn he had not begun it. His visitor looked sad. "I am an old man," he said. "It is four and a half years since I ordered that picture, and at this rate I may never live to see it done, or have any pleasure out of it."

"From to-day I will put all other work aside," the artist responded, a good deal touched, "and your picture shall be ready for the Academy." All day and every day he worked at it for months, accordingly, and so succeeded in keeping his promise. The sick child was his own boy, whom he used to paint while asleep in his cot.

When I admired the effects of light in this dramatic work, "Yes," he said, "those lights have robbed me of many hours of sleep; I used to arrange with myself to wake in the morning at dawn, and thereupon I let in the dawn of day from the window and lighted the lamp. Then from my bed I watched the daylight strengthening until it extinguished the artificial light, and this picture is the result. Now for a change I am setting to work on five portraits."

He had just read Nansen's book, *Across Greenland*, and was much interested in my mid-winter Norwegian experiences, description of Nansen, and so on, and quite excited at seeing a pair of ski for the first time (1894), which he immediately adjusted to his feet and on which he crossed the drawing-room.

Luke Fildes, born in 1844, was one of the first "prospectors" for a new studio site in the almost country precincts of Melbury Road, now the haunt of a famous artistic *coterie*. Erelong were settled near him Colin Hunter, Marcus Stone, Richmond, Schmalz, Tristram Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Normand, C. W. Bartlett and Sir William Clay; and in the adjacent Holland Park Road both Val Prinsep and Frederick Leighton established themselves.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon Fildes' familiar triumphs, but the story of his first success, the drawing entitled *Hungry and Houseless*, published in the first number of the *Graphic* in 1869, is peculiarly interesting. This drawing brought him into relation with Dickens, for Frith and Millais at once realized the new-risen talent, and the latter rushed off to Dickens with the news. Dickens saw the young artist, and quickly concluded a bargain with him; and so it was that Luke Fildes became the illustrator of the three famous numbers of *Edwin Drood*, the great Master's unfinished work, to build up hypothetical endings for which has long been a favourite exercise with men of letters. The latest and by no means the least successful illustrator of Dickens was Harry Furniss, who drew five hundred pictures at lightning speed, one of which, Mrs. Gamp, hangs on my staircase with a characteristic letter from the artist below—illustrated as so many of Harry Furniss's letters are (see page 127).

Turning from a brilliant penman, let us peep at a brilliant woman colourist.

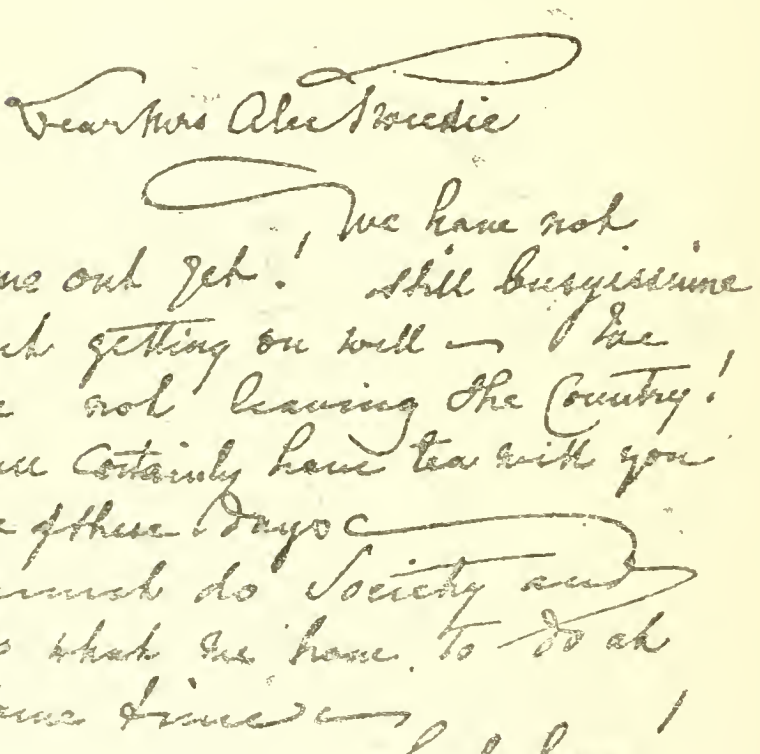
As a woman I am naturally proud of the position attained by Clara Montalba, who was elected a member of the Royal Water Colour Society as far back as 1876, and later of the Water Colour Societies of The Hague and Brussels. Why was this brilliant artist—like Lady Butler, Henrietta Rae, Jessie Macgregor, Lucy Kemp-Welch, Mrs. Laura Knight and others—never made a Royal Academician? Perhaps only because she is a woman.

Beyond question Clara Montalba has a gift for which many otherwise highly equipped masters would have given much—the colour faculty. Before all things her name stands for glowing, sumptuous colour. She found it not merely in Venice, where the ordinary eye can hardly miss it, but in the quiet levels of Holland, in the grey, barge-laden reaches of the Thames estuary. She has a genuine passion for every craft that floats, from three-masted barque to scow or lighter; and what is more, she can make the craft really float—a more difficult matter than the layman supposes. W. L. Wyllie, too, can make a boat swim; Napier Hemy can make it cleave the water under sail like a living thing; but Miss Montalba has a gift of vision denied to many powerful realists. A good Clara Montalba is a thing of Keatsian richness. One can well believe that she learnt much from Turner, but by her own admission she won even more inspiration from the study of Corot. No doubt, too, she owes something to the great French impressionist Isabey, to whom she used to bring her early sketches and studies for criticism; yet, after all, her really vital and predominant teacher has been Nature viewed through and absorbed by her own artistic consciousness.

From a child, when I dabbled joyfully with my own paint-box, I profoundly admired the work of Clara Montalba. We met once or twice after I grew up, but it was not until at Venice (1898) that I really knew her well.

Taking a gondola one beautiful April afternoon I sailed away down the Giudecca and shortly drew up at a *palazzo* near some wonderful shipping lying against the right

quay. A bell with the name *Montalba* denoted the house. To my ring it was quickly opened by a gondolier in black serge with a red sash round his waist, of whom in the best



of my bad Italian I inquired if Miss Clara Montalba was at home.

"Sì, sì, Signora," he replied, and passing under a trellis-work of greenery we entered a long passage where the

wooden hood of the gondola was reposing, covered in blue linen of the usual fashion ; up some wide stairs, past large tubs of orange trees laden with fruit (tied on with cotton as later disclosed), and I was finally ushered into an enormous room which ran the whole length of the house. Two ladies were sitting at the end, Miss Montalba and her sister, and very kindly was their welcome. They had heard from Ella Hepworth Dixon of my visit, and from that moment we were sworn friends. Clara Montalba was hardly one's idea of an artist. Short in stature, stout in build, like a Spaniard or Italian in type, although her father was a Swede and her mother English, she had that pleasant, jolly way that is more distinctive of the home bird than the artist. Looking back, I feel ashamed to think how long I stayed that afternoon. Finding that I knew most of our artists, she asked for descriptions of the pictures exhibited that year, and then she remarked :

" Sargent and Benjamin Constant are the two finest portrait painters in the world ; after them I would put Carolus Durand, Millais and Orchardson—not that they actually come together, for while Orchardson's pictures are all refinement, Durand's are all coarseness, and for all his cleverness he has not the slightest idea of painting a lady."

On my admiring the view from the window, she responded :

" Yes, we chose this house on purpose. On the wet days, the cold days and the dull days, I have only to sit here and make sketches of boats ; indeed, some of my best work has been done from this window. They come in from Dalmatia or Chioggia, and often anchor just outside our door. Therefore this spot is my study."

Clara Montalba is a well-read woman, a clever woman, a capable woman, conspicuous at once for her force, determination, and character ; and the more one sees of her pictures collected together the more one realizes her keen artistic instinct. In her art she can do almost anything, from the most daintily handled to the coarsest and broadest of water-colours, from a small miniature oil to a slap-dash work with a palette knife. But it is as an impressionist we admire her most, and her effects of crowds, shipping groups, and processions of the Church of Rome are delightful.

"I always give up everything for my work," she once said; "indeed, I find it impossible to keep late hours in stuffy rooms and have a clear eye and steady hand for my brush on the morrow. Much of my work is done from a covered gondola. Until June it is not safe to sit out in an open one in Venice, although strangers think nothing of doing so, and getting ill in consequence.

"Oils or water-colours are all the same to me," she continued, "for a big picture I prefer the former, for a sketch the latter. The rough effect you admire in the water-colours on coarse paper is done with a hog's-hair brush and almost dry paint, but nothing comes amiss; as long as I get the effect, I don't mind by what means it is attained."

Of the work of the great, the prodigiously great artist, Watts—known to his intimates by that significant title, *The Signor*, to the world at large as the plain-living, high-thinking genius who bestowed upon us a score of master-pieces—it would be superfluous to write more than a few lines. Do not his noble allegorets, *Hope*, *Mammon*, *Love and Death*, and the rest greet us, ill or well reproduced, from the walls of many homes we enter? Idealist, stern moralist, exquisite yet laborious artist, the familiarity of his work speaks to its widespread influence.

Watts, born in 1817, lived on, ever at work, for eighty-seven years.

In the year 1907, an addition to the few pieces of statuary that enrich Hyde Park was made by Watts' colossal *Physical Energy*, placed on a site in the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens. It is the most majestic work of its kind that the nation possesses, and even now, perhaps, we do not realize how splendid was the gift. The horse and rider are early recollections of mine. When I was a girl I remember being taken some time in the eighties to Melbury Road by Dr. Bond, at that time surgeon to Westminster Hospital and also to the Metropolitan Police, to see the great painter, G. F. Watts. At this period I was trying to paint, and exhibiting little pictures in the *Lady Artists*. Dr. Bond, who was fond of Art and wished to

encourage me to take it up seriously, suggested this expedition to Watts' studio. I was a little alarmed as I drove up with the doctor in his brougham, and the alarm was not decreased after walking up a flight of stairs to see a little old gentleman in a black velvet skull-cap step forth to greet us.

This was the great Watts himself. He seemed to be very old, although he could not have been seventy, for he lived for about twenty years after, during which time he remarried.

The things that impressed me most were the age of the artist, his apparent feebleness, his great geniality and charm, and, beyond all else, the enormous statue, *Physical Energy*, beside which he was at that time standing on a ladder at work. He touched it and fondled it, stroked it, and spoke of it with the warmest enthusiasm and love. His life's interest seemed on that occasion to be centred in his statue. He continued to work at it for many years, after which it was first exhibited in the quadrangle at Burlington House.

Watts' works remain a British possession.

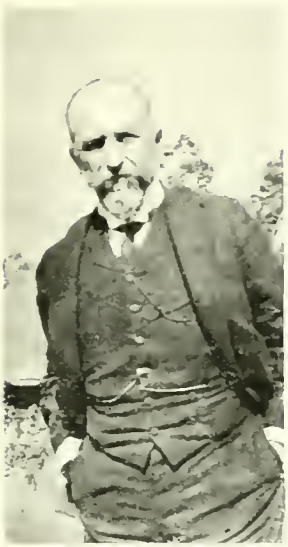
CHAPTER XXIV

SOME CHRISTMAS DINNERS

LOOKING back over a quarter of a century of Christmas dinners one sees a strange medley of names. From ten to fourteen people sat round the table every Christmas night, and on glancing roughly over the lists of these guests one notes what changes there have been.

We are all frivolous at Christmas. Perhaps the frivolity is an antidote to the serious solidity of turkey and plum pudding. Anyway, we all like to be young once a year, to pull crackers and adorn ourselves with paper caps, to make merry and pretend we are young. As many of the people were musical, we generally had some music after dinner, and the diplomats, who do not hold revels at Christmas in their own countries, thoroughly appreciated the English atmosphere of an English Christmas in an English home.

"That reminds me," as people say by way of an original remark, that I have hardly ever spent Christmas out of my own home. Once, as a girl of fifteen, I did so, in the house in Leipsic of Professor Carl Thiersch, who had married the daughter of Baron Justus von Liebig, my godfather, and who in time became father-in-law of Adolf Harnack and von Delbrück, two of Germany's leading lights. Once in Mexico, in blazing heat, enjoying the kindly hospitality of the President and Madame Porfirio Diaz. My lunch was eaten on an Aztec tombstone, after a long ride in the company of a man I went to a kindergarten with years before in London, and the evening was spent at a Presidential reception. Again in Germany, at Bonn-am-Rhine, as the guest of His Excellency Dr. von



Ahi! la Diritta via era smarrita.....
Verse written by Dante in a work
without sign-posts, where he met Vir-
gil as I met him Tuesday at the
critical moment.....
August 11th 1908
A. di San Giuliano

B. di Cagni

From snapshots by the Author.

THE MARQUIS DI SAN GIULIANO.

Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and Foreign Minister in Rome at the outbreak of war, 1914.

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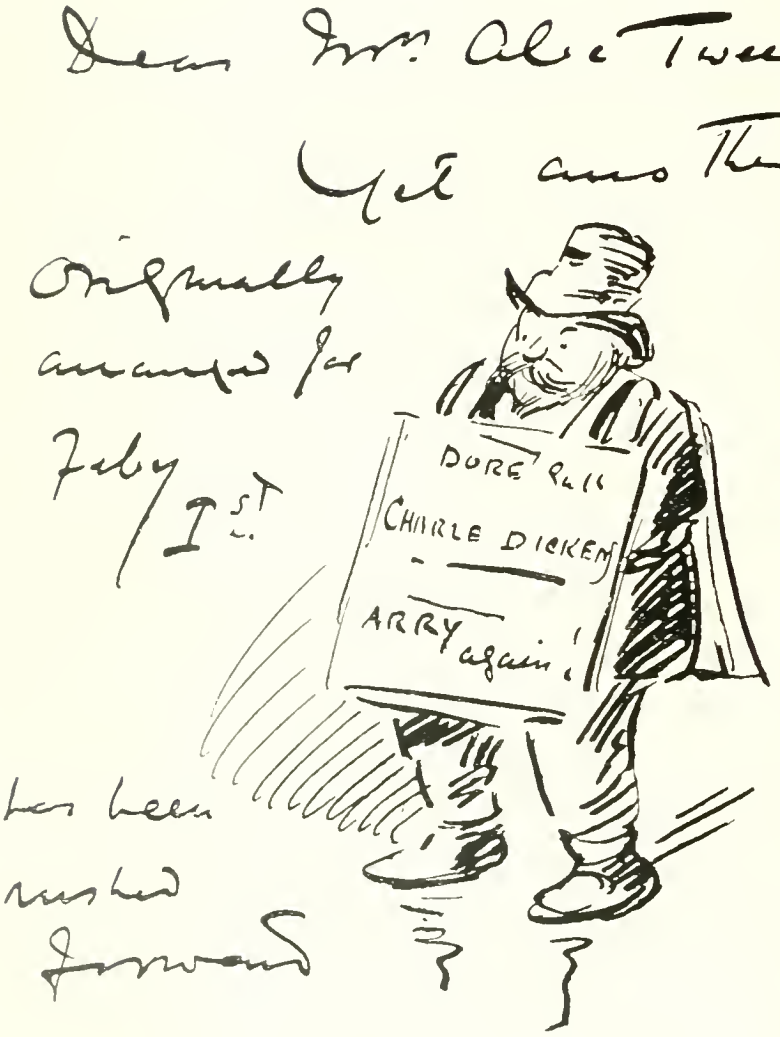
THE MOUNT,
HIGH WICKHAM,
HASTINGS.



The first page of a letter from Harry Furniss to the Author.

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Rottenburg, Under-Secretary of State, for so many years Bismarck's right hand, and finally the head of all learning at the Bonn University. And yet again in New York State, in a most beautiful house on the Hudson River, having spent Christmas Eve in blinding snow with Thomas Edison at Orange, New Jersey.

Otherwise, all my Christmases have been enjoyed in the bosom of my family as a girl, a wife, and a widow; which perhaps sounds mighty old-fashioned and deadly unenterprising.

The man whose name is most world-renowned of my Christmas dinner friends was the Marquis di San Giuliano. He is fully dealt with in connection with the intrigues of the next chapter. The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs is no more. He and the Pope died almost at the same time, in the autumn of 1914, in the early throes of this great and disastrous war. Who can tell but that the war killed both of them? For the one was the spiritual adviser of the Roman Catholics of the world; the other the leader of Foreign Affairs in Italy, at that time in such an uncertain position. Neither post was enviable at the moment. Italy joined the Allies many months later.

Lord Li, who was such a picturesque figure in London society when he was Minister to the Court of St. James's, fell with the Manchu dynasty and the ascent of Yuan-Shi-Kai, and returned to China to live in more or less seclusion, while his son, after completing his education at Cambridge, where he took a degree, returned to China via Siberia. At one of these Christmas dinners the Chinese Minister brought me a golden paper fan on which he had written in faultless style four verses on the seasons in his own language. The Chinese write with a brush in preference to a pen, and, weird and wonderful as the characters appear, the letters are formed as quickly by them as by us in our own caligraphy. Lord Li wrote his name both in English and Chinese upon the cloth. Lord Li's successor, Lew-Luk-Lin, dined with me in Chinese dress at Christmas, but by the New Year the new rulers had ordered the abolition of pigtails, and the Minister gave up his Chinese splendour, to appear, alas, in conventional European attire.

To describe more fully one or two of these Christmas guests, let us begin with Major Martin Hume, who will write no more of the coquetries of Elizabeth, the illustrious Queen who died painted and be-wigged, gowned and be-scented. He and I generally dined together once a month. His life was hard-worked and lonely, so was mine. We were both interested in many of the same things, and our evenings were cheery.

Chivalry is a wonderful inborn power which loves to tend and hearten those in need of help or sympathy.

Martin Hume's mother was Spanish, and he was brought up in her country; often he wrote books in Spanish, and he had all the chivalry of the grandee of ancient Spain. He was a soldier and a man of letters. His books were widely read, and were history written like romance. He worked from ten to six every day without even an interval for lunch, so that his output in the few years after he left the Army was enormous. Perhaps his best-known books are *Courtship of (Queen) Elizabeth, Wives of Henry VIII., Philip II. and Philip V. of Spain.* He was being advertised and reviewed incessantly, and yet no sooner was the man dead than his name seemed to disappear as completely as his body.

Major Martin Hume's work was distinguished for its intimate grasp of facts and true dramatic instinct. His exposition of the fallacies of Spanish political economy in the sixteenth century, which he considered to be mainly responsible for the decay of the greatness of Spain, was a striking example of his insight into the history of the period. Deeply interesting, too, was his life of Philip II. He drew a wonderful picture of Philip—a solitary figure, untrusted and untrusting, dwelling in his lonely palace of the Escorial—whose determination to allow nothing, whether trivial or important, to be done anywhere in his dominions without a signed order from himself, caused in those days of slow transit a practical deadlock in the affairs of the Empire. But while painting Philip darkly, Major Hume proved his innocence of some of the crimes with which he had been charged. He pointed out, for instance, that his French Queen, Elizabeth, whom he was popularly

supposed to have murdered, died a natural death, to the great grief of her husband. Philip was charged, too, with putting his son Don Carlos in prison and causing his death by poisoning; whereas Major Hume showed that Don Carlos had inherited the madness of his great-grandmother Juana, aggravated by a fall down a flight of steps in his boyhood. He was necessarily, therefore, kept under restraint, yet he was treated with great kindness, and his death was a natural one.

Hypersensitive, always on the defensive, Hume had to be handled with silken gloves. Quaintly vain, how he loved to wear his yellow Spanish order.

Martin Hume loved a *recherché* little dinner, for he was a great *gourmet*, and he once described a man under discussion by saying, "Mind! He has no mind. He doesn't know a kidney from a potato."

Apropos of *gourmets*:

DONOR. Did you enjoy your Christmas Stilton?

SHE. Yes thoroughly, and I ate it *all*.

DONOR. More than usual?

SHE. Certainly. You see, last year my cook ate the cheese and I only had the rind; this year she has gone, and the kitchen department no longer contains a *gourmet*.

Turning from *gourmets* to literature, one might say:

Literature is built with three bricks: Humanity, Humanity, Humanity.

The Arts are built with three bricks: Observation, Observation, Observation.

Medical Experience is built with three bricks: Investigation, Investigation, Investigation.

Law is built with three bricks: Commonsense, Commonsense, Commonsense.

The Army is built with three bricks: Discipline, Discipline, Discipline.

Business is built with three bricks: Organization, Organization, Organization.

And yet how few of us put these commonplace truths into practice, or build our house on a solid brick foundation.

The most precious thing in life is friendship, which means sympathy, understanding and unselfishness. It makes people help one another. I have numberless friends —I don't mean acquaintances only, but real friends—both men and women, old and young, rich and poor, who come and spend a quiet evening. We discuss our work, our aims, our joys, our sorrows. They come again and again and invite themselves when they have a fit of the blues. I appreciate the compliment. Martin Hume and Robert Marshall were two of them. They died the same day and reminiscences of each of them filled a column of obituary notice in our papers side by side. A sad week for me.

Yes, those quiet evenings oil the wheels of life to a woman who habitually works four, six, eight and even ten hours a day. These men escorted me to a theatre sometimes, or a picture gallery, for, being a fool, I hate going alone. How strange it is not to mind going anywhere alone in the great world abroad where nobody knows one and one knows nobody, but in London to find it so difficult.

How much easier it is to bear trouble and to appreciate pleasure when one is actively participating in either. It is the waiting for the issue of the one that kills, and the longing for the realization of the other that scratches the gilt off. Better ten thousand times wear out than rust out. Work never kills. Idleness leads to every ill; mental and bodily diseases are twin brothers of laziness.

A resolute worker Hume was, though the hand that has held the sword seldom has patience for spade work.

A mere chance, as Major Hume once said, led to his becoming a writer of historical books. "I happened to buy in a bookshop in Madrid a volume entitled *Cronica del Rey Enrique VIII. de Inglaterra*, which I found to be so interesting when I got home that I sat up all night reading it. It occurred to me that other English readers might find similar interest in this contemporary record of the reign of Henry VIII., written by a merchant residing in London at the time, so I set to work to translate it." As a result of this publication Major Hume was employed at the Record Office, dealing especially with the Spanish

State papers of the time of Elizabeth—a period in which he had already been deeply interested.

Asked once what were his recreations, he replied, " Books, books, books."

The other chum who died in the same week, Captain Robert Marshall—the author of *The Second in Command*, the first play to arouse military enthusiasm of the topical order in the breast of the Britisher—invited me on one occasion for the week-end to a house he had taken at Harrow Weald. Many were the happy week-ends I spent with his neighbours the W. S. Gilberts; and as I was particularly anxious to meet a beautiful actress and her husband, he and she were asked to be of the party.

Bobbie Marshall met me at the station. We drove to the house, where he found a telegram waiting which at the moment he did not open. I was shown to my room by a maid, took off my hat and prepared for tea—unpacked a few things—and descended the stairs, where through the jar of the door leading into the dining-room I saw the table laid for four. My host handed me the wire. It was a bit of a blow.

The beautiful actress and her husband were detained in town. Expressing my regrets and no more, I gave my attention to tea and cakes. My host chatted cheerily, played the piano, turned on the pianola—then a somewhat modern invention—and we had quite a pleasant time.

The hour for dinner was arriving. I had thought it all over quietly and decided that, although the Captain was an old friend, it would be an invidious position for me, and perhaps for him, if I were to remain in his house for the week-end, although we were to lunch on the Sunday with the Gilberts. I did not want to hurt his feelings; but when the dressing-gong rang I quietly said: " Don't think me a fool, but I am not going to dress for dinner, and after dinner I should like to go back to town."

I can see him now, standing with his back to the fire and looking hard at me.

" Do you feel like that? " he asked.

" Yes," I replied. " I am drawn two ways. In the

first, you are an old and faithful friend, and I should have enjoyed my week-end in the country and my lunch with the Gilberts to-morrow. In the second, I am a widow, and you are living here alone. The neighbours will not know that a couple of friends have disappointed you, and therefore, for your sake and mine, it is wiser that I should go home this evening."

He walked across from the fire, and brought his hands round to catch mine.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you. I regret it more than you do, but I admire your decision. However, I am not going to be cheated of your company. I shall take you up to town myself after dinner by the 9.30 train, and I hope you will lunch to-morrow with me at 'Prince's,' and dine anywhere you like to name."

That little episode showed the character of Robert Marshall. A gentleman to his finger-tips, an honoured friend and a careful host. Some men might have felt indignant, blustered and made me feel uncomfortable. Not so, the Captain.

Men who take women out are mighty often taken in.

Other Christmas diners were :

Madame Antoinette Sterling, one of the greatest contraltos of her day, who still lives in the memory of the public as the original interpreter of *The Better Land*, *The Lost Chord*, and *Darby and Joan*, was fully described in *Thirteen Years*.

Madame Lemmens Sherrington's name was made at the Opera House in Brussels. Perhaps it is as well she has not lived to see the destruction of the Belgium she loved so dearly.

Señor Covarrubias was for many years Mexican Minister in London, where he still lives, distressed, discouraged and broken-hearted at the awful disasters that have befallen his beautiful country since the merry night when we all dined together round my Christmas table. With the downfall of Diaz in May, 1911, Mexico fell to the lowest depths.

Herbert Schmalz, the painter, who is still working hard, I first met at Mr. Justice Hannan's when I was a young

girl with a pigtail; his portrait of me, painted in 1895, has been exhibited many times.

Mr. Yoshizawa, the interesting little Chancellor of the Japanese Embassy, on one occasion brought me another beautiful fan with some pretty words of appreciation and thanks for "having invited a foreigner to a British home on such a festive occasion." From here he went to Hankow. Was that prophetic; was it expected that trouble would arise between China and Japan so early as 1911?

Mr. and Mrs. John Walter: the former, commonly known in Printing-House Square as "John Walter the Fifth," is a direct descendant of the founders of *The Times*, in whose family the great newspaper remained solely and entirely for a hundred and twenty-six years.

D. D. Braham, the foreign editor of *The Times* for so many years, and before that their special correspondent in Germany, is now editor of the *Daily Telegraph* in Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Mann, both known in the musical world, he as a pianist, she as a violinist: each of whom has added to our musical Christmas evenings.

Mrs. J. H. Riddell, the famous Irish novelist, has long passed away, though her *George Geith of Fenn Court* will live long.

Miss Geneviève Ward, who when nearing eighty learnt a new part for the St. James' Theatre, played it magnificently eight times a week, and lived on milk and fruit and exercise. This brilliant woman, with her wavy grey hair, black-rimmed blue-grey eyes and marvellous teeth, had at sixty the vivacity of sixteen, with the strength and health and the brilliancy of mind of a matured woman. Of her W. S. Gilbert once said: "Geneviève Ward is, I think, the greatest actress I ever saw. Her Lady Macbeth has never been touched by anyone." And what a career this woman has had. Originally she was a singer, and losing her voice, she lost her profession; nothing daunted, she turned from Grand Opera and became a tragedienne, and finished as a comedian. And she is a true and loyal friend.

To keep young, to be young, to look young, go to bed early and live moderately, has been her cult.

A much younger woman than Geneviève Ward, Miss May

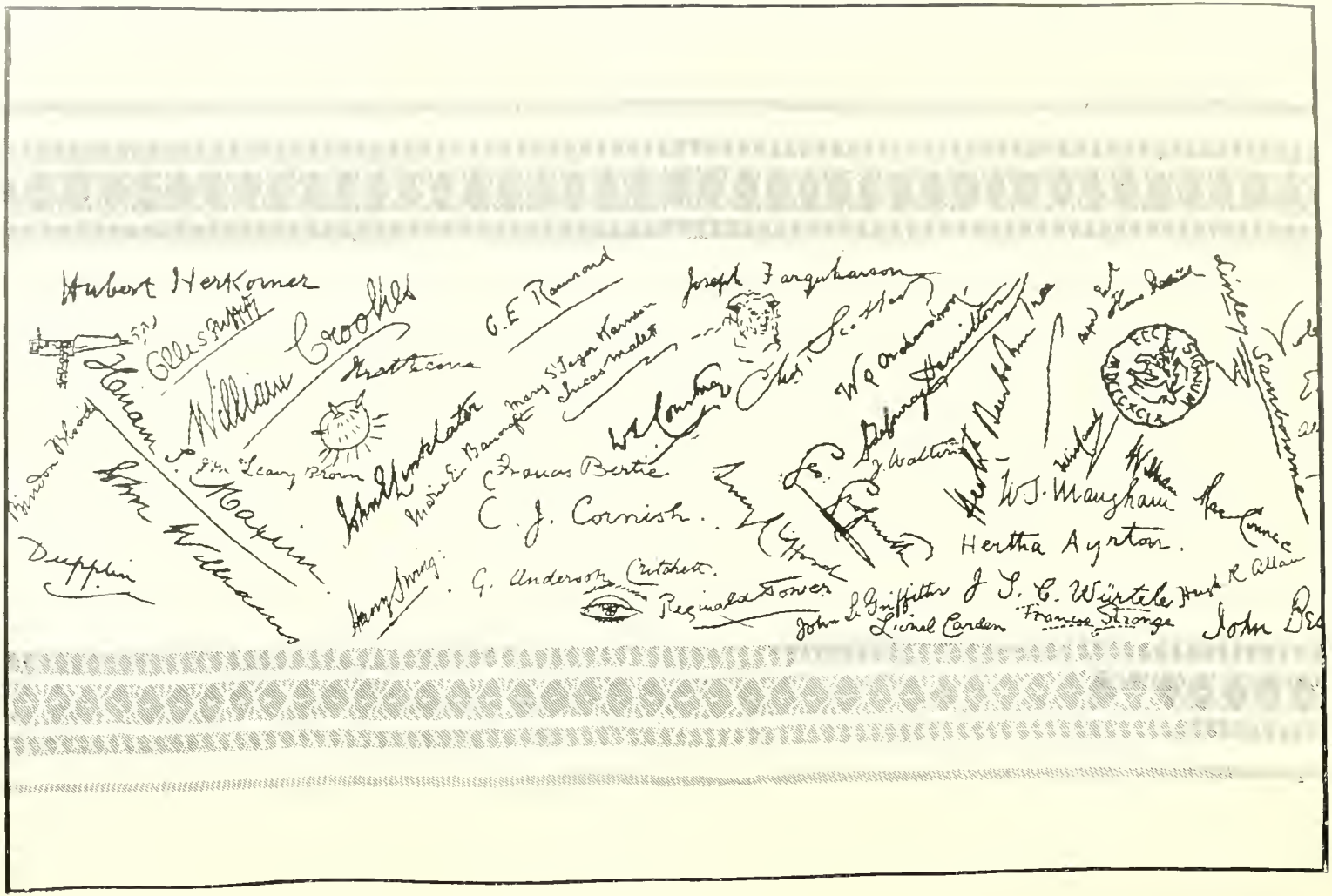
Crommelin is well known as a novelist; she has written, too, many charming books for children. She is a member of one of those delightful Irish Huguenot families who combine the vivacity of the French and the Celt in a marked degree.

Still to enumerate friends at Christmas gatherings over a long vista of years. Austin Harrison, the brilliant editor of *The English Review*, whose greatest opportunity came through the war, had lived ten years in Germany with his eyes and ears open.

And yet three more have passed: my father, Dr. George Harley, F.R.S., my husband, and my adopted father, Sir John Erichsen, F.R.S., all of whom died within a few weeks of one another in 1896. So many dear friends have left us that these Christmas recollections must read as if I were an Octogenarian, if not a Centenarian.

But Miss Grainger Kerr is still charming audiences by her rendering of Brahms, and is especially called upon by Sir Edward Elgar and other well-known composers to sing difficult compositions; and Professor Donnan has now stepped into the shoes of the illustrious Sir William Ramsay at my father's old haunt, University College, London, where he is doing brilliant work in chemistry. And so at Christmas we all made merry, the young affected to be old and the old tried to be young, amid mistletoe and holly, crackers and good cheer.

The break came at Christmas, 1914, which both my boys spent on Salisbury Plain with the 10th Hussars and Royal Field Artillery (15th Division) respectively, followed a year later by their both being in action in France on Christmas Day, 1915.



CLOTH VIII.

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CHAPTER XXV

THE OPENING OF A GREAT WAR

WAR has its advantages. It brings so much law and order and suffering that people begin to think. They throw off their selfish eider-down cloak, lined with indifference and trimmed with extravagance, and buckle on the armour of all that is best in them.

All praise to the Kaiser who united the British Empire, woke up her slumbering sons and daughters, and proved himself—in many regards at least—the greatest benefactor and upholder the Union Jack ever had.

William II. proclaimed the downfall of Great Britain, but somehow or other Great Britain turned the tables; and there are moments when, for all the misery and desolation his will has wrought, we are minded to thank him for his wondrous aid. He made new men and new women of the slackers of our land. He developed new talents in our workers. He tightened independence.

Among the men who had so much to do at the opening of this, the most terrible war in history, one can only outline the personality of a few friends who have signed the cloth. Foremost among them, in point of view of an intimate friend, was the Marquis di San Giuliano, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Italy; other signatories are Sir Francis Bertie and Sir George Buchanan, our Ambassadors in Paris and Petrograd, Sir Francis Elliot in Athens—who, in October, 1915, had the honour of handing to the King of Greece the secret treaty, signed almost three months before, through which Bulgaria had been seduced into joining the Central Powers—the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Japan, Baron

Kato, Count (now Marquis) Inouye, the Japanese Ambassador to London, Mr. Vogt, Norwegian Minister to London, Baron Heyking, the Russian Consul-General in London, and Mr. Gennadius, the Greek Minister to London.

To the above should be added the genial Irishman, Sir H. Jordan, whose post as Minister in Peking is important at all times, seeing that half China's foreign trade is done with Great Britain.

By the following little note (in beautiful penmanship) from our Ambassador to France it will be seen it was written but three weeks before the great climax :

"Ritz Hotel.
"July 13th, 1914.

"DEAR MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE,

"I am not your neighbour as you imagine, and I am afraid I shall be gone from London on the 21st, but it would be a great pleasure for me to see you again, and I will take my chance of finding you at home some day this week.

"Yours sincerely,
"FRANCIS BERTIE."

Sir Francis rang me up in due course, he came to see me, stayed a couple of hours, and was charming ; but alas ! interesting as the conversation of such men always is, etiquette forbids it should be repeated. Nevertheless, it is permissible to refer to the emphasis with which he spoke of the great personal popularity of King Edward in Paris, as also of the admirable impression made upon the Parisians by his gracious smile and excellent French. He also dwelt on the good impression made by King George V. and Queen Mary on their visit to Paris a short time before, when the Queen created a veritable furore, and everything English became the rage, from a hat to a skirt, a bag to a parasol. A little thing, and yet of what import only a few months later, when France and Great Britain fought side by side as Allies.

Anyone who has read the *White Paper* will know what a weighty part in trying to avoid war was played by our Ambassador in Paris.

With his short white hair and moustache, Sir Francis Bertie is a man of particularly British appearance, and judging from his looks, not easily to be accepted as a man of seventy years of age. The span of Sir Francis's ambassadorship—already extended—would, normally speaking, have ended with the year 1914; but, to the satisfaction of everybody, it was again extended to that good day when peace should be declared. He was for many years a clerk in the Foreign Office, afterwards Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and, later, Chairman of the Uganda Railway Committee. His diplomatic period at Rome was two years. How well I remember in 1903 his showing me that lovely ambassadorial Roman garden, with its fine view of the city from its walls. This was an incident of my journey to Sicily to write a book which appeared nine or ten months later as *Sunny Sicily*. Time passes. The book has run through several editions, and the garden in Rome has been encroached upon and spoiled by the builders. It is already a decade since Sir Francis went to Paris.

Sir George Buchanan was quite another type from Sir Francis (now Lord) Bertie. Many years junior, a delicate man with a penchant for golf, he was born in Copenhagen in 1854, and filled many important diplomatic posts after leaving Wellington College. How nobly these two Ambassadors, under a load of anxiety, supported Sir Edward Grey in his endeavours for peace, and how splendidly the countries to which they were accredited helped Great Britain in the awful war.

To go back nearly a year before the declaration of that war. On Thursday, September 11th, 1913, Monsieur Koike, the Chancellor of the Japanese Embassy, walked into my drawing-room.

"I have come to say good-bye," he observed in perfect English.

"Good-bye?"

"Yes, I am recalled to Japan at once as Political Adviser to the Foreign Office, to replace the man who was murdered five days ago."

"When did you hear?"

"Officially yesterday—but I saw my appointment in *The Times* the day before."

"Wel done—our *Times*."

He laughed. "Yes. It was my first informant. And now I have just come from the Trans-Siberian Railway Agent, and I can't get accommodation in the train till November 4th; they are booked up for nine weeks. We have wired to Moscow, and naturally, if anyone fails, I must slip into his place."

Koike spoke perfect English. He almost looked an Englishman, and he wrote a perfect English hand and letter. He loved London, and was an able *chargé d'affaires* for some time for Baron Kato, later Japan's Foreign Minister. The latter, like his successor, wrote his name on the cloths both in English and Japanese.

Baron Kato made a great position for himself and his country in London. Japan had taken a back seat until his advent, and then by his cleverness, and his wife's charm of manner, coupled with his daughter's pretty ways (Madame Okabe, later wife of an attaché at the Embassy), they entertained superbly and were to be met everywhere.

Their departure was somewhat softened by the charm of their successors, the Marquis Inouye and his beautiful wife. The present Japanese Ambassador to London is the adopted son of one of the most remarkable men in Japan. The Marquis Kaoru Inouye was an Elder Statesman of the Privy Council who belonged to the little group that awoke the country after six and a half centuries of military feudalism. A revolutionist and a reformer, he headed the national regeneration with Prince Ito. He was one of the makers of new Japan—and the man he brought up and educated represented that country in London during the great war. As the Inouyes had come straight from long residence in Berlin, they were particularly well able to follow the German trend of thought. The Allies owe a large debt of gratitude for Japan's aid in munitions.

Nothing is strange. It only appears so when we hear it for the first time. That the religion of the Japanese Embassy in London should be Japanese, Wesleyan, Roman

Catholic and Quaker sounds quaint until we remember the enormous influence of the missionaries in Japan and realize that that is the reason.

But to return to San Giuliano, the first friend to be mentioned in connection with such stirring times. The death of the noted Italian Minister took place in Rome on October 17th, 1914. The papers spoke of him on the sixty-seventh day of the war as the friend of Germany. They were wrong. Personally the Marquis hated Germany. He may have upheld their creed for political reasons and in the interests of his country; but he hated both the German language, which he never spoke well, and Germany itself.

I knew San Giuliano well during his stay of some years in London. He dined with me on Christmas Day; he dined at parties; he dined with me *tête à tête*. He came to call on Thursdays, and was frequently at my house. I was often at the Embassy, much to the pleasure of his son, who encouraged his father to entertain. Unhappily this only son, more polished than the parent but less gifted intellectually, predeceased his father.

The Marquis di San Giuliano was a Sicilian; but after his own country (his wife was a Northern Italian), he loved France and the French. He respected and admired the English, and, as has been said, detested the Germans. At heart he was a Socialist, and he felt that Socialism was spreading, but hoped that it would not spread too widely in the lifetime even of his grandchildren—because he feared it. He was not a religious man, but nevertheless received Extreme Unction several days before he died, and the Pope gave him some great and special benedict on at the end.

All through h s life San Giuliano had been a martyr to ill-health, being crippled with rheumatoid arthritis; both his feet and hands were sadly out of shape, and his writing was almost illegible. Every Spring he left London to take baths in Italy. Partial cripple as he was, with him mind fought matter; his pluck was remarkable, his brain full of poetry, romance and enthusiasm; but one did not admire his manners, which, owing to the constant irritant suffering, were strange. It was always my task to try and make him return calls, send cards, write notes, in a word do civilized

things; but he was remiss, and as an "Ambassador" hopeless in this line.

On the whole he was a very unlovable man, and yet always interesting. He talked English, German and French by turns; generally the last-named, as, despite the lessons he took all the time he was here, his English was poor enough. "When I talk English," he would declare, "I say what I must, because I do not know the phrases to say what I want."

He was constantly 'phoning or coming to see me, and he would curl himself up in a little ball in a chair and talk for hours. At meals he ate little and drank less; never was man more abstemious, and yet gout racked him and his joints creaked as he moved. One could not help feeling sorry for him.

The prettiest side of his character was his love for his son, the Marquis di Capizzi. "When my son comes we will do so and so," he would say. "When my son arrives we will" . . . and so on.

It was to his son, the Marquis di Capizzi, who lived at the San Giuliano Palazzo at Catania, in Sicily, that I sent thousands of garments for the earthquake sufferers at Messina, at the time when twenty-five thousand garments in some thousand packets and parcels were landed on my doorstep; or, rather, in the street, for they filled the street, and the police had to guard us and them.

Not long after Giuliano's return to Italy as Minister of Foreign Affairs that son died. He escaped the earthquake at Messina, to die a few years later of a cold in the head. His pretty wife was one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to the Queen of Italy, and it was she and her husband who entertained King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Catania, assisted by the Marquis.

Poor San Giuliano!—he always seemed such a sad man. He had a gentle side, a gracious and kindly side, and with me they were always uppermost; but the moment any stranger entered the room he seemed to put on a coat of spikes, and was always saying or doing the wrong thing. To the public he was simply a man of intellect, void of charm.

Beyond question the outbreak of war stultified the long

efforts of the Marquis di Giuliano to build up an effective commercial policy for the Near East. The Libyan war was the keystone of that policy, and in the event of the Allies' success, the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire must ruin the whole fabric, though clearly Italy's entry upon her struggle (May, 1915), entitled her to a voice in the subsequent settlement. Of San Giuliano, Signor Giolitti said, in telegraphing his condolences: "I, who saw him at work in the most difficult moments, could appreciate at their true value his high intellect, his illuminated patriotism, and his exceptional force of character."

When urged upon his death-bed not to harass his mind in regard to the European situation, the Marquis replied:

"I am not worrying now. I know that Italy is proceeding along a safe road, but the difficulties are many, and it is indispensable for her to be on the alert."

It is generally agreed now that his Triplicist policy was a mistake; but that, if the crisis demanded a Cavour—which San Giuliano was not—he at least fought hard and consistently, even against his own predilections, for Italy.

So strong was San Giuliano's devotion to poetry that in his dying hours he turned to his Under-Secretary of State, saying: "Please recite me some couplets of Dante's *Paradiso*." And the lines always seemed to soothe him, as he was a great and profound Dante scholar. As the Marquis insisted on seeing the newspapers, special editions were actually printed having no reference to his illness that might cause him uneasiness at this critical time.

To recur for a moment to Sir Edward Grey, against whom the splenetic frenzy of the Germans appeared to increase week by week as the war progressed. Let us glance at a speech he made on March 23rd, 1915, and hereafter at a letter printed fifteen days before in the little *War Gazette*, a newspaper issued in their own language by the Germans in occupation of Lille. For the speech and letter, taken side by side, clearly epitomize the respective mental attitudes of Britain and Germany.

Sir Edward spoke as president at a war lecture by Mr. Buchan.

Hundreds of thousands of lives had been lost, he said, hundreds of millions of money spent, and all this might have been avoided by a Conference between the Powers concerned. It would have been far easier thus to settle the dispute than it was to get successfully through the Balkan crisis two years ago. In recent years we had given Germany every assurance against aggression, withholding but one thing—an unconditional promise to stand aside, however aggressive Germany might be to her neighbours. France, Russia, Italy were ready to accept such a conference; Germany alone refused every suggestion on this head; and on her alone must rest for all time the responsibility for having plunged Europe into war. We now know that Germany planned and prepared for this war, as did Prussia for the wars of '66 and '70 against Austria and France. We were bound to resist the attack upon Belgium with all our strength; is there anyone who thinks it possible—now that we have witnessed the German violation alike of the rules of war and the laws of humanity—that we could have sat still and looked on without eternal disgrace?

For what issues are we fighting? For the restoration to Belgium of her independence and such reparation as is possible for the cruel wrong done to her—and for freedom on the part of the natives of Europe to live their independent lives, working out their own form of government for themselves, and their own national development. That is our ideal. Theirs—we have had it poured out by German professors and publicists since the war began—is that of the Germans as a superior people, to whom all things are lawful in the securing of their own powers, against whom resistance of any sort is unlawful: a people establishing a domination over the nations of the Continent, imposing a peace which is not to be liberty for every nation, but subservience to Germany.

"I would rather perish"—to conclude with Sir Edward's own words—"or leave the continent altogether than live in it under such conditions."

So much for our own attitude. The newspaper letter, translated from the German of Lieut.-Colonel Kaden, gives the Teutonic view.

" Fire ! As children many of us have played with it ; some of us have seen an outbreak of fire. First a small, tongue-like flame appears ; it grows into a devastating fury of heat. We out here in the field have seen more than enough of it.

" But there is also the fire of joy, of sacred enthusiasm. It arose from sacrificial altars, from mountain heights of Germany, and lit up the heavens at the time of solstice and whenever the home countries were in danger. This year fires of joy shall flare from the Bismarck columns throughout the length and breadth of Germany, for on April 1st, just one hundred years ago, our country's greatest son was born. Let us celebrate this event in a manner deep, far-reaching, and almighty !

" Blood and iron !

" Let every German, man or woman, young or old, find in his heart a Bismarck column, a pillar of fire, now in these days of storm and stress. Let this fire enkindled in every German breast be a fire of joy, of holiest enthusiasm. But let it be terrible, unfettered, let it carry horror and destruction ! Call it hate ! Let no one come to you with ' Love thine enemy ! ' We all have but one enemy, *England !*

" How long have we wooed her almost to the point of our own self-abasement. She would none of us, so leave to her the apostles of peace, the ' No War ' disciples. The time has passed when we would do homage to everything English —our cousins that were !

" ' God punish England ! ' ' May He punish her ! ' That is the greeting that now passes when Germans meet. The fire of this righteous hate is all aglow.

" Listen to the ceaseless song of the German forest, behold the fruitful fields like rolling seas, then will your love for this wondrous land find the right words, ' Hate, unquenchable Hate ! Germany, Germany, above all ! '

" Let it be inculcated in your children, and it will grow like a landslide, irresistible, from generation to generation.

" You fathers, proclaim it aloud over the billowing fields, that the toiling peasant below may hear you, that the birds of the forest may fly away with the message : into the land that echoes from German cliffs send it reverberating like the clanging of bells from tower to tower throughout the countryside :

" ' Hate, Hate the accursed English, Hate ! '

" You masters, carry the flame to your workshops, axe and hammer will fall the heavier when arms are nerved by this Hate.

"You peasants, guard this flame, fan it anew in the hearts of your toilers, that the hand may rest heavy on the plough that throws up the soil of our homeland.

"What Carthage was to Rome, ENGLAND is to GERMANY.

"For ROME, as for us, it is a question of 'to be or not to be.'

"May our people find a faithful mentor like Cato. His *ceterum censeo, Carthaginem esse delendam* for us means

"'GOD PUNISH ENGLAND.'"

It would seem, by the way, that Sir Edward Grey is a less perfect French scholar than Lord Lansdowne. For when the former met M. Cambon each of these distinguished ministers attempted to address the other with suave urbanity in the tongue that was not his own. The conjunction of the Englishman's French with the Frenchman's English resulted, alack! in a mutual and unqualified miscomprehension. Happily, the demands of politeness once satisfied, each diplomat fell back with a gentle sigh upon his own tongue; the atmosphere lightened, mere good intentions were merged into accomplished fact. They understood each other.

By October, 1914, in the early weeks of the war, one felt ashamed to be a woman. There were millions of us, millions too many, unwanted millions of us. Ever since the war began this has been forcibly rubbed home. One needed only to walk along the shopping streets to see women of all ages, sizes, descriptions, idly gazing into the shop windows, their skirts too short, their shoes and stockings too thin, their blouses all open at the neck in the bitter cold and wet; while a fur wrap covered their shoulders, giving at a distance the idea of a humpback. One and all, without exception, they wore a very small hat squeezed down over one ear, and showing no hair at all. Sheep, sheep, nothing but sheep. Their men were away; two millions were training in England,* three hundred thousand were fighting at the front; nearly fifty thousand were already dead. They had less to do at home, less money to spend on amusements, so they sauntered along, gazing into

* Eighteen months later Great Britain and her Colonies had five million trained men.

shop windows hour after hour in solemn procession. Their existence was mere froth, life was the bitters below. Those were the women one wanted to whip up, to train. Those were the women who needed to be put into thick boots and taught to be citizens of value, who were a menace to themselves and a hindrance to their land. They were the female wasters, the surplus, the scum. Good Heavens! what was to become of them all?

The flower of Europe's young manhood was being demolished; the old, the enfeebled, the degenerate remained—would these women be their mates? Eugenically, one shuddered to contemplate the result. What a cruel, desolating war it was——

Times changed. The clouds descended, blood, thunder, war, sickness, death sent a thrill through the whole country, and the whole army of wasteful womanhood arose. They rose magnificently, and by Christmas there were women policemen, busmen, lift attendants, hall-porters, ticket collectors, chauffeurs. They did wonders; their powers of organization proved as great as their goodness of heart and the nimbleness of their fingers. War saved womanhood.

It was said that by July, 1915, when Britain was being converted into a munition shop, the Germans had already a hundred thousand machine-guns at the Front. Everyone has heard of the Maxim gun. One gun fired one shot until this amazing invention rattled the bullets off by hundreds at the bidding of a single pair of hands at breakneck speed. That gun Maxim drew on the cloth (see page 302).

What a wonderful head Sir Hiram Maxim has: that is the first thing which strikes one about him; nor could one look for a more singular combination than his florid complexion, black shaggy eyebrows and dark penetrating eyes, with pure white hair standing straight up on end. Not only has he a delightful head, but a most powerful mind, as also a vigorous, muscular, athletic figure.

Unfortunately, on my first acquaintance with him in 1901 he was, like Edison, deaf. The left ear had been rendered useless by gun-fire; happily, the right had suffered less.

This man of acutely inventive mind, this man who had

struggled with poverty—whose discoveries had at first been scorned, but who was admittedly a genius and a big one—has always been a great reader. Reading was his relaxation, especially in abstruse science. Great readers are generally dull people, they never seem to know anything. Maxim was an exception, and China was his particular interest. Dining with me one night, shortly after my return from Mexico in 1901, he was discussing my first Mexican book, then just out.

"I see you noticed a likeness to the Chinese," he remarked. "Do you know there are Chinese records which tell of an invasion of America by way of the Behring Straits fifteen hundred years ago?" And with that he roamed through Chinese history, discoursing also on Aztecs and Toltecs as though they were his most intimate friends.

"When are you going to take me up in your airship?" I asked.

"Oh, some day," he replied. "I've not had time to do much with it lately, but I have some new ideas in my head, and am sure we shall steam through the air some day, however much people may now ridicule my theory."

About ten years later the invention of the petrol engine, combining power with lightness, enabled the Wright Brothers to fulfil—with a difference—Sir Hiram's prophecy. And so rapidly did the petrol-driven aeroplane develop, that the great world war is, it might almost be said, steered from the heavens.

The inventor of the automatic system of firearms attributes his success in life to sheer hard work; but all the toil in the world unbacked by brains would not have transformed the humble carriage-maker's apprentice into the world-famous figure, Hiram Maxim. Maxim's versatility is his strong point. "Jack of all trades and master of none," does not apply to him. He is a chronic inventor, from a chronometer to a mouse-trap, a platinum lamp, smokeless powders, from a blackboard (which, by the way, was the first thing to bring him any money) to an automatic machine-gun, for which he made the first drawing in Paris in 1881. It now loads and fires itself six hundred times a minute. His flying machine was the first to lift a man

into the air. Moreover, this civil, mechanical, electrical engineer, when afflicted with bronchitis, turned aside to become his own throat specialist, studying diseases of the throat, and concluding his research with the invention of a successful inhaler.

Gas-making machines, incandescent lighting, high explosives, automatic guns, bronchial inhalers—verily indeed may we dub Sir Hiram versatile.

He married a wife far more American than himself—and adores her: always twinkling with pleasure when he explains how a friend in speaking of his wife had said: "Lady Maxim is a great woman, for did she not discover Hiram?" They have no children. He has never smoked in his life, and never tasted wine before coming to England, at forty years of age.

Upon my chaffing him about his clear, large signature upon the table-cloth, he said:

"I can write very quickly. Once I signed a thousand and two hundred cheques in two hours and ten minutes—but, then, I didn't draw the finishing decoration underneath." He was quite a draughtsman, and fond of decorating his letters with funny little pictures.

Life to the inventor is full of minor trials. At one time he wrote, "I am much worried about vexatious law suits, and too busy to do anything except frame my defence and instruct my lawyers. The present case is what they call a 'try on,' that is, a fellow, who never worked for a day in his life for me, is suing me for a hundred and fifty pounds for 'services rendered'; he imagined that it would be cheaper for me to pay this than to fight him, and in this he was quite right, but had I paid him, he would at once have gone and told some other rascal, and the second rascal would also have brought a suit against me, and so *ad infinitum*."

Some time later a man was very anxious I should put some money into a sofa castor. Knowing nothing of such things, I sent it to this old friend and asked his advice. His reply was typical of himself:

"Some five or six years ago a similar castor was brought to me; in fact, I think it was the same one, and I gave it

as my opinion that it was without value. The ordinary castor that we use on our furniture is so arranged that no matter in which direction the furniture is moved, the castor swings round and faces the music. This is because the vertical pivot is not directly over the wheel. Many attempts have been made to provide a castor in which the wheel is directly under the vertical pivot, and as far as I know they have all failed. The model that you have sent me, if moved in the right direction, can be made to scrape sideways. I have proved this by the model you sent me and which I am returning. Therefore, the thing is no good, and you might just as well drop your money down a rat-hole.

"I have a letter on the gyroscope in to-day's *Daily Mail*, column on the fourth page, pointing out how the uneducated misunderstand this instrument. I think it is written so that anyone will be able to understand it. I am also sending you enclosed a copy of *The Express* on 'The Origin of Life'."

And thus he went on. His brain is never idle; everything interests him, from the value of pearls at a glance, to mixtures of pork and beans; he certainly is one of the most versatile beings of the day. This great gun has invented a great gun, not in size, but in efficiency.

Inventors are often muddlers—so many so-called inventions are the result of an accident. A man hopes to find A. He muddles about, and instead of A something else appears. It promises well, and so B is devised. In time B refuses to go right, and another muddle or accident produces C, and so on. Result, out of a hundred—oh, no, ten thousand inventions—one proves of value, *and provided it is taken up by business people, there may be a fortune in it.* If left in the hands of the inventor, with his wild schemes and want of business capacity, it swallows up all the money, and disaster as usual follows a "one-man show" run for others.

Maxim is an exception to this rule—and of his hundreds of inventions, many have attained world-wide celebrity and become money-making concerns. But as a rule it is well to avoid inventors, and never to trust their business capacity.

Another friend who is much mixed up with the politics of the war was M. Gennadius, the Greek Minister to London. No diplomatist in our midst was ever more popular; he married a Scotchwoman, the daughter of Mr. Samuel Laing, M.P., Chairman of the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway; and there is no function of any importance in our great Metropolis to which this genial couple are not invited.

M. Gennadius, a courtier and polished gentleman, is also a great scholar; and an entire floor of his big house in De Vere Gardens—a series of three rooms—is utilized for his library. Books are shelved from the floor to the ceiling, bookcases at intervals stand down the centres of the rooms; a diplomat by profession, he is certainly a scholar by inclination, and a good one at that. His knowledge of the intricacies of the Balkan question is remarkable. He writes beautiful letters in faultless English, and he it was who lent me the original miniature of *The Maid of Athens* for *Women the World Over*.

The Portuguese Minister to St. James also signed the cloth. No diplomat in London ever gave more charming luncheons than this cheery little gentleman.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE FIRST AND LAST DAYS OF THE "LUSITANIA"

NOTHING more sparkling can be imagined than the first glorious spell of rejoicing in the early days of the *Lusitania*, with a few hundred folk on board, and the air full of hope and pleasure of achievement.

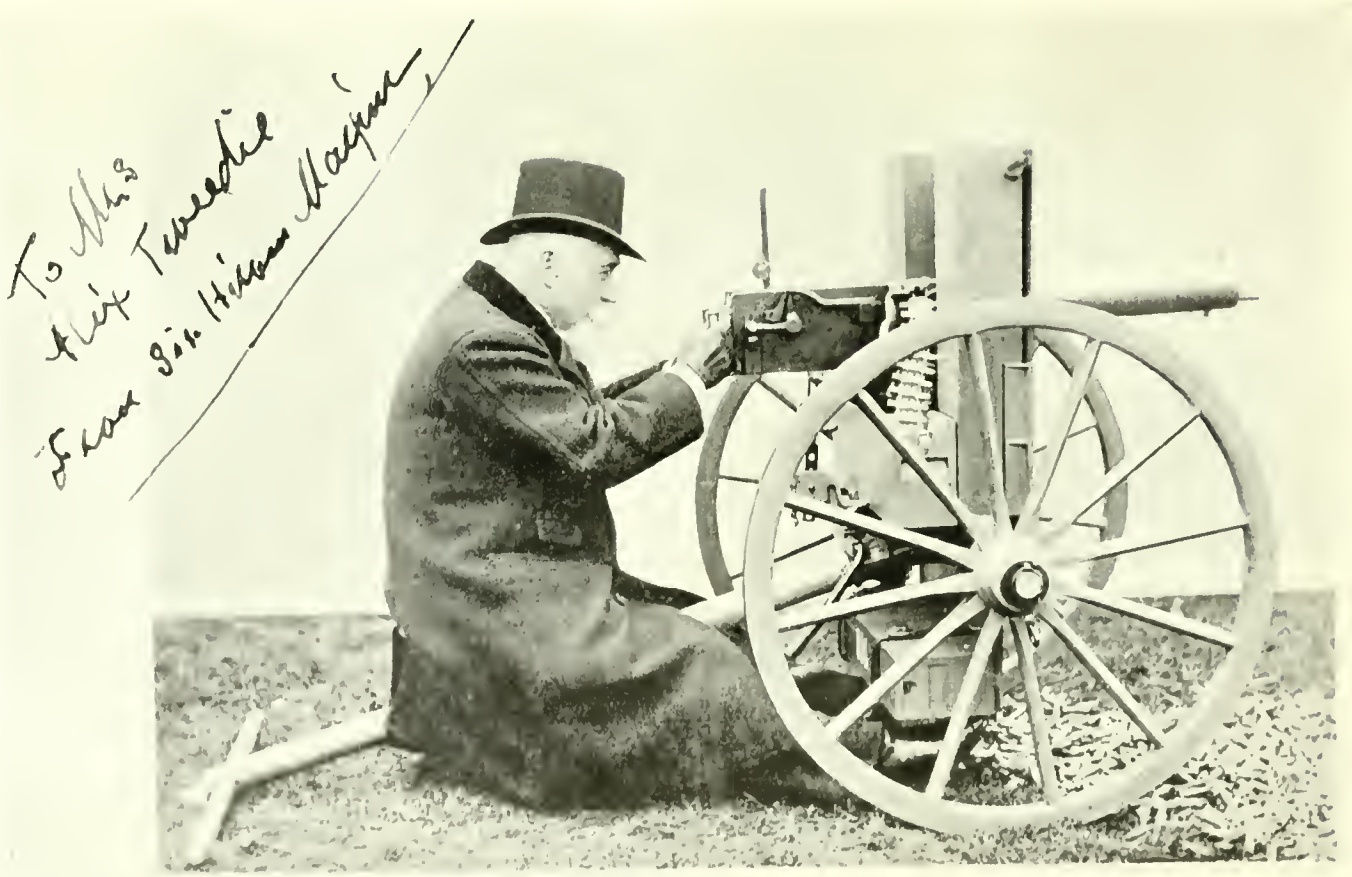
Turn the page, and barely eight years later she foundered in the ocean with two thousand souls on board—a thousand and two hundred of them murdered—yes, murdered in cold blood by a torpedo discharged from a submarine that had lain in wait for its prey.

Nine stories high. Think of it, a ship nine stories high. It seems perfectly incredible, and yet that was the size of the biggest and newest liner in the world in 1907. She was the most wonderful thing on the sea.

I went the trial trip upon her, and she was amazing.

"What is a trial trip?" someone may ask.

A trial trip is always interesting, but it proved particularly so when enjoyed on the largest ship made in the world's history. This monster vessel had never been in the open sea, for she had been designed and built by the firm of John Brown & Co., on the Clyde, and her dimensions were so enormous that the river had to be deepened to get her down to the ocean. Many of her component parts had come from the inland town of Sheffield, and as they were too heavy for trains and bridges, they had gone north by road and the Manchester Ship Canal. It seems extraordinary that a ship should be built at an inland town. Not only was she the largest, but she was the fastest passenger vessel afloat in 1907. Her contract speed was



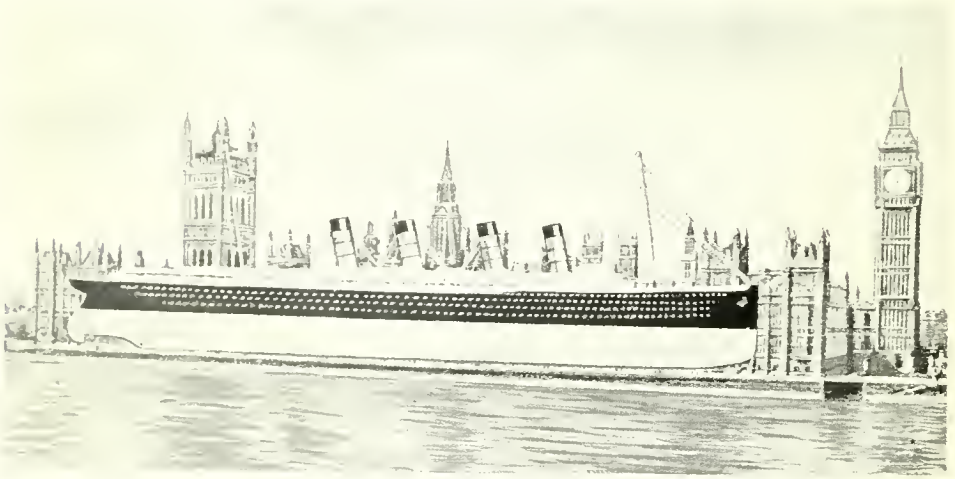
Sir Hiram Maxim.

Reproduced by permission of

SIR HIRAM MAXIM AND HIS FAMOUS MAXIM GUN (see page 297).

[To face p. 302.

As she would appear in Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, London.



[Cunard Steamship Company.

As she would appear if placed on the Terrace of the Houses of Parliament.

CUNARD EXPRESS TURBINE STEAMER "LUSITANIA."

The largest and fastest ship in the world, 33,000 tons and 25½ knots. The nine decks carry 3,300 people.

[To face p. 303.

twenty-five knots an hour. She had a register of over 33,000 tons. Her length was 785 feet; breadth 88 feet; depth 77 feet 10½ inches; draught 37 feet. Perhaps such figures give little idea to the lay mind of the enormous size of that monster ship, but the housekeeper will gain some notion of it when she thinks of a row of houses of nine stories.

Nothing gives the impression of size so well as comparison, so it may be said that if the *Lusitania* had lain alongside the Terrace of the House of Commons, she would have reached from end to end of the famous home of tea-parties. If this huge ship had been suddenly set down at the junction of Trafalgar Square and Northumberland Avenue, she would have filled the entire street between the Grand Hotel and the houses opposite, and almost reached the height of the hotel roof itself.

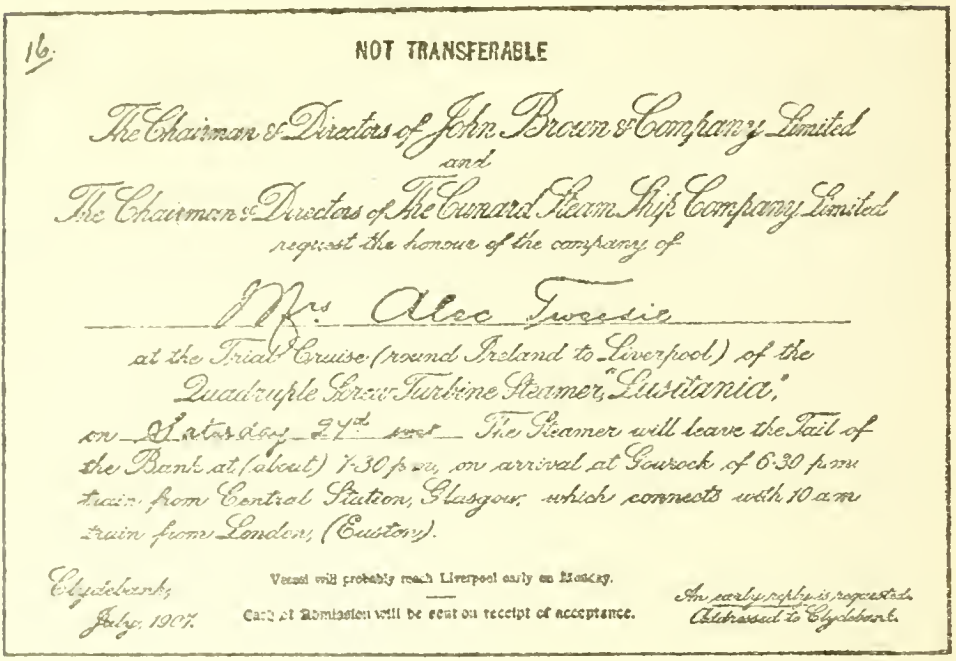
Again, the enormous dining saloon, where five hundred people could be fed, reminded one of the "Carlton" or "Savoy", with its small tables—then an innovation; but the ship's ceiling had the advantage of being higher. The dome above—which was surrounded by a gallery for sitting out—was exactly the diameter of each of the four funnels, that is to say, twenty-five feet by fifteen.

A band played in this gallery during meals, and the whole scene seemed more that of a gay restaurant than a ship at sea. She was the most "unshippy" ship, and at that time a revelation of shipland.

This new Cunarder contained two Royal suites. Somehow there seemed a little incongruity in building two Royal suites on a ship plying to the United States, where regal folk are unknown, and even Princes are uncommon visitors. Each suite—another innovation—was composed of a dining-room, drawing-room, single bedroom, double bedroom, and pantry, with private bathroom attached. Not only was there a private door shutting the little suite off from the rest of the ship, but a second small door led on to a secluded corner of the deck.

Naturally the trial trip of such a boat was a great event. About two hundred people were invited, and among that

number there were only about forty women. The invitations were sent out on the following card :


16.

NOT TRANSFERABLE

The Chairman & Directors of John Brown & Company Limited
and
The Chairman & Directors of The Cunard Steam Ship Company Limited
request the honour of the company of

Mrs Alec Tweedie

at the Trial Cruise (round Ireland to Liverpool) of the Quadruple Screw Turbine Steamer "Lusitania," on Saturday 27th inst. The Steamer will leave the Tail of the Bank at (about) 7·30 p.m. on arrival at Gourock of 6·30 p.m. train from Central Station, Glasgow, which connects with 10 a.m. train from London, (Euston).

Clydebank, July, 1907.

Vessel will probably reach Liverpool early on Monday.

Card of Admission will be sent on receipt of acceptance.

An early reply is requested. Addressed to Clydebank.

No pleasanter little party could possibly be imagined than those invited by Sir Charles McLaren, M.P. (now Lord Aberconway), chairman of John Brown & Co., the shipbuilders, and the late Mr. William Watson, chairman of the Cunard Company, for whom the *Lusitania* was built.

We left Euston at 10 a.m. one Saturday in July, 1907, for the Clyde, in a saloon train with every comfort, for it was a "Cunard special". A tug quickly conveyed us on board from Gourock. It seemed like old times to be back at Gourock, where I had many pleasant recollections of yachting with Sir John and Lady Denison Pender, and also of christening the P. and O. *Assaye* at Messrs. Caird's shipbuilding yard near by.

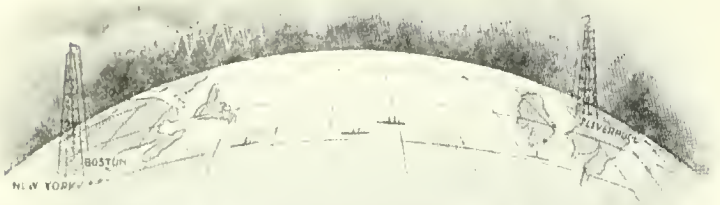
Representative people of all kinds were on board the *Lusitania*, many of whose names lie upon my table-cloth. There were members of the Government, Naval Attachés from different countries, distinguished lawyers, admirals, engineers of eminence (naturally interested in the new boat), with a sprinkle of politicians, literary people, and

Lady Pirrie — The Writer. — Lady Mackay (Lady Inchcape). — Lady McLaren (Lady Aberconway).

ON THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE "LUSITANIA" ROUND IRELAND (JULY, 1907).

[*To face p.* 304.

Cunard Daily Bulletin.



"Lusitania."

Vol I., No. 1. Her Trial Cruise, July 28th, to 30th, 1907 Gourock to Liverpool
Distinguished Company aboard

Left Tail of the bank, 8-50 p.m., Saturday, Up to midnight, - - - - 58 miles
Sunday - - - - - - 488 miles
Monday - - - - - - - 194 miles

Our First Impression.

Cunard enterprise keeps John Brown marching on. Hail, "Lusitania, the first new leviathan twin to wed the ocean; fleet, strong and luxurious, a challenge to the world's mercantile marine. May she have a long career, maintaining prestige and profit to the nation and her Company: (Editor).

A Really Modest M.P.

In reply to the constant enquiry
"Who is the Member for Sark?'

The Member for Sark
Still keeps in the dark,
No candle illumines his features;
But I have heard tell
Those who know him full well
Declare he's the best of God's creatures.
TONY, M.P

THE KENNEL,
BARKS.
July 27th, 1907

Marconigram.

Capt. Dow, "Campania." 90 miles Westward of the Fastnet sent the following message to Capt. Watt, "Lusitania."
"Wishing all on aboard a pleasant trip."

Loose-itania.

The directing genii: Wat-(&)-son.
Lucy Tania? A captivating ocean nymph
Kaid Maclean wires "Am singing 'Rule Lusitania"

Aid to appetite? A blow on the Promenade Deck.
Superb inertia. The Lounges.
"Comfort and courtesy," by Allison
"A luxurious shave" by Gadd
Complimentary to the cuisine "I'm off to dinner," Lord Pirrie.
Hoblyn's choice: A full saloon
To get the bane off, consult Beynon

A Good Beginning.

Why is the "Lusitania's" first achievement one that may well make all our distinguished statesmen envious? Because she has got round Ireland in one day

Unpardonable Omissions.

A vote of censure was passed on the builders and the Cunard Company alike, for one flagrant omission from the ship. She has neither a grouse moor, nor a deer forest aboard.

Atlantic Greetings.

On Sunday morning the "Lusitania" was in communication with Anchor Line "Caledonia," outward bound to New York, 170 miles west off Malin Head. Captain Baxter sent his greetings and good wishes to all on board.

The "Lusitania's" first Bulletin—all joy and happiness.

[To face p. 305

leading lights of various kinds. Nothing could have been more jovial or interesting than the company.

What a monster that great four-funnelled vessel looked as we came alongside. She was far too tall to allow us to reach her top decks by a companion ladder, and consequently a door on the side of the vessel, on a level with our tug, admitted a ship's gangway, across which we merrily tripped. Once inside, we were somewhere just above the water-line, and were promptly hurled by a lift to our own particular deck, and found our way to our own particular cabin as indicated on each passenger's ticket. Brass bedsteads and silk eiderdowns were also innovations in the shipping world.

Within a few minutes we heard the monster anchors weighed, and we were steaming as though it were an every-day occurrence, away down the Clyde in the evening light, past Arran and Kintyre, and out to sea. It was a glorious evening, the red sunset seemed to throw a halo of beauty over the first voyage of this great product of man's brain. It were as if a blessing smiled from that glorious sky. We took a trip that had a certain lurking shadow of danger, and returned in safety. Eight years later two thousand souls undertook a voyage of safety across the Atlantic and in a few minutes one thousand two hundred were dead.

This trial trip was an emblem of construction and attainment of a great feat. An action of satisfaction and congratulations. All was joy.

And her last trip ?

She left New York with her complement of passengers, crew and cargo, unarmed, unprovided by escort, doing her usual business trip as a passenger vessel, without troops or ammunition on board and, through the dash of a pen which contained the order from a single hand, that ship in a few minutes went to her destruction.

Great Britain had constructed her.

Germany had destroyed her.

She was buried in the water deep. A few bubbles and a few spars marked the grave of a thousand lives and the foulest murder ever performed by men.

All Sunday we sped at twenty-two knots an hour, or

three knots less than the colossal speed at which she was to cross the Atlantic. We saw the coast of Ireland clearly, although we were well out to sea. No one ever got round Ireland so quickly as we visitors aboard the famous *Lusitania*.

What a beautiful rocky coast-line it is, the day was so bright and fine it looked more like the Mediterranean than Irish Connemara and Kerry. By dinner-time on Sunday we were actually passing Queenstown, and by eleven the next morning we had arrived in the Mersey—that is to say, we accomplished some seven hundred and forty miles in thirty-six hours. The *Lusitania* could do a good deal more than that, as she afterwards proved. Our trip was to show her comfort, and not only her speed. There is no doubt about it, the larger a ship the steadier she is, and that is why the last big vessels built, although not so fast, have been so popular with the public. This ship exceeded everything, both in size and speed, at the time, and therefore promised a brilliant future. She attained it, and at the zenith of her popularity she and all aboard were lost in the greatest premeditated crime the world has known.

Somehow or other the *Lusitania* did not seem like a ship. Everything had been done to make her "unshippy." The drawing-room had none of the usual formalism associated with a liner, but beautifully upholstered arm-chairs covered with pretty chintz and sofas stood about promiscuously, while the sides of the room were made with recesses to resemble bay windows, containing not round port holes, but square curtained windows. Handsome marble fire-places stood at the ends of the room. The smoking-room was in the same style, although more serious and solid in treatment. What appeared particularly delightful was another innovation, a place they called *The Café*, which was really a glasshouse at the end of the smoking-room; glass inasmuch as the side walls were transparent, and the front, which looked to the stern of the vessel, was completely open. Here one could sit secure from wind and rain, and yet enjoy all the benefits of the fresh air—a little open-air sanatorium in itself.

One of the difficulties at sea for elderly folk or seasick

Cunard Daily Bulletin.

Friday, May 7, 1915. LUSITANIA Presented Gratis.

REPORTS OF GERMAN VICTORY A HOAX.

A SERIES OF GAINS.

French Troops Score All Along the Line.

MORE POISON TACTICS.

Enemy's Lavish Use of Gases Against British.

London, Thursday.

To day's French official communique says: In Belgium the day has been quiet. On

"VICTORY" FIASCO.

Berlin's Enthusiasm Turns to Gloom.

London, Thursday.

While it is true that as a result of extraordinary pressure the Russians had a setback between the Vistula and the Carpathians, some units falling back to the second line fortifications it is not a fact that the Germans have had a "great victory."

The German Wolff Bureau publishes a statement in the German newspapers to the effect that the recent statements describing the German success in Galicia did not emanate from the agency, but were hoaxes on the public.

POISONED WELLS.

More German "Kultur" in South-west Africa.

London, Thursday.

An official dispatch from Capetown reports that the German Commander in South west Africa admits in a letter to General Botha in replying to a protest, that orders have been given to poison wells, but wells so treated are marked.

General Botha has renewed the protest against this breach of the Hague Convention, saying that poisoned wells were found unmarked.

On March 22nd a letter was intercepted containing German orders to infect wells with dis-

"Lusitania's" last Bulletin, eight years later. The death bells tolling.

people is the companion. On this ship the staircases were not only wide, but the treads were easy, and the magnificent balustrades and thick red-pile carpets reminded one of a first-class hotel instead of a ship. But this was not all, for a pair of lifts had been added, so people living on the upper deck could go down to dinner without any trouble, and nothing seemed to be more appreciated on the trial trip than the conveniences of this innovation of elevators on the ocean.

Even on our little trial trip they started the first number of the *Lusitania Bulletin*. It was printed and delivered at sea, and a copy of the first page is shown facing page 305.

That was the first bulletin; a copy of the last is on page 307.

We were the merriest party, and our little centre table was not the least merry. It was circled by Sir Charles (the builder) and Lady McLaren, The Chairman and Mrs. Watson, Maisie Lady Inverclyde, who christened the boat, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Lord and Lady Pirrie, "Toby, M.P." and Mrs. Lucy, the Hon. Charles Parsons, of turbine fame, and myself.

Sir Charles McLaren took a number of photographs, among them one of four ladies appended (see page 304).

Comfort had, indeed, reached its climax on a boat like the *Lusitania* and her twin sister, the *Mauretania*, but they were later surpassed for luxury by Herr Ballin's yet larger vessel, the *Kaiser Wilhelm* of the Hamburg-Amerika Company, which, however, was unlucky from the first, and after a year or two of disasters was interned as soon as international war was proclaimed.

One can live on board an ocean steamer for a week and yet never meet some particular friend. Supposing the cabins were on different decks, and one dined in different saloons—there were two first-class dining-rooms on the *Lusitania*—one might never walk on the same deck or enter the same drawing-room at the same time. And so it is quite easy on a ship of this size not to know who is on board without scanning the friendly passenger list.

Such a liner is a world of luxury. One may ask for anything, and in a mysterious way that "anything"

seems to appear, whether it be oysters or grape fruit, cantaloups or Loch Fyne herrings.

The monster ship was arranged to carry

540 first-class passengers,
460 second-class passengers,
1,200 third-class passengers,
827 members of the crew,

so that the little party of guests invited to the trial trip appeared very small on that vast expanse of deck.

Was the inhuman destruction of the *Lusitania* a stroke of revenge on the part of Herr Ballin, the Kaiser's intimate friend, who was perchance jealous of her—or what ? There is little doubt that she was specially marked out as a victim by Von Tirpitz, probably at the instigation of the War Lord and his partner of the rival Hamburg-Amerika Line. Three months later (August 18th, 1915) the *Arabic* was served in the same way ; yet the Germans could not even falsely accuse this ship of containing either armaments or soldiers, *for she was on an outward voyage.* A fortnight later the Allan Liner *Hesperian* was similarly torpedoed, with a loss of twenty-five lives, and the chain grew and grew with each succeeding month. In addition to the three above-named, many other liners were destroyed—the *Falaba* (one hundred and one deaths), *Wayfarer* (five deaths), *Armenian* (twelve deaths), *Iberian* (seven deaths), *Clintonia* (eleven deaths), and the *Persia.*

Of all these submarine crimes, that of the *Lusitania* was the most hideous and shocking in the world's eyes by reason of the terrible death list, yet morally the *Hesperian* tragedy was more crassly iniquitous. For it followed closely upon Bernstorff's pledges to the American Government that no more "liners" should be sunk without warning and without ensuring the safety of all non-combatants. American journals were even chagrined at our reluctance to accept the Bernstorff statement at its full value. To them the German promise marked the triumph of United States diplomacy : the news of the *Hesperian's* torpedoing (and others) was as an amazing disillusionment. After sixty-five passenger ships had been lost in a year President Wilson woke up.

The names of several Admirals are stitched on the cloths, and proud they must be of the warders of Britain's silent Navy, which has kept the world's oceans clear for legitimate traffic.

And now we must fold up the roll of friendship, pregnant with sweet memories, and slip it away into a drawer, between lavender bags and rose leaves, to rest in peace till happier days when a great, a universal peace shall o'erspread the world, and men and women will seek to build empires and not destroy them.

Lie still, dear table-cloths of cherished memories.

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